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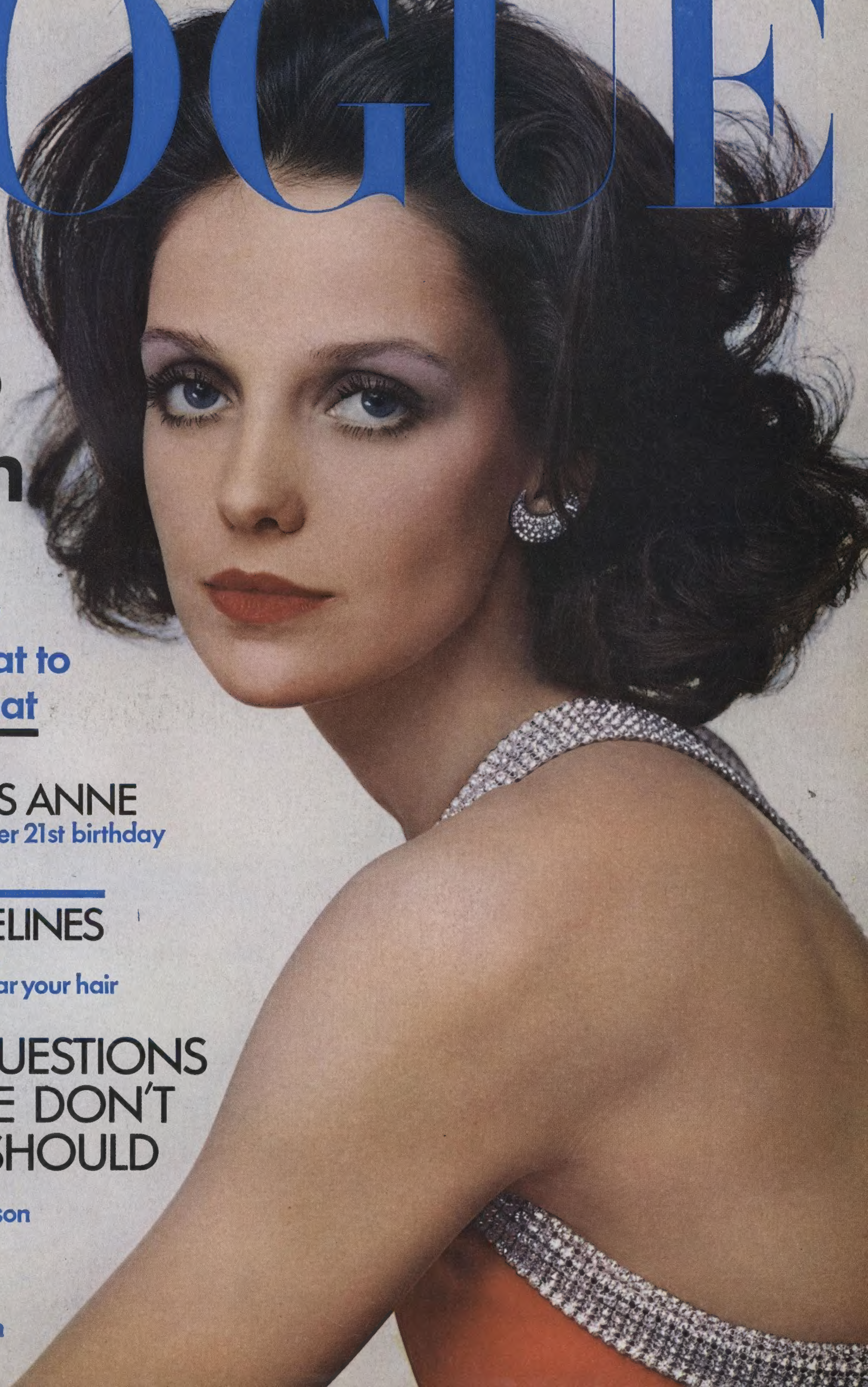

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your best new looks and what to wear with what

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new photographs for her 21st birthday

BEAUTY GUIDELINES

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an exclusive interview with Masters and Johnson

Here and now: the editors' choices from the new European ready-to-wear

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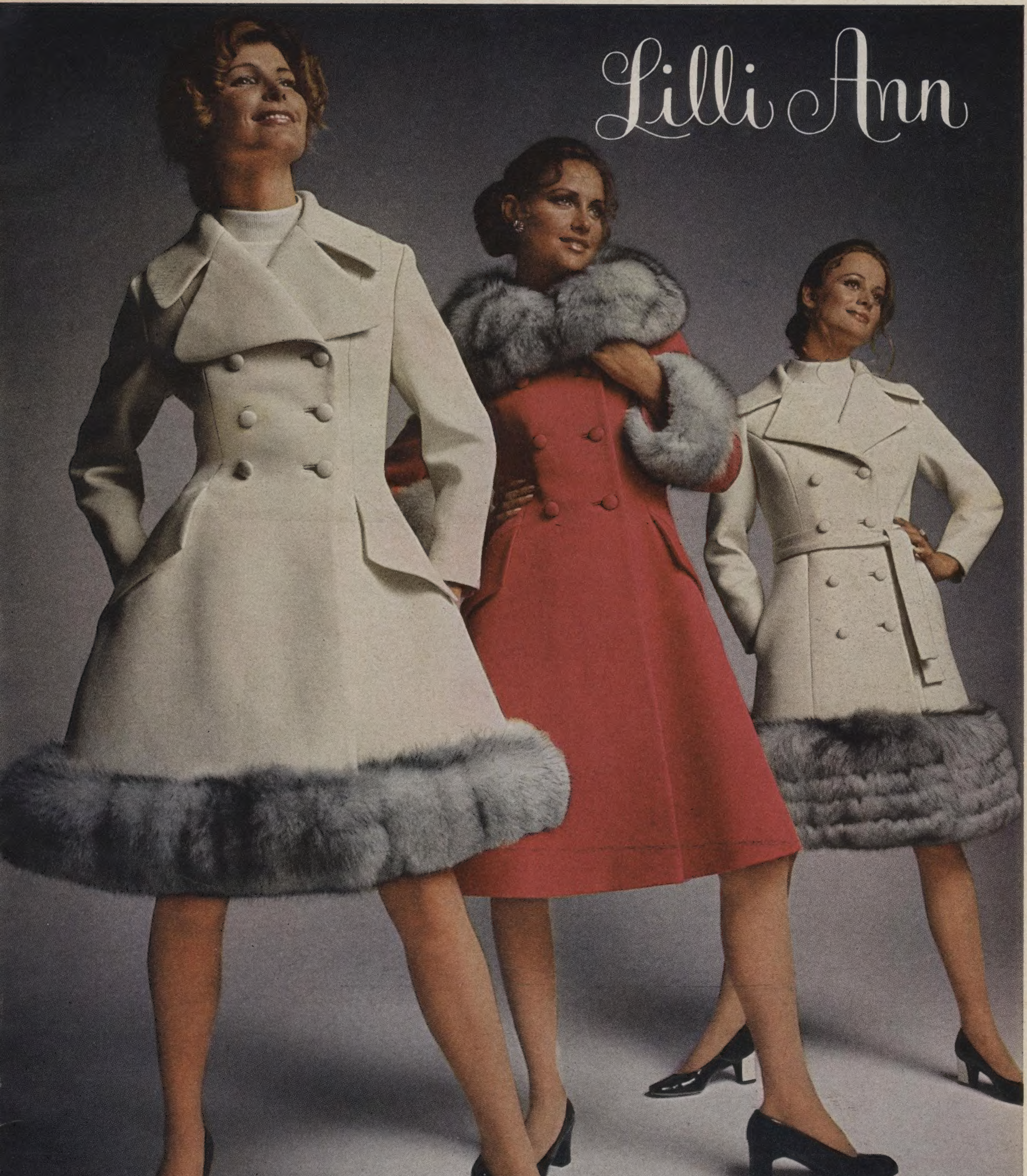
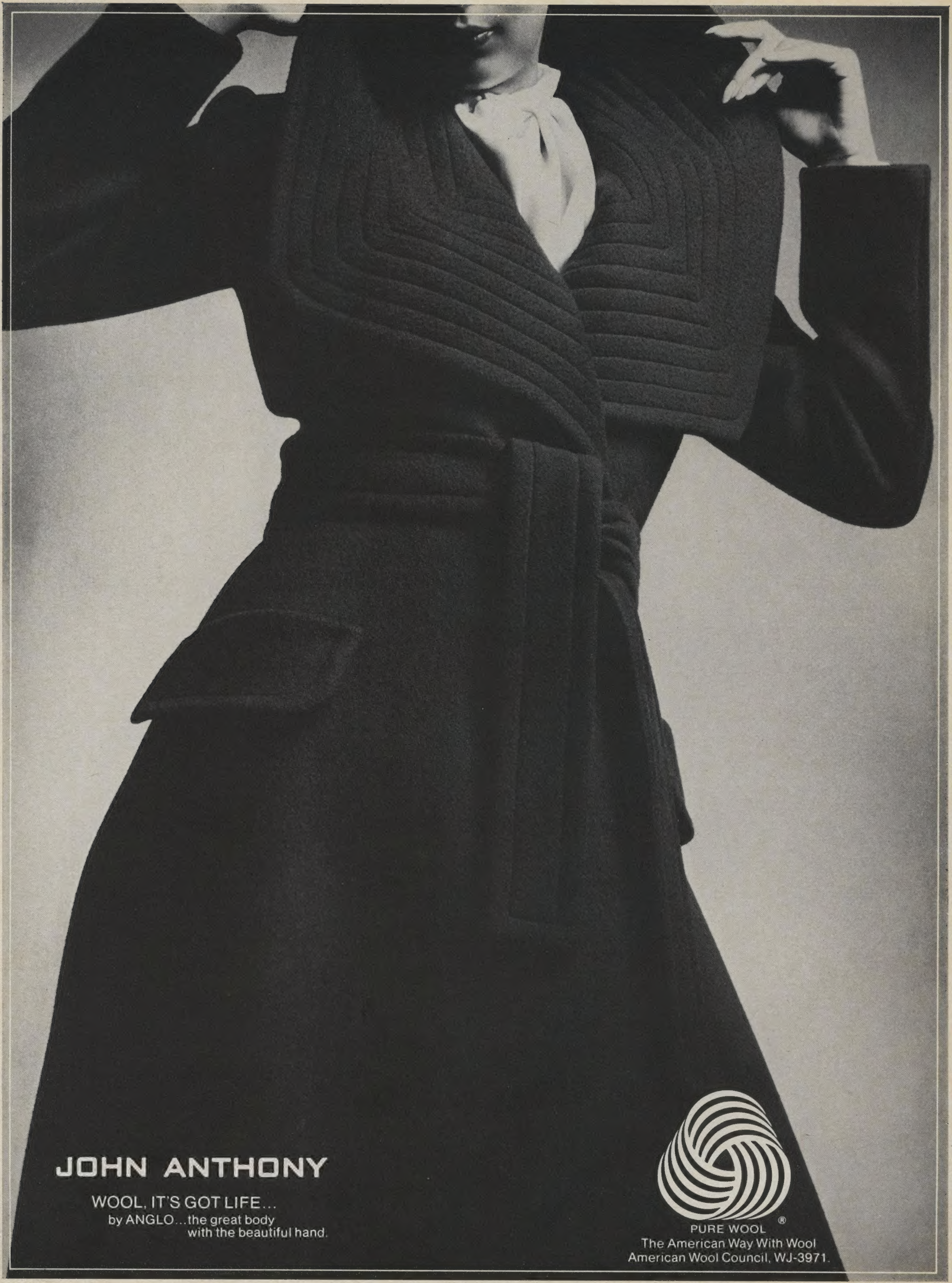


This page: divine gabardine with the most sumptuous Norwegian fox... left, white with Norwegian fox border $310, center, pink with Norwegian fox collar and cuffs $290, right, white with four-tier Norwegian fox border $310. For stores in your area, please telephone Miss Lilli Ann, San Francisco collect 415-863-2720.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COVER: Opening Vogue's Guidelines to fashion: The look of bareness at night—the allure of shoulders and back bared by red crêpe, outlined in diamanté. Beauty Guideline: the brighter mouth at night: here, Crimson Silk over Holly Silk, two of Coty's new moisture-sealing protein-based lipsticks. . . . Dress: Kasper for Joan Leslie; Avisco rayon, Celanese acetate (Onondaga); about $165. Miss Bergdorf of Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Willie Woo earrings, Bloomingdale's. Ara Gallant coif.

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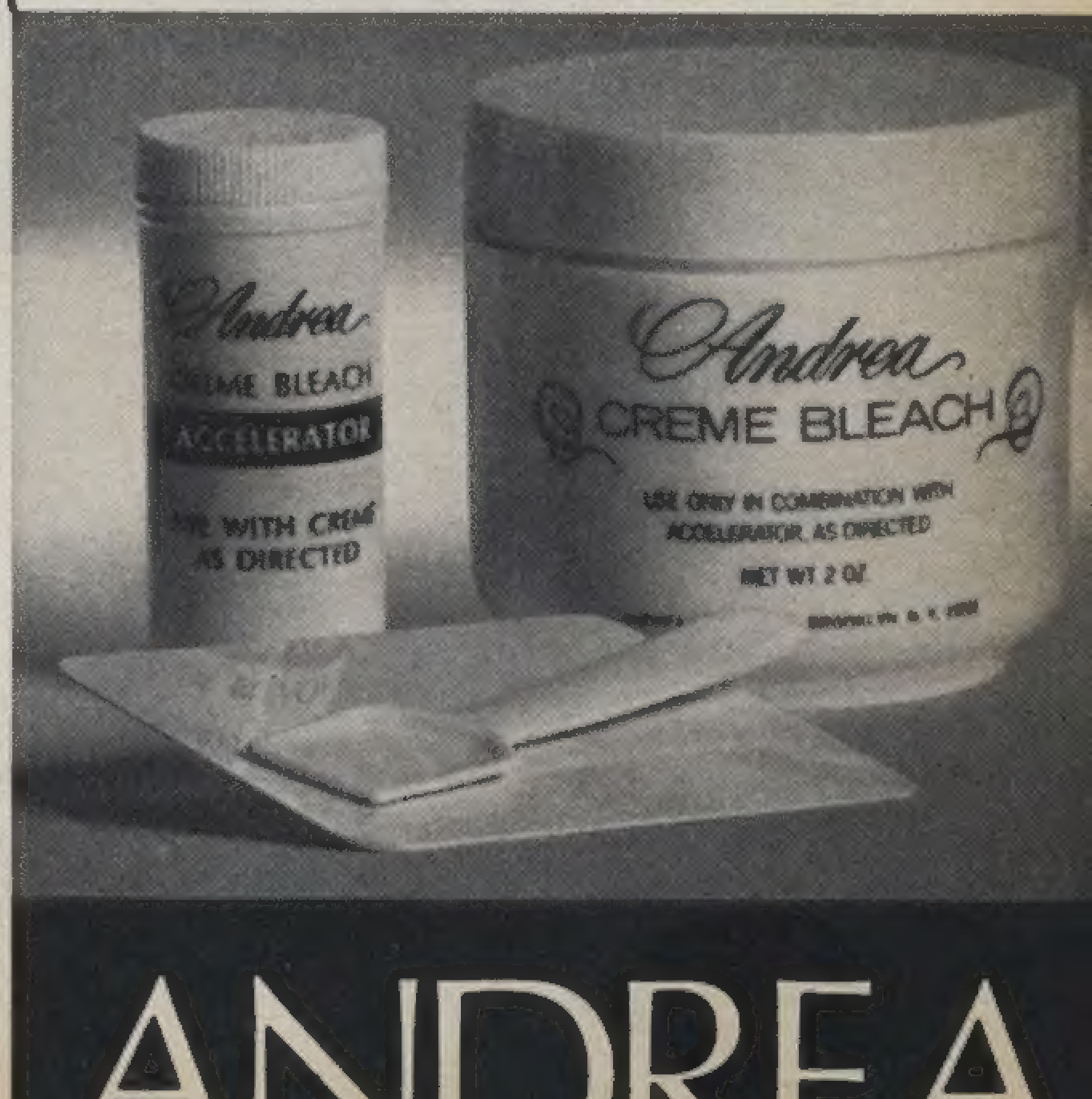

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Beauty Checkout

Some hints from the experts to counter midsummer travails

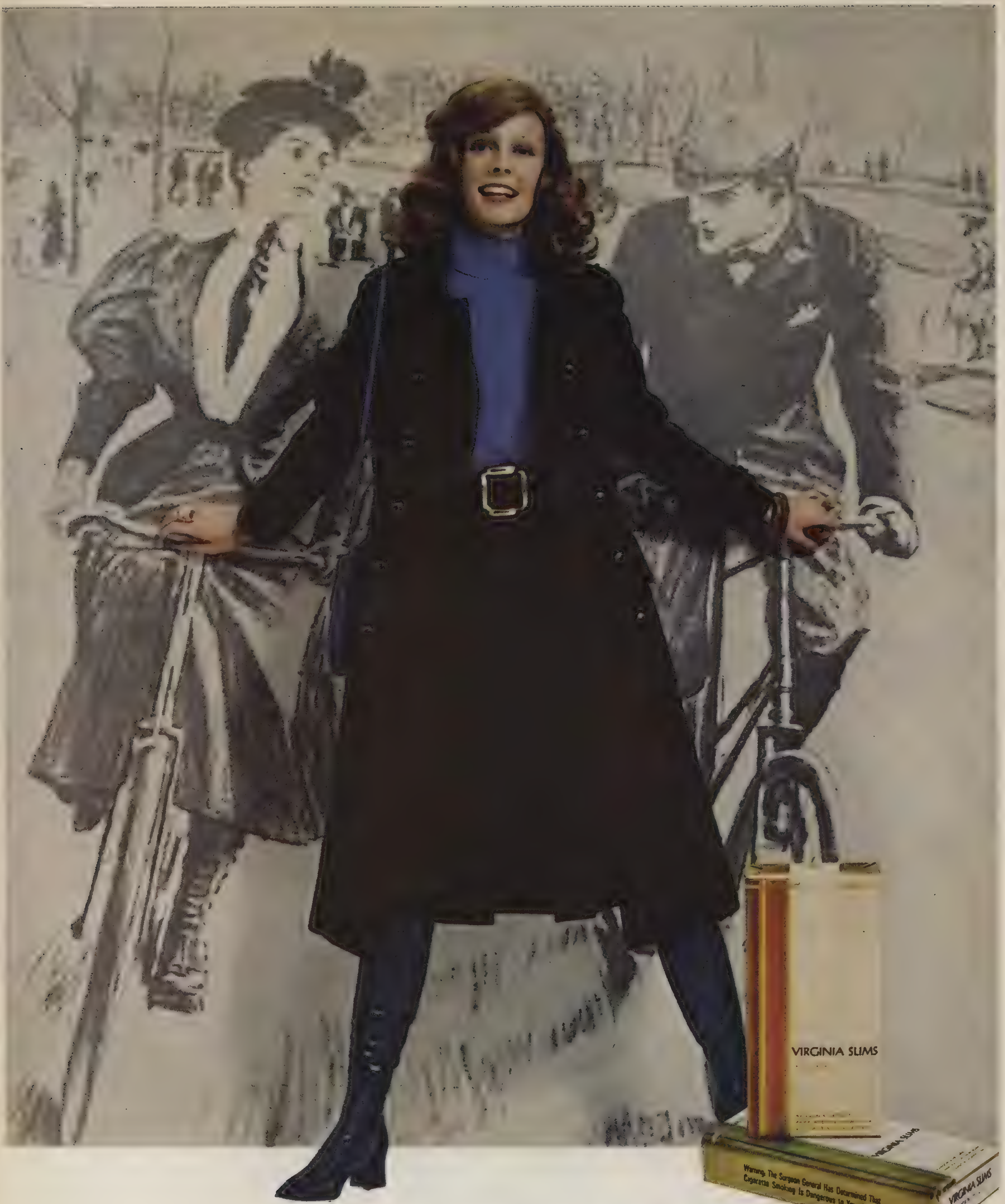
Into the most joyous life some depression must fall, and Dr. Nathan Kline of Columbia University and Rockland State Hospital was on the TV a while ago dwelling on the subject. He discussed new findings about *lithium as an anti-depression drug*. . . . In Paris recently, it occurred to him that European bottled waters might contain lithium. Upon label examination, many proved to do just that. "Possibly that's part of European spa therapy," he mused. "Built-in lithium." . . . The mineral contents of American bottled waters are not so easily tracked down. Except in the case of Mountain Valley water from Arkansas. Sure enough. It has A Trace of the apparently undepressing lithium. That's not very much, but possibly just enough to get us through the latest campy letter from camp. . . .

Dashing doldrum dispeller

New makeup ideas from Serge Lutens, in Paris—the superstar makeup designer for Dior, who works with colors, lights, shadows on faces the way another artist might work with oil on canvas. Young, bright, attractive, innovative, Lutens doesn't think of makeup as camouflage for faults, but as an honest, enjoyable work of art in itself—though he does think it should follow the contours of the face, accentuating good bones. Not a round face but a strong one is what he likes: bright, alive, firmly-moulded, with clearly-defined hollows in the cheeks. When he's working on a model he often asks her to "swallow her cheek" so he can see where the natural hollow is. . . . He starts with foundation paler than the normal skin tone; too-dark skin doesn't allow scope for his kind of inventiveness. His "show" makeups are always done on a light skin, with ears, neck, also lightened. (After all, a painter's canvas is white.) Over the pale foundation masses of light, translucent powder are applied with Kabuki-like lavishness (he uses a brush), then blotted off with cotton. Cheeks and lips are strongly colored—oranges, browny-reds—the mouth penciled in for shape. Brows thinned, lifted, penciled, often brightly—he's been known to use orange. Eyes—Lutens likes a mysterious, "foggy" eye—shadowed with grey, taupe, above and below. False eyelashes? If they're worn at all, he thinks they should be honestly, blatantly artificial: metal or wood. When he's doing a makeup to be worn with a low-cut dress, Lutens often rouges the neck, from the ears half-way down, to highlight and dramatize the face.

Herbs! What can't they do for us?

They revive, stimulate, soothe, heal, refresh, and may have mysterious powers as yet uncharted scientifically. . . . In downtown New York at 109 Third Avenue is Kiehls Pharmacy, a 120-year-old landmark that is *a regular herbalist's paradise*. Delicious fragrances pervade the shop, which has white wainscotted walls, crystal chandeliers, rows of glass apothecary jars filled with colored potions. Shelves hold everything from Aloes socotrin to Wild Cherry Bark, Tasmanian Leatherwood Honey, Hibiscus Verbena tea. . . . Kiehls Herbal Facial Pack is an extravaganza of sweet-smelling, beneficent herbs: camomile, lavender, licorice, fennel, anise, caraway, dandelion, peppermint, peach and strawberry leaves, cyani flowers, and rosebuds. The Herbal Bath is an aromatic delight involving orange-blossoms, rosebuds, lavender, rosemary, camomile, oak bark, linden, eucalyptus. It's to be tied in a little cheesecloth bag and soaked in your bathwater, or mixed with water in a cup and massaged on with a washcloth (good for showerers). Bath oil can be custom-made, if you like, with lanolin or almond oil and your choice of ravishing flower essences from Grasse. . . . There are handmade, hand-pressed French soaps, herbal shampoos and conditioners, countless other fascinations. The proprietor, Mr. Aaron Morse, is helpful, experienced, and blindingly honest. Asked if his products were "100% natural," he said, "No product is." Some preservatives, emulsifiers and dispersing ingredients must be added to make such products function properly, and to prevent mildew. "Anyone who tells you his product is 100% natural," said Mr. Morse equably, "is mistaken."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Ready Beauty

It's a cinch to have perfect measurements

Why should soufflé-baking or medicine-taking be any more precise than complexion-nurturing? Givenchy's got the whole drill down to a science with his small and exquisite combine of skin-tenders, each one pre-measured as if a doctor's prescription, each made up for easy dispensing. You use exactly the amount needed—no less, no more. Three of the products are equipped with medicine-droppers: the Liquid Facial Moisturizer (for instance you use six drops to make a petal of dry skin); the Eye MakeUp Remover (here it's two drops to erase even gummy lash adhesive); and Lash-Moist (one drop wets and deeply enhances Givenchy's mascara or eye liner). Planned simplification, that's what. Not by the drop, but also astutely measured are Liquid Facial Masque—transparent, tautening, swiftly refreshing, a measuring cup neatly set within its cap, and Facial Night Liquid, put up in slender glass vials with red, businesslike lines for guidance—the sort you find on a thermometer. This last, which leaves you silkened but slick-free, contains Robane, a hydrogenated squalene that promises to do all those things nature begins goofing off on the minute you leave the nursery.

Tipping your hand

From the Do-It-The-Easy-Way department comes word of a newsy, zippy item called SwingerTips—a sort of instant manicure. What you have is a set of press-on nail toppers, made of a remarkable film called Hydron. It's porous (therefore it allows your nail to breathe), it's cut to nail shapes, and comes in pretty shades, packed with two extras in case of goofs.

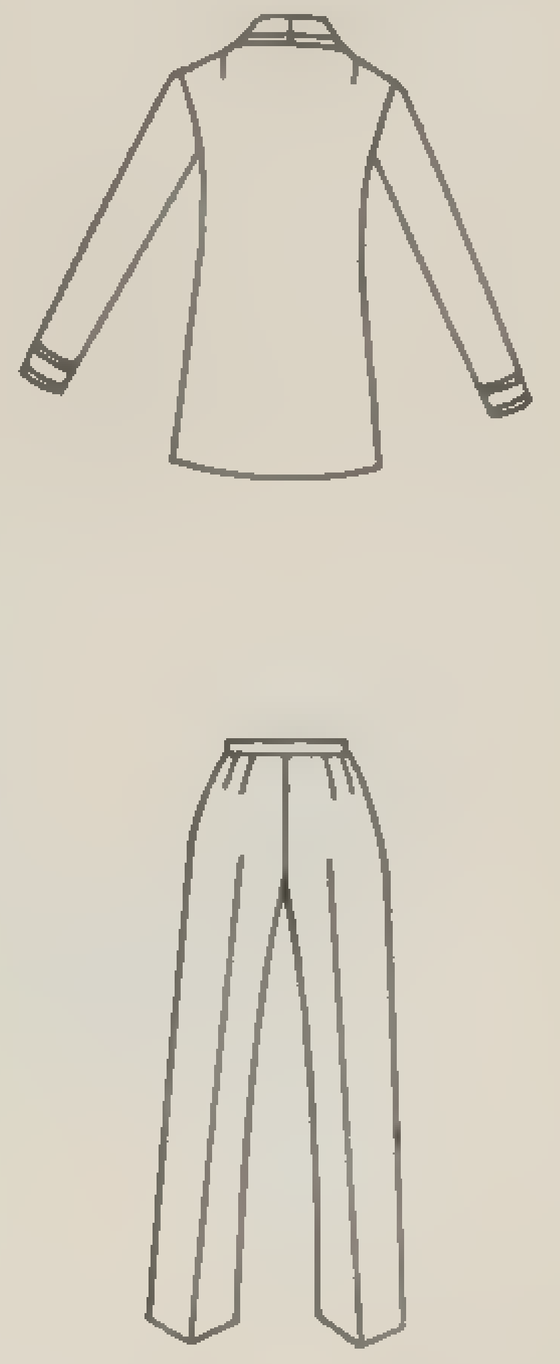
Glove story

There's been a big show of hands from all over—happy hands, de-tensed and smoother due to Aris's Hands Beautiful gloves which are made of scientifically stretchy nylon—a special blend called Isotoner that massages while you wear them. Newest by-popular-demand version is the white Sleeping Beauty, done up with lace and ribbons for bedwear. Try putting a good, gloppy cream on first—you'll glove yourself forever.

(More Ready Beauty, page 18)

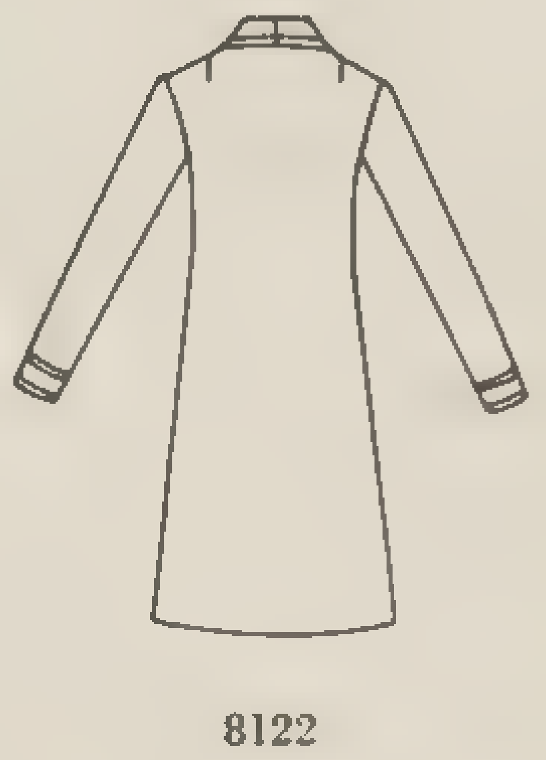
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 96-97; other views, yardages, details)



2598

Above: The black velvet pants tailleur for day. Vogue Pattern 2598. Sizes 6 to 14. Size 10 jacket requires 3⅜ yards, and pants 2¾ yards, of 35″ fabric. $4. In Canada, $4.40.



8122

Above: The black velvet shirtdress for day. Vogue Pattern 8122. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards of 40″ fabric. $2. In Canada, $2.50.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.

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do
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4½ fl. oz. 9 applications

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CHRISTMAS CARDS FROM THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum of Art Christmas cards—an unparalleled selection of paintings, drawings, goldsmiths' work, stained glass, sculpture, frescoes and graphics ranging across fifty centuries. ☆ Unusual Museum Christmas presents include exact copies of ancient jewelry in gold and silver, sculpture, rare early American glass, and the new engagement calendar, *Parlors and Palaces,* and the address book, *Flowers for All Seasons.* The cards are priced from 10 to 35 cents; the Christmas presents from $2.50 to $150. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. Send the coupon below to reserve your copy of the 56-page color catalogue to be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028 G3

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

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Ready Beauty

How to save your neck

Skin has many layers, and—the U. S. climate being what it is—most of them are gasping for moisture most of the time. Frances Denney tackled this problem years ago with marvelous Multi Layer Moisturizer, a creamy or liquid boon that penetrates deeply through the skin's strata, helping to bring moisture and retain what's there. So successful was this approach that it's now being used in four new Denney benefices: Multi-Layer Night Preen, Throat Astringent, Firming Throat Stick, and Eye Wrinkle Stick. Two bring long-awaited help to the throat area. The dab-on Astringent acts to tighten, smooth; the mint-blue Firming Stick, rich with lubricants, helps to combat lines, wrinkles, crêpiness. A full-throated cheer for both. . . .

For sprite-lier bathing

Cooler weather ahead, and long, luxurious baths will soon seem inviting again. So will all the deliciously pampering things that go with them—fragrant oils and elixirs, powders, lotions. Of these, some of the most delectable are scented with Ondine, a lingering enchantment named—appropriately—after a beautiful water sprite. . . . Now comes the newest addition to the Ondine bath delights: golden-yellow Bath Crystals to dash in a freshly-drawn tub, from which their fragrance will Ondulate through the bathroom and well beyond. . . .

Buffer state

The pretty young face below doesn't look freshly-powdered—but it doesn't look oily or shiny, either, as young faces tend to do. (Actually, dermatologists say, skin of any age tends to develop oily patches within three hours after cleansing.) What accounts for this charmingly natural mini-matte finish? What but a new marvel called Clinique Transparent Buffer. It's a soft, finespun, yet clinging pressed powder that you whisk on with a brush, itself soft as a moth's wing. The brush seems to deliver just the right amount of powder—blotting out small lines and imperfections, leaving makeup undisturbed, skin smooth and bloomy. . . . Transparent Buffer is allergy-tested, fragrance-free, and it comes (complete with brush) in Natural or Sunbeige.

We've solved the fit problem. Once and for all.

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All shapes, all sizes. Your shape, your size. New Measured Fit is the first panty hose custom-made to fit you. And it's made from an exclusive newly developed multi-filament nylon that fits you in the softest, sheerest, longest wearing panty hose ever.

There's never been anything like it before. New Measured Fit panty hose. In three separate size ranges. One of them is made just for you.

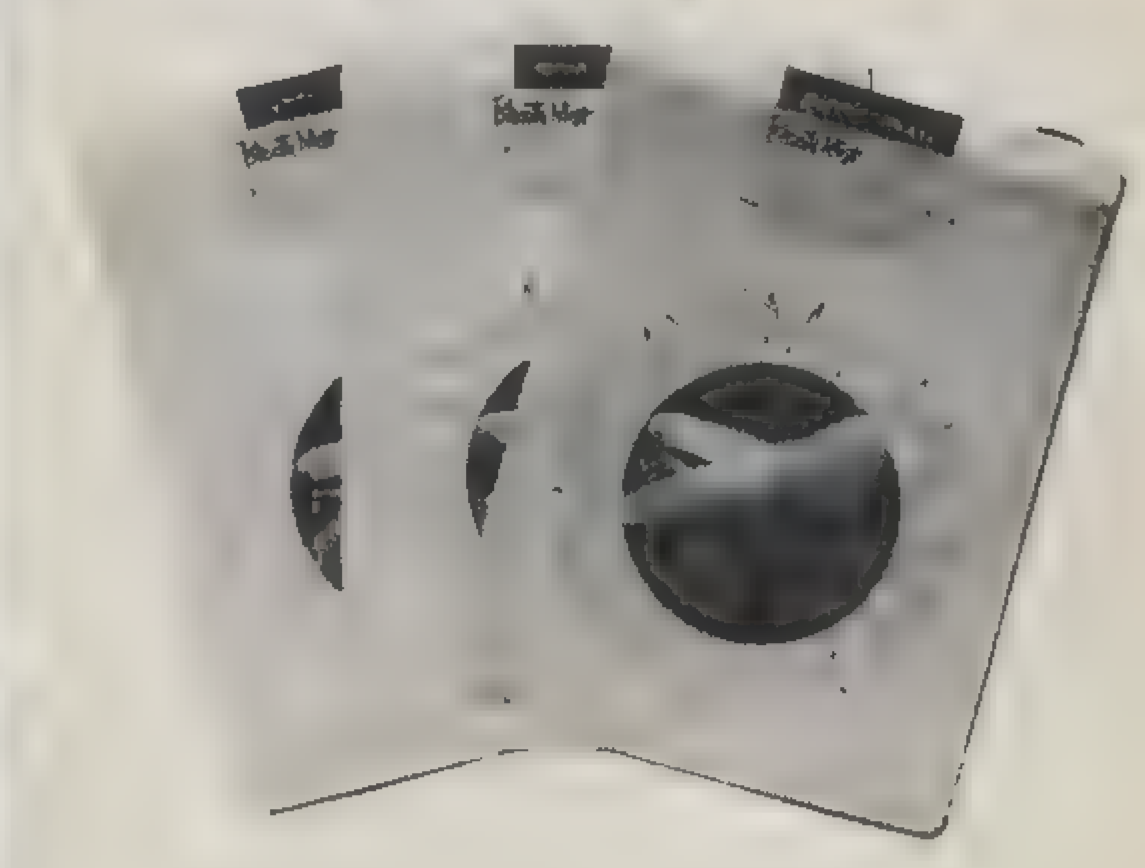
SMALL - Height 4 ft. 11 in.-5 ft. 5 in.
Weight 100 lbs. - 130 lbs.

MEDIUM - Height 5 ft. 6 in.-5 ft. 10 in.
Weight 120 lbs. - 160 lbs

LARGE - Height 5 ft. 0 in.-5 ft. 8 in.
Weight 145 lbs. - 195 lbs.
Hips 42 - 50 in

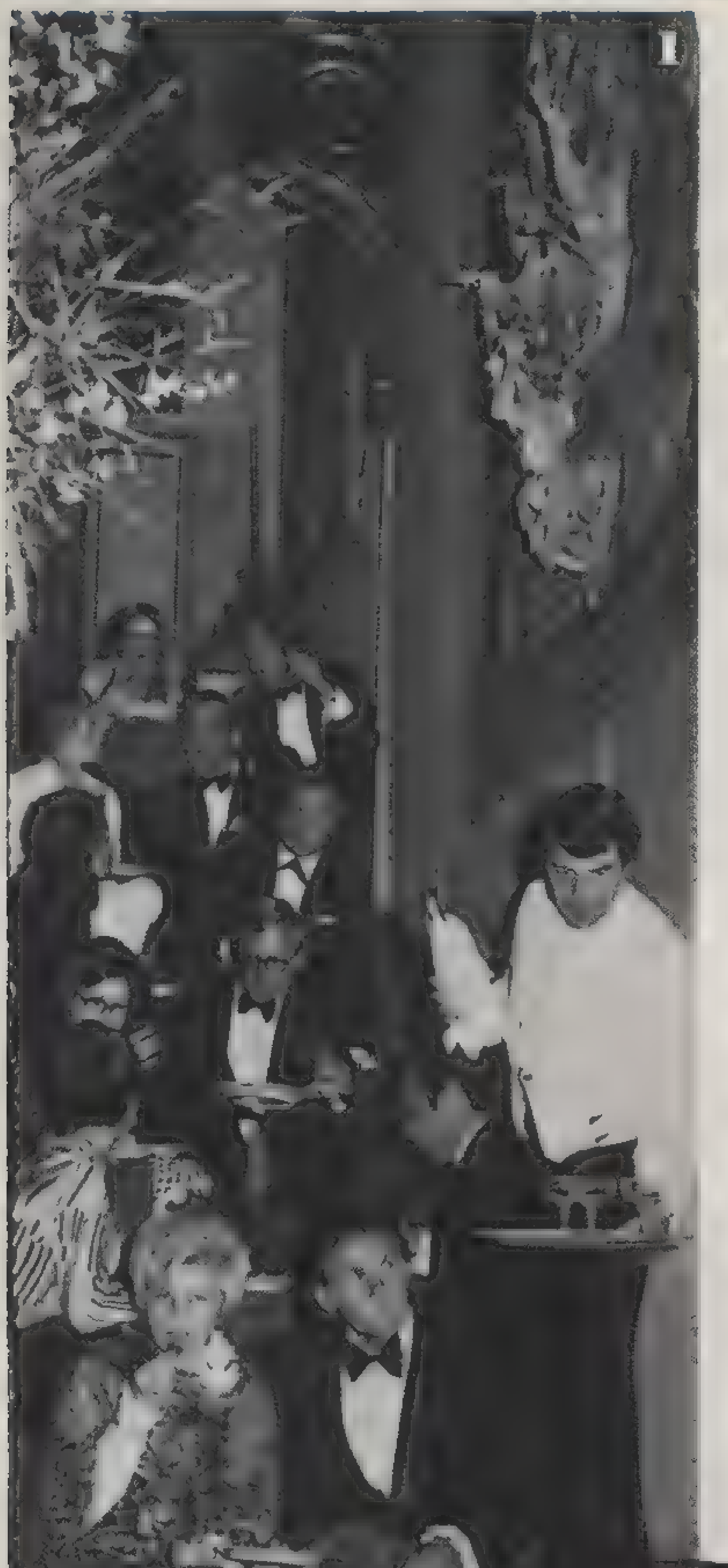
New Measured Fit $2

Beauty Mist



To the rescue of Venice in Los Angeles

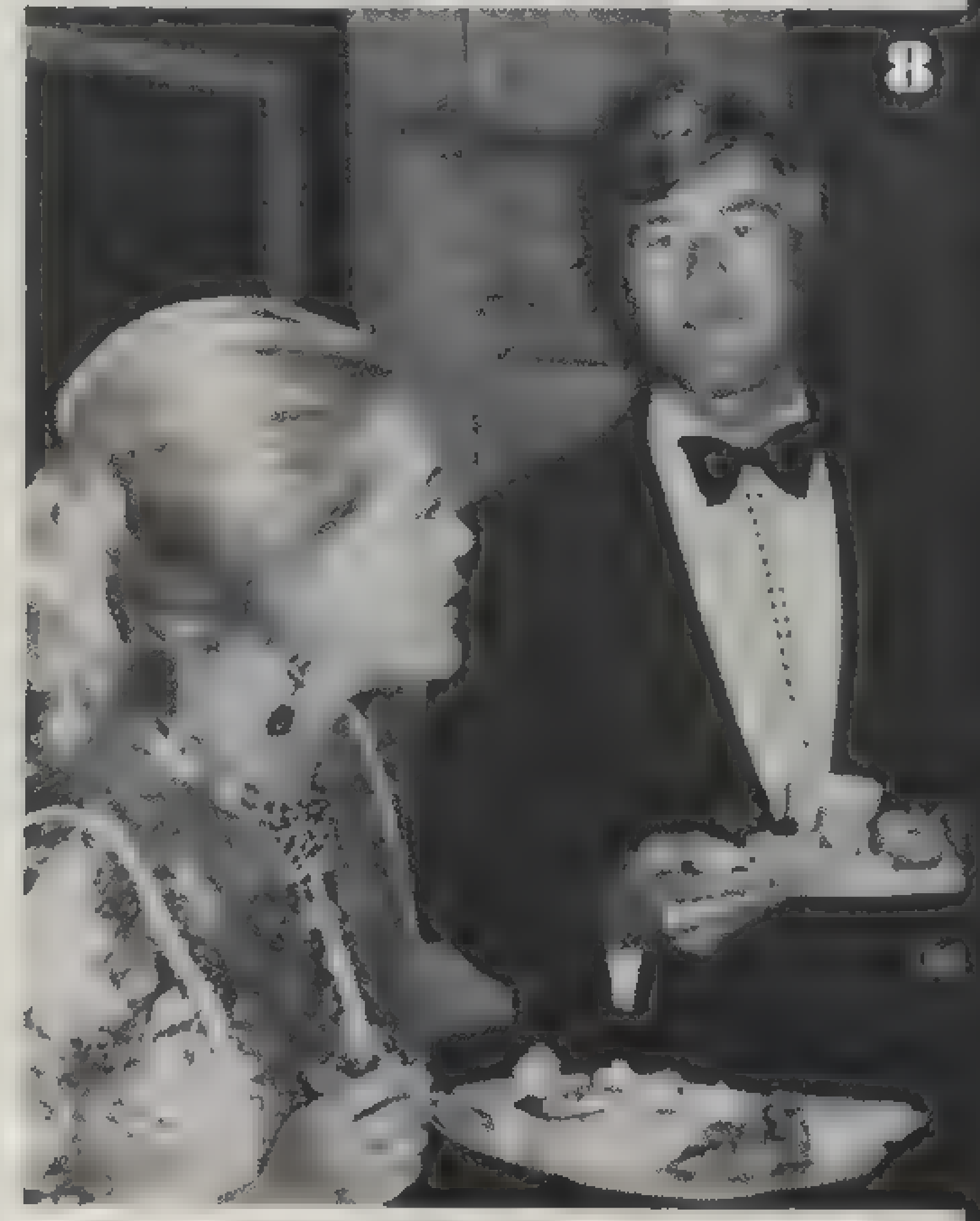
Candles flickered along the walkway to Tony Duquette's huge studio where four pages wearing livery greeted guests for the benefit party after the Los Angeles opening of Visconti's film of *Death in Venice*—a visually superb salute to the Italian city. Inside the studio, plumed with flowers, ice gondolas floated on the serving tables, and the party floated funds in this gay and glorious gesture to help save the sinking city of Venice.



1. The guests stair-stepped at the rescue-party supper. 2. Mr. Jay Steffy, Mrs. Robert A. Rowan. 3. Mrs. Warren B. Williamson, Mr. John F. Hotchkis.

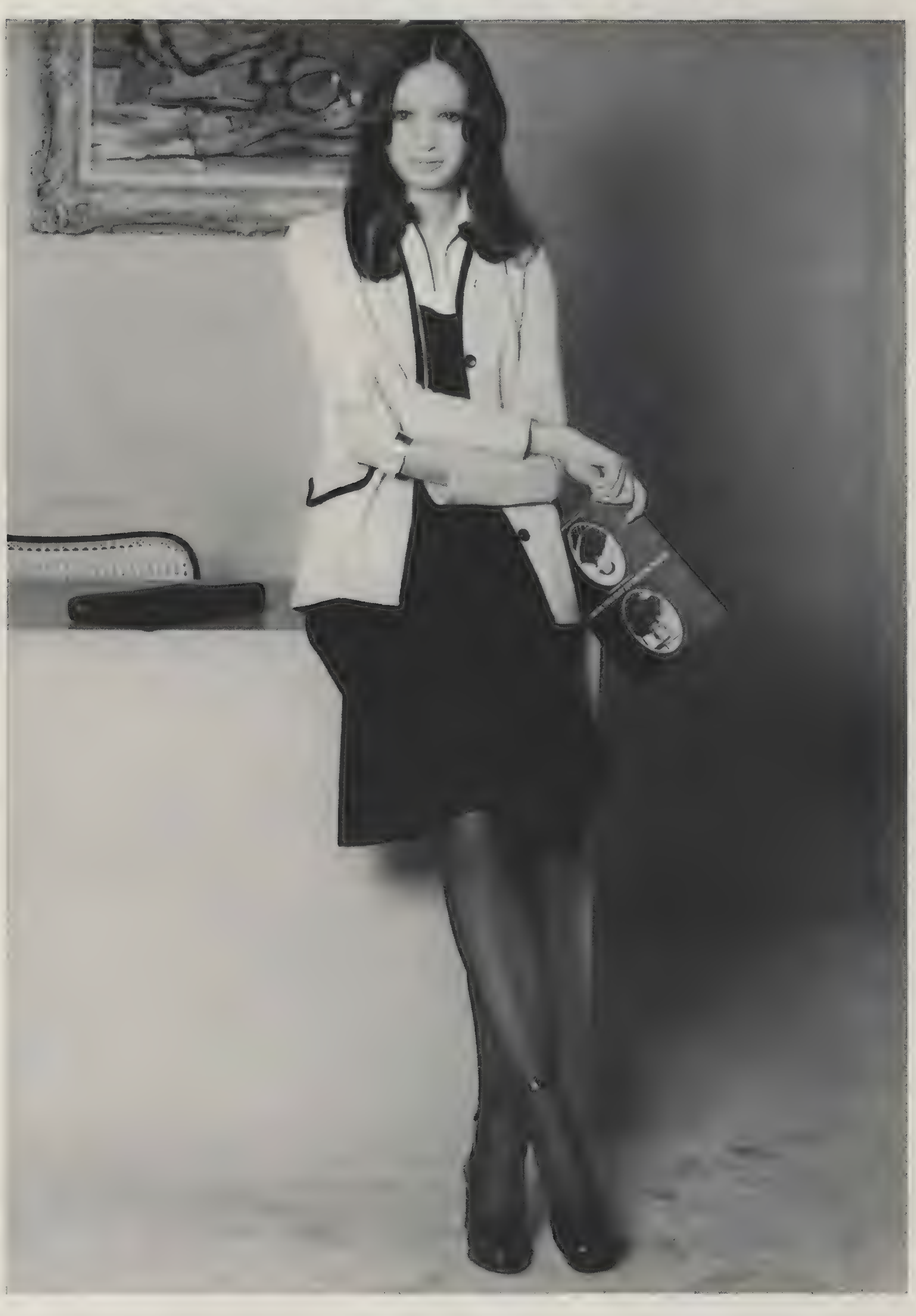
4. Mrs. H. Bradley Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis C. Stanfill, Mr. H. Bradley Jones. 5. Mr. David Knapp, Miss Shawn Peterson.

6. Mr. & Mrs. Anthony M. Duquette, on his studio's stairway. 7. Mr. Frank McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. John Swope. 8. Mrs. Howard E. Huntington and her son Mr. George L. dePeyster, junior. 9. Mr. and Mrs. Jack L. Warner.



ERNEST RESHOVSKY

THE DRESS-AND-CARDIGAN TURNOUT

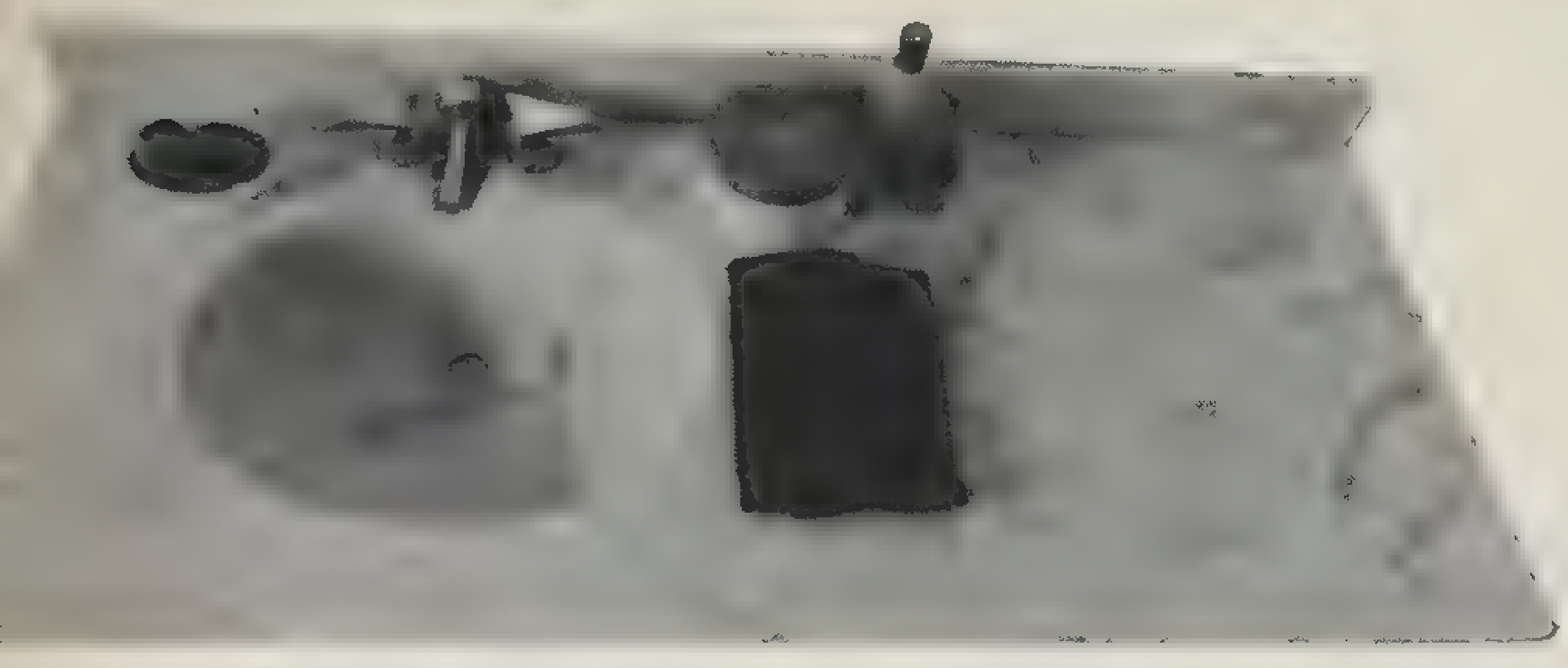


PENATI

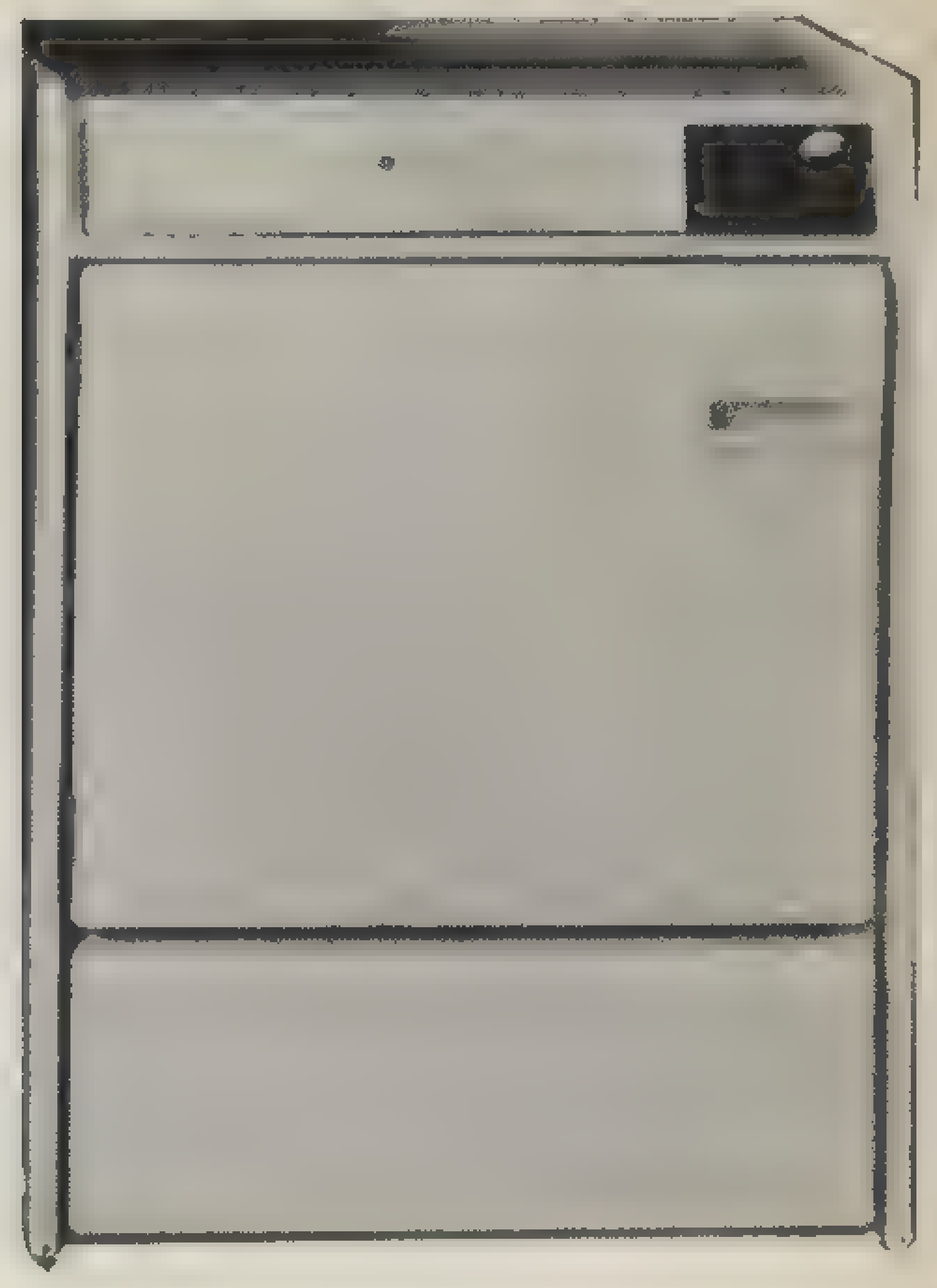
One of life's little simplifiers—a two-piece black dress with a clean white dickey-collar. And when you put on the butter-yellow cardigan (unbuttoned—it keeps the easy look easy), you're dressed. Add black string gloves, black ribbed stockings, and black kid ankle-straps . . . or maybe black suède mid-calf boots. A big soft black velours sou'wester would be marvelous here, with a shiny-white plastic turtle pinned right in front. Leslie Fay turnout, of Dacron and wool; about $82. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Carson Pirie Scott; I. Magnin. Vendôme watch. Beauty Mist tights. Shoes by Mario Valentino. Coiffure: François of Kenneth. Photographed at the Richard Feigen Gallery.

NEWS-MAKING NAMES

And a sampling of their newest ideas



DU PONT once again improves on nature with Corian marble



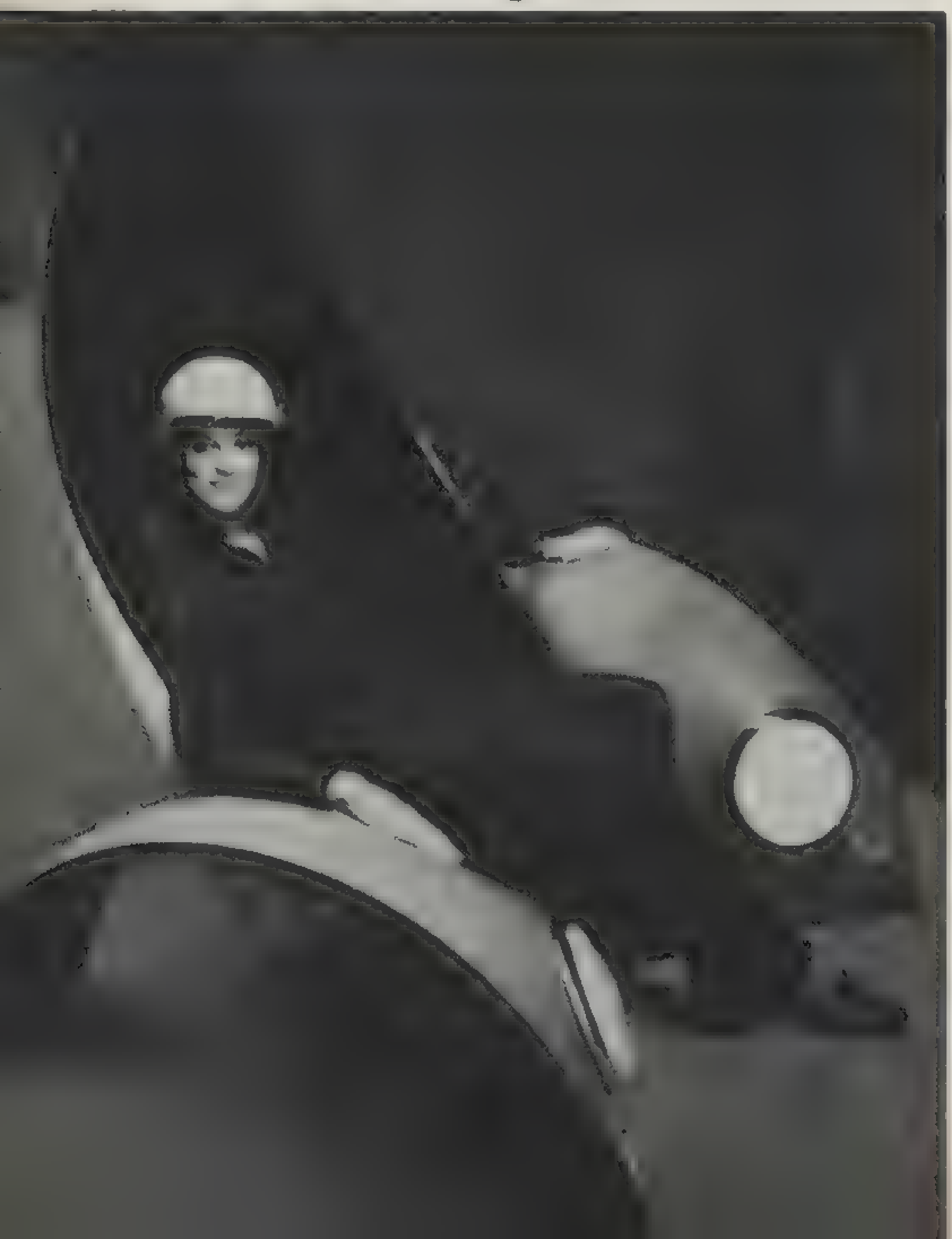
No more wet bathing suits

Luxurious dressing stand with bowl, *above*, is a marble look-alike molded of new Corian methacrylate. It won't stain or break. By Du Pont, at bathroom suppliers. Thirteen sizes; as shown, about $86.

Jack Lenor Larsen: A longtime newsmaker, fabrics designer, and weaver, Larsen brings the order, freedom, color, and texture of nature into today's houses.

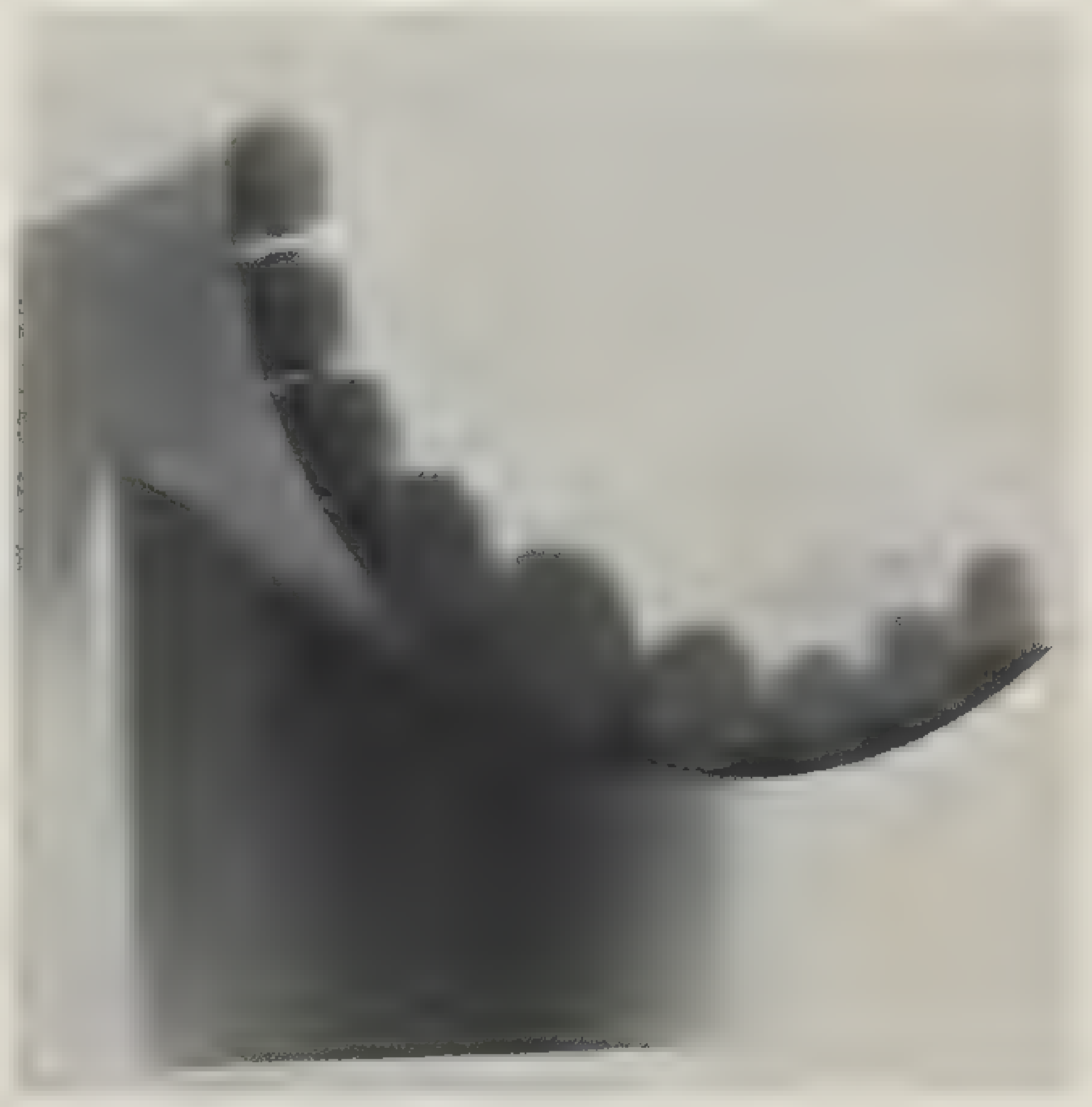
His prints, inspired by cultures, history, nature, and his extraordinary innovations in weaving are in museum collections, were just exhibited at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. Jack Lenor Larsen, 232 E. 59th St., N.Y.C.* . . . **VW** is the name *below:* Sculptor Peter Goldring composed this chair from the hood and two fenders of an orange-and-yellow Volkswagen. Black Borgano upholstery, $750. At Lighting Assoc., 351 E. 61st St., N.Y.*

VW chair with headlights



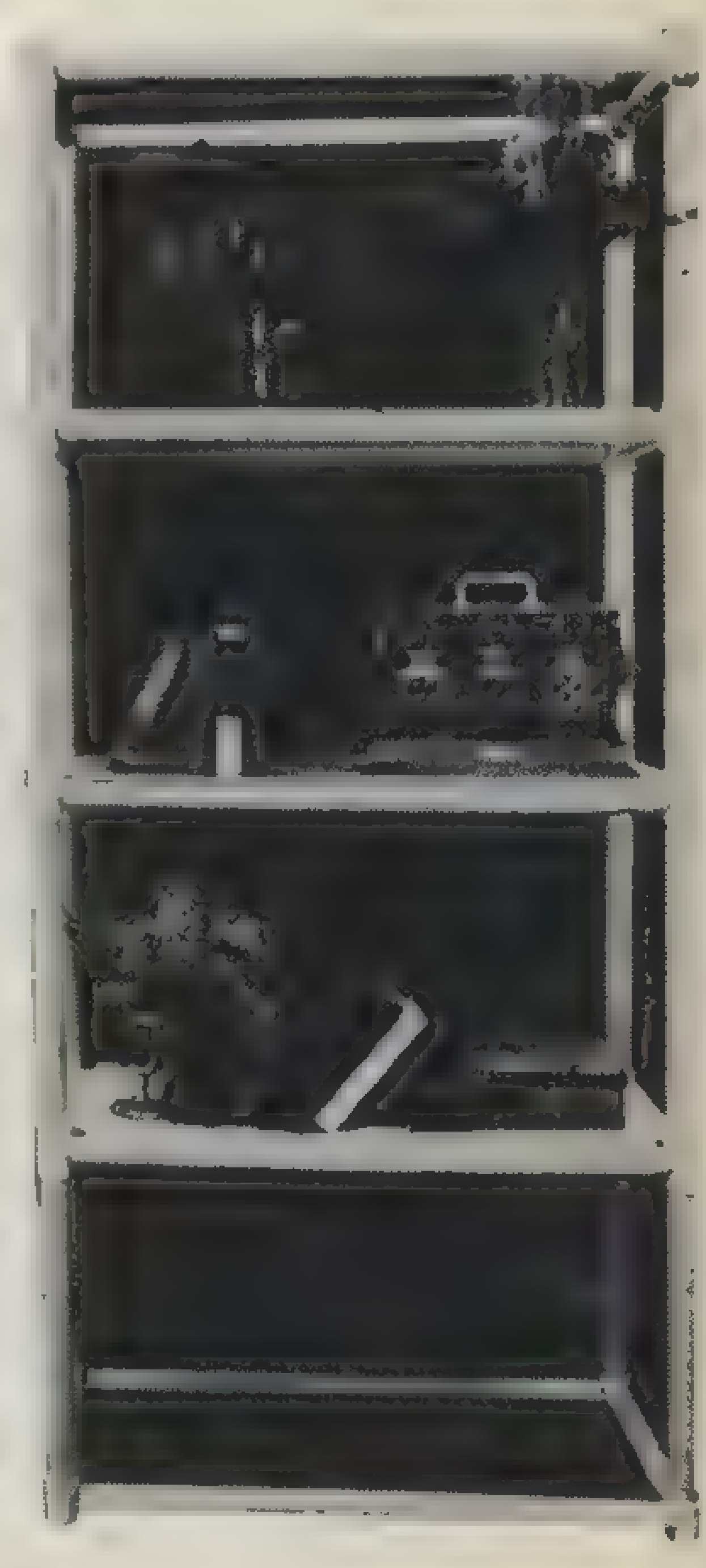
Zonking Place: George Kovac's new chrome lighting strip for wall, ceiling, or floor lamp. Plug in Zonking Place strip, zap on as many magnetized Zonker lights as needed. Floor lamp, left, 67" high, $79. Each Zonker light, $30. Both at Lighting Assoc.*

H.U.D.D.L.E., the laboratory-shop of urban designer Jim Hull and wife Penny, is headquarters for a new life-style. *Below,* their chair of compressed fiberboard with finger-foam cushion is handsome, luxurious, yet made entirely of recycled materials. It costs an amazing $81, in colors. At 10918 Kinross Ave., Westwood Village, L.A., Calif. 90024.

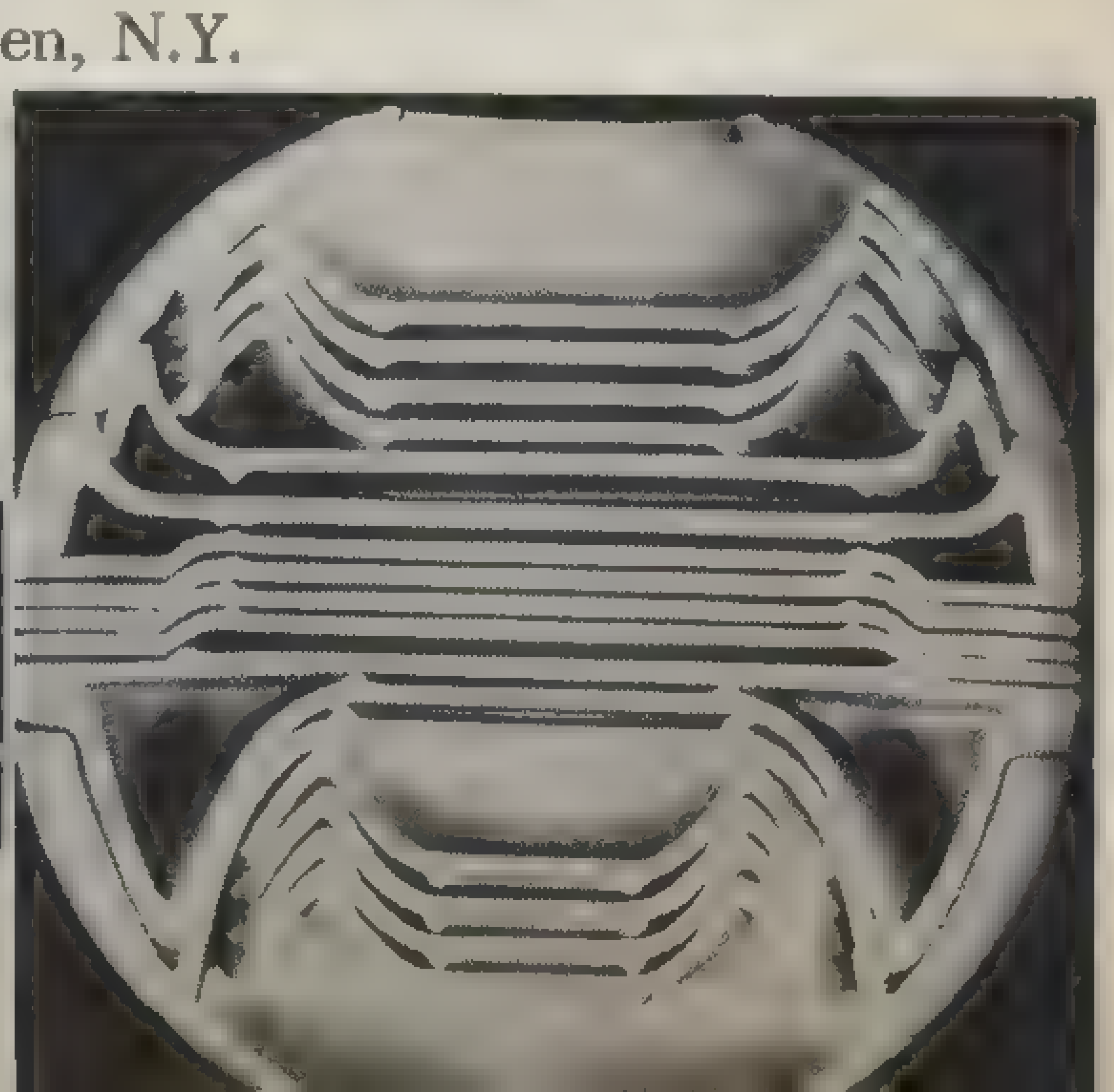


G.E. never stops making news. Now it's a mini portable clothes dryer to tuck into a pool cabaña, dressing room, or ***in a closet. It has all regular drying, fluff and permanent press cycles,*** needs no outside vent. Easy to wheel, it weighs 60 pounds, is 28½" x 21" x 18¾". By General Electric, about $130.

Environmental Concepts is a new California news- maker whose Set-Up cardboard tube furniture is designed by Jack and Louise Klotz. It's knock down: you just put the tubes into plastic joints. A seven-foot étagère is in white, brick, yellow, or brown leather-like finish. $40, Bloomingdale's, N.Y. . . . ***Cecil Beaton*** does it again with fresh notepaper designs: white sheets with red-and-blue ruled band, lined envelopes. $20 for 100 of each. . . . Milk Sherbet cards in 4 colors have embossed borders. $20 for 100 sheets, envelopes. Ribbon-tied envelope with felt pens in six colors, $4.50. All, The Private Papers of Bonwit Teller. ***Sphere*** shown in cross-section comes in white/slate/brown or yellow/orange/green. $150 at Georg Jensen, N.Y.



Villeroy & Boch: Two-hundred-year-old West German china firm makes news with Sphere, an ironstone dinner service for four. Read more about it, right.



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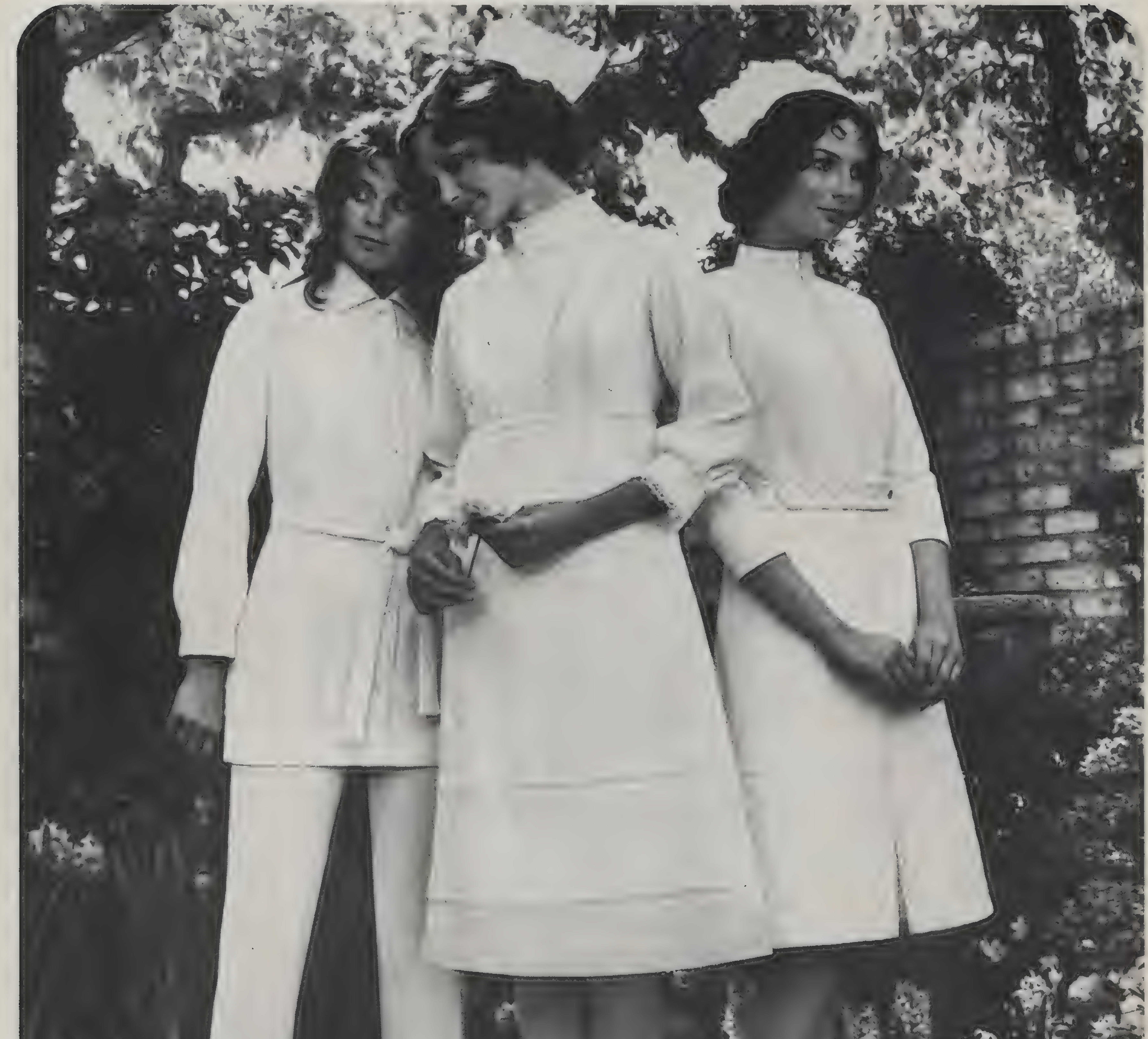
*Through decorators

prophetic clothes by BARCO of california
SOME people CALL THEM UNIFORMS.



Left: "Sugar 'N Spice" Top, Royal Cord Knit Jersey. 60% Dacron® polyester, 40% nylon. White, Pink, Yellow. XS-XL. About $14. Matching Pants, 4-20. About $10.
Center: "Nostalgia" Royal Cord & Tucked Knit Jersey Combo. 60% Dacron® polyester, 40% nylon. White. 6P-14P. About $22.
Right: "Heartbreaker" Faille Knit. 60% Dacron® polyester, 40% nylon. White. 6-16. About $18.

Complimentary brochure. 350 West Rosecrans Avenue, Dept. V-8, Gardena, California 90247.

THE COOKING GAME WELL PLAYED

by Mrs. Stéphane Groueff
in her house at Southampton, New York

BY MAXIME MCKENDRY

Lil Groueff and (right) Maxime McKendry picking herbs.

Country peace, easy food were built into the romantic barn-roofed house on Long Island that Lil Groueff designed and decorated for her husband, Stéphane Groueff, the Frenchman who heads the *Paris-Match* magazine office in New York, and their son. In her house, fabrics from Bali, a flowered rug from Paris, her treasure of blue-and-white china, and garden flowers keep up the color-pattern beat. The garden—it has a hammock—grows flowering herbs for cooking. Meals move from kitchen to living-dining room by Mrs. Groueff's special pass-through—table wide and most apt when guests serve themselves, with folding doors to screen food preparation until that moment. One of her summer dinner menus, with recipes:

Wine cup   Cherry-ripe duck   Zucchini casserole
Green salad   Hot fruit salad

Wine cup

Peel a peach and place in the bottom of a glass pitcher; add 1 basket washed raspberries, 3 heaping tablespoons sugar, 1 generous jigger brandy, 1 or 2 bottles domestic Bordeaux. Chill.

Cherry-ripe duck

Pre-roast duck at 400° for about ¾ hour. Remove from pan and pour juices into a bowl: place juices in freezer. Place duck on a platter to cool, propping one end up with a wooden spoon to help the fat to drip off. Return duck to oven and roast at 350° until tender, basting the breast occasionally. Cool.

Remove congealed fat from surface of chilled duck juices. Soak 1 envelope gelatin in ½ cup cold water. Heat duck juices with enough water to make 1½ cups; dissolve gelatin in broth. Return to freezer until half set.

Thaw and drain 1 package frozen black cherries. Coat duck with jellied broth; dip each cherry in jelly and stick all over the duck. Chill. (Duck may be carved before adding jelly and cherries—less dramatic, but easier to serve.)

Zucchini casserole

Slice washed, unpeeled zucchini thin; arrange in casserole with dots of butter, salt, pepper, chopped parsley. Sprinkle with bread crumbs. Bake at 325° until tender.

Lil Groueff (left) and Maxime McKendry pass the dinner through to the guests.

Salad

Garden greens with French dressing. Lil Groueff likes to include the flowers from the fresh herbs—mint flowers are a beautiful blue.

Hot fruit salad

1 can cling peaches
1 can pears
2 large navel oranges
½ pint dairy sour cream
Brandy
Sugar

Drain peaches and pears and boil down juices until thick. Peel oranges thinly and cut peel in slivers; add to juices; let stand for several hours on warm stove; drain. Flavor cream with brandy and sugar. Combine fruits and heat in syrup; sprinkle orange slivers over top. Serve with cream.

Two recipes for chicken served with ripe summer melons and a dessert adapted from *Traditional British Cooking for Pleasure* by Gladys Mann (Paul Hamlyn, London).

Hot chicken with rice and melon

Allow half a small melon or a slice of a large one for each serving. Remove seeds and filaments; chill.

Boil rice until tender, spread on a flat pan in warm oven 10 minutes to dry. Stir in chopped parsley to taste.

Fry seasoned serving pieces of chicken in butter with a little oil added to avoid burning. Fill melon shells with rice; place chicken pieces on top of rice. Serve. Melon is scooped out with the rice and eaten with the chicken.

Use butter and oil from chicken to dress string beans, broccoli, or green peas to serve with chicken and melon.

Cold chicken with melon in curry sauce

For each serving:
½ small melon or slice of large one
½ cup chopped cooked chicken meat
¼ cup chopped celery
Mayonnaise
Curry powder
Paprika

Remove seeds from melon and scoop out flesh; cut in chunks. Chill melon flesh and shells. Mix chicken and celery with mayonnaise flavored with curry powder. Chill. Fill shells with melon mixed with chicken; sprinkle with paprika.

Yorkshire mint pastries

six servings

12 ounces short pastry (or frozen pastry dough)
8 ounces dried currants
4 ounces brown sugar
½ stick melted butter
4 teaspoons chopped fresh mint
Grated rind of 1 lemon
Milk

Roll out pastry and cut in 6-inch circles. Mix currants, sugar, mint, and lemon rind. Place a portion of filling on each pastry; fold over; seal edges with water and crimp. Brush with milk. Bake at 400° for about 20 minutes, until golden brown.

OLIVIER GELBSMAN

Suddenly, there's a scent of lemon, chives and tarragon in the air, and...

France is happening in your kitchen!

Steps to a Perfect Terrine
The Cooking of Provincial France

- Book size: 8½ x 11 inches
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- 208 pages
- 193 illustrations, 173 in full color
- Wine Guide
- Cheese Guide

Enjoy
The Cooking of Provincial France
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If you've ever watched a French housewife preparing a meal, you know why cooking the French way is so fascinating and why French food tastes so good! Part of the fun is using the favorite seasoning ingredients of France...the aromatic herbs like tarragon, chives and marjoram...freshly chopped parsley and its "cousin," chervil...and those very mild members of the onion family, the leek and the shallot.

From *The Cooking of Provincial France* you'll learn how to use all these flavorings delicately and skillfully. You'll find out how easy it is to prepare delicious hors d'oeuvre, soups, entrées and desserts the French way. And you not only can become accomplished at preparing famous French dishes like *boeuf bourguignon* and *bouillabaisse*, but will discover other delicious specialties of the various provinces of France—such as *ratatouille*, a Mediterranean casserole of tomatoes, eggplant, zucchini and green peppers that's simple to make and utterly delicious, and *escalopes de veau à la savoyarde*, veal scallops that are sautéed and then served with a beautifully seasoned cream sauce.

Pictures make it easy

Page after page of beautiful, full-color picture directions show you very clearly any cooking techniques that may be new to you. And among your guides on this exciting adventure in creative cooking are Julia Child, TV's famous "French Chef," and M. F. K. Fisher, the talented writer and expert on French country-style cooking.

As you pick up the culinary tricks the experts describe, and as you use the interesting and authentic recipes in the book, you'll also be learning about something else: the pleasant eating customs and traditions of the different provinces of France, and how to adapt those you like to your own style of living.

Try The Cooking of Provincial France for 10 days free

The Cooking of Provincial France is the introductory volume in TIME-LIFE BOOKS unique series, Foods of the World. You're invited to get the book for 10-day free examination. Then, if you wish, you may return it and owe nothing, or keep it for just $5.95 ($6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling. You'll then be entitled to receive another Foods of the World volume for free examination every other month, and to keep it, if you wish, at the same low price. To enjoy the introductory volume for 10 days without cost or obligation, simply fill out and mail the postpaid order form attached. Or write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 3908, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

Kitchen Guide

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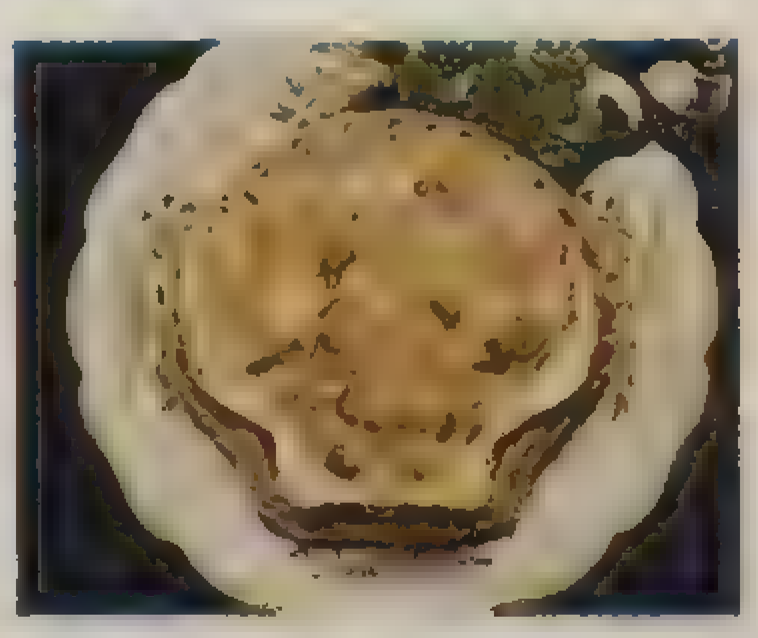
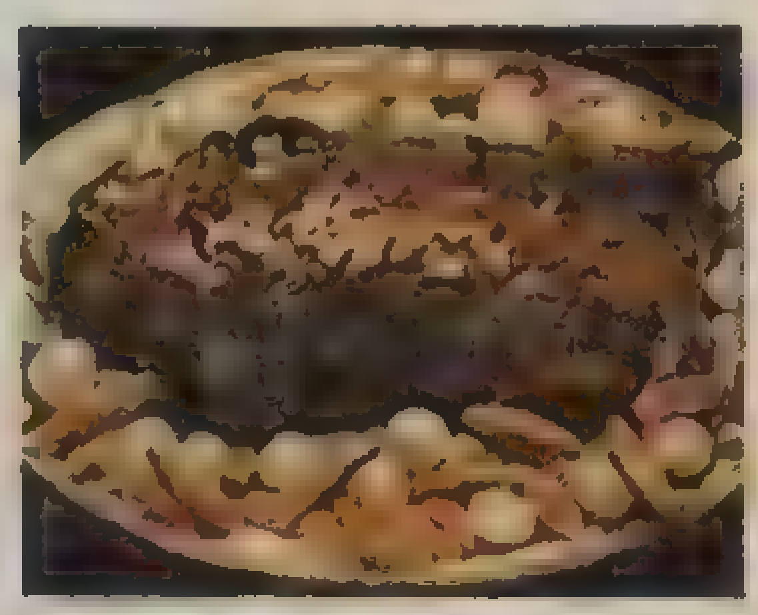


Scallops *à la parisienne* presented with each individual portion set in a shell.



Boeuf à la mode is accompanied by the vegetables cooked with it.

VOGUE'S

FROM AUGUST 15 THROUGH AUGUST 31

HOROSCOPE

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ANNE was born August 15, 1950, under the sign of Leo, making authority native to her. The emphasis of her Moon (mentality), Mercury (reasoning), and Saturn (organization) in Virgo points to discrimination, selection, a steady drive toward perfection—independent of public opinion. An unusual trinity of Water signs—Cancer, Scorpio, Pisces—shows an emotional insistence on privacy, lack of need for approval. She will live her life according to her own laws. Her choice in marriage should create a sensation. I expect her to mother four children.

ARIES, March 21–April 20. One born in this sign is active, an extrovert often in hasty motion. You love to adjust an unhappy situation, to fix things up. With your ruler, Mars, now in Aquarius, the time is right to become involved with a cause and—at the new moon—to stimulate others in applying their minds and fortunes to universal matters. Your talents will be well placed, and the planets favor success.

TAURUS, April 21–May 21. Each sign seems to impose its native atmosphere; Taurus brings harmony. A certain adolescence seems to prevail. Without a word, you can create peace with your gentle approach. You love food, even when you gather pounds. Many Taurians have a bell-toned speaking voice. The tests that you have had to bear are now waning. To attract moneyed partners, think your ideas out well.

GEMINI, May 22–June 21. Mercury, lord of speech, ruler of Geminians, accounts for your love of words, rhetoric, wit. You love to communicate, to write letters. You are continually restless; short journeys can appease your hunger for gathering facts. New responsibilities will anchor you during these last two weeks of the month, but exciting new friends set a fast pace. The game will be worth the chase.

CANCER, June 22–July 23. Your ruler, the Moon, is a reflector. The child (Cancer rules babyhood) imitates the mother. Those born in your sign make fine actors. Teaching is another excellent choice for you, because of your sympathy with the needs of the student. Now you have lucky Jupiter in the Water sign of Scorpio supporting your projects. Act at the new moon to ensure a last endorsement from this friendly planet.

LEO, July 24–August 23. Your ruler, the Sun, brings great strength to all your endeavors. Yours is the controlled fire of faith. The new moon is a most significant time for you to be resolute in plan. Transfer the force of your ego to your chosen vocation. The time has come to pressure every idea that involves the judgment of others, especially if newcomers are presenting daring, untried measures.

VIRGO, August 24–September 23. Being an Air planet, Mercury has to change its nature in ruling practical Virgo. This has an abrasive effect on the sign. You lack the quality of leisure, and even resent those who have it. Your activities slow down until after the new moon. The last week, the gentle good luck of Venus in Virgo aids you in social and financial matters. A very personal time.

LIBRA, September 24–October 23. The usually cultured, courteous Libran will now sparkle and spin while Mars, reality, is in another Air sign, Aquarius. This will bring new friends to stimulate you; especially after the new moon, when new partners lead to a new way of life. With an upturn in finances coming from new sources, you must decide whether to change from the old ways to accept the new.

SCORPIO, October 24–November 22. Your sign is a resister. Realistic, you trust your own instincts and are skeptical of advice from others, wondering what the advisor will gain by counseling. You do not aim to please, believing this might weaken your position. At the new moon, the luck of Jupiter is back in your sign, making this an ideal time for you to follow your own intuition. You will be right.

SAGITTARIUS, November 23–December 22. The fiery enthusiasm of this sign differs from Aries's bonfire or the furnace fire of Leo. It is a fire of purification, becoming in the middle years a fire of the mind concerned with intellectual and spiritual satisfactions. The new moon should complete this preparation; you will spring forward in your aspiration toward the meaning of life, communicating all your talents.

CAPRICORN, December 23–January 20. The nature of those who are born in your sign is to combine common sense with action. You, being a Capricorn, organize your thought and visualize all motion step by step before you proceed by single moves to climb toward the highest goals. The new moon in the house of change takes you in a different direction. This change will start you on your way toward a new goal.

AQUARIUS, January 21–February 18. This sign represents democracy, science, abstract thought. The last of the Air signs, ruled by Uranus, Aquarius is either disruptive and ready to divorce outworn methods or inventive in finding the new. You may be thought revolutionary, odd, extreme; but once accepted you may be called a genius. Mars, planet of reality, occupies your sign, giving wide sway to your ideas now.

PISCES, February 19–March 20. Those born in this sign are not highly individualistic. Yours is a self-effacing nature, and you change your course frequently—almost too often—willfully losing yourself in the labyrinth. Jupiter, once your ruler, has returned to powerful Scorpio. At the new moon there are three paths open: a new life through a new duty, a simple job, or the pursuit of a new talent you love.

the proven effective weight-loss program!

body shapers™ 3-way plan

"I WENT FROM SIZE 16 TO 12"

BEFORE

...in just a little over 2 weeks with the Body Shapers 3-Way Plan. Just by jumping into my Body Shapers, I jumped into a whole new life style. I lost 10 pounds in the first 10 days. People I know are just floored at my results. I'm more confident. The pounds just seemed to melt away."

Carol Louise Cardin

"I LOST 14 POUNDS IN 20 DAYS with the Body Shapers 3-Way Plan. I feel it helped me take off excess inches in the "problem places" that just dieting alone never touches. I wanted to lose in my waist and thighs especially, and I lost everywhere—7½ inches total from waist, abdomen, hips and thighs! I'm very pleased."

Sandra Wolf

BEFORE

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Patricia Evans

BEFORE

Lose 10 pounds in 10 days!

AND WATCH UNWANTED INCHES DISAPPEAR FROM

HIPS, THIGHS & WAISTLINE!

Here's a laboratory-tested, weight loss and figure-trimming method you can trust . . . tests conducted by the Performance Physiology Laboratory of a major West Coast University proved that it is possible for some persons to lose as much as 10 pounds in 10 days following the Body Shaper 3-Way Plan. The average weight loss of all persons tested was one-half pound per day, every day during the ten day test. Some samples of the 20-day results are pictured above! Now you can enjoy this amazing discovery — guaranteed to work for you, or your money back.

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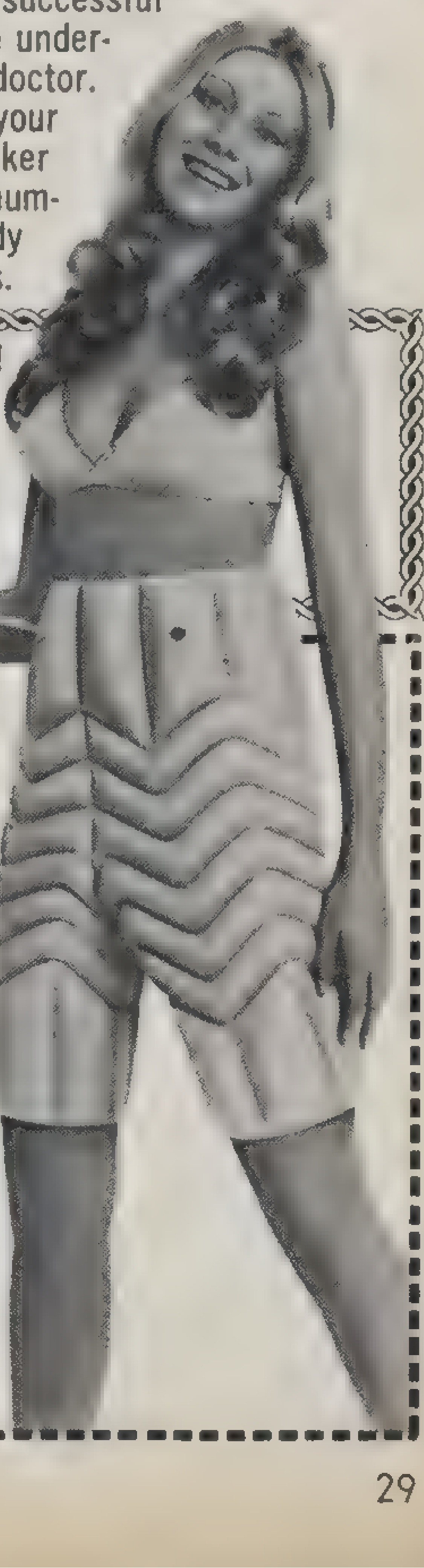
HOW THE BODY SHAPER PLAN WORKS ITS WONDERS. There are three simple requirements to The Body Shaper Plan. The Body Shaper is a modern, carefully designed and engineered product. The combination of the Body Shapers food plan and body movement program work together to accelerate weight loss and inches removal. The Body Shapers themselves are not designed to affect weight loss; they do their part by creating a Sauna-like warmth and gentle massaging action to soothe and relax the hip, thigh, and waistline area. It's not magic. It's not trickery. The Body Shaper Plan will help you lose weight quickly, easily and more surely—it's actually guaranteed.

THE "SECRET" IS THE COMBINATION. The Body Shaper Plan is a combination which is designed to work, if honored together. The Body Shaper "combination" is made up of three items: your **Body Shaper**, the copyrighted **Body Shaper Food Plan** and the **Body Shaper Movement Program** — "exercises" which do not overtax you in any way. As is true of all successful weight loss programs, The Body Shaper Plan should be undertaken with the knowledge and guidance of your family doctor. The Body Shaper Plan will help you tone and shape your body . . . It will help you reduce your weight — all quicker and faster than you may believe possible. The actual number of pounds that **you** will lose depends upon your body structure, present weight, metabolism, and other factors.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY REFUNDED! It's guaranteed—you have nothing to lose but weight and inches. Fill-out the coupon below and enclose your cash, check or money order for just $12.95. Use your Body Shaper Three-Way Plan for 10 days, if you're not satisfied your money will be promptly refunded.



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☐ Check here for special rush handing. Enclosed is $13.95 ($1.00 extra for special rush)

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You'll get more from us than ever before. A three piece outfit. All in a ribbed, heather look stretch nylon. Coordinated so that they may be worn individually or together for the layered look. The **Varsity** shirt is really a body shirt with a snap crotch closing. It has color coordinated long raglan sleeves, and a boat neck. In Petite and Average/Tall. $11.00. The **Playpants** come in Petite and Average/Tall. $7.50. And the **Coed** seamless tights are ribbed from toe to waist in S/M/L. $4.50. This outfit comes in [illegible] Rust Brown, Mountain Purple, Navy, Prairie Plum, and Red. Bonnie Doon, 11 East 36th Street, N.Y. 10016 & Harbor View Avenue, Stamford, Conn. 06904.

Paris report

top European manufacturers and designers show their best at the semi-annual S.E.H.M. Salon in Paris. For this fall, the news is good, fresh, and wearable. Best bets from France, some in U.S. stores now: **1.** *Peasant sweater knits* inspired by traditional countrymen's cloths, tailored into handsome tab-collared swagger coats. This one, by André Balzac in Michel Thierry knit jersey. André Balzac, Toulouse. Watch for more of these heavy textured knits. . . . **2.** *Embroidery* for pattern interest on velvet. Gilles Dufour in Renoma's nutmeg velvet suit, amber zizzag Russian embroidery on collar, pockets. Renoma, 129 bis, rue de la Pompe, Paris. In New York, $200 at DeNoyer, 219 East 60th St. . . . **3.** *Matching suits and coats* in soft plaid tweeds. Suits now more relaxed, gentlemanly in cut. Still long, fitted jackets with high armholes, but less pinched and flared, more tubular. Perfect example: Lanvin's grey Prince de Galles four-piece outfit worn by Stanislas Lejeune. Perfect finishing touch: soft fur felt wide-brimmed hat by Gelot. Hat and outfit at Lanvin 2, 2 rue Cambon, Paris. . . . **4.** *Lacquered cotton* raincoats. Light, shiny, crackly. Stanislas Lejeune and Deborah Dufour in Cerruti's with double-wrapped belt. His, pale poplin; hers, nutmeg-brown poplin. Cerruti 1881, 3 place de la Madeleine, Paris. In New York, about $125 at Madonna, 220 East 60th St. . . . **5.** *Velvet blazers.* A perfect evening look in black; green, violet, and navy plaid wool trousers, black wool tie, navy shirt. Christian Dior Boutique Monsieur, 30 Avenue Montaigne, Paris.

Paris: color

Rich, deep, sumptuous, the colors of Rembrandt: deep amber, soft sooty greys, "paprika," a deep purple on the violet side, "poivre vert," a deep blackish green, "nutmeg," a soft mauve-beige used alone for suitings, or with a rich red-violet for printed shirts and ties, "parme," a deepened pink-mauve . . . silk shirts in prune, slate greys, and navy . . . amber and mulberry marls in knit sweaters. . . .

1

The suits, the coats, the look of Paris '71

2

3

4

5

Paris: haircuts, scents

The look of Paris men was never quite so hairy as in, say, London. Now, the look is even more controlled. The going cut is best seen on Maurice Hogenboom, **6.** Christophe at Alexandre cut Maurice's shoulder-length hair to a neat, slightly wavy crop that, according to one keenly observant girl, makes him look "marvelous. Like a dark angel." . . . Great French scents often travel better than wine. One of the newest imports: Capucci Pour Homme cologne—light, clean with a citrus tang, perfect for summer. Four ounces, $8.50. . . . After-shave balms, emulsions that heal without the alcohol sting, are news. Marcel Rochas has two fine ones: Moustache, and Monsieur Rochas, each $4.

6

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY RUSSELL
OLIVIER GELBSMAN, BERRY BERENSON

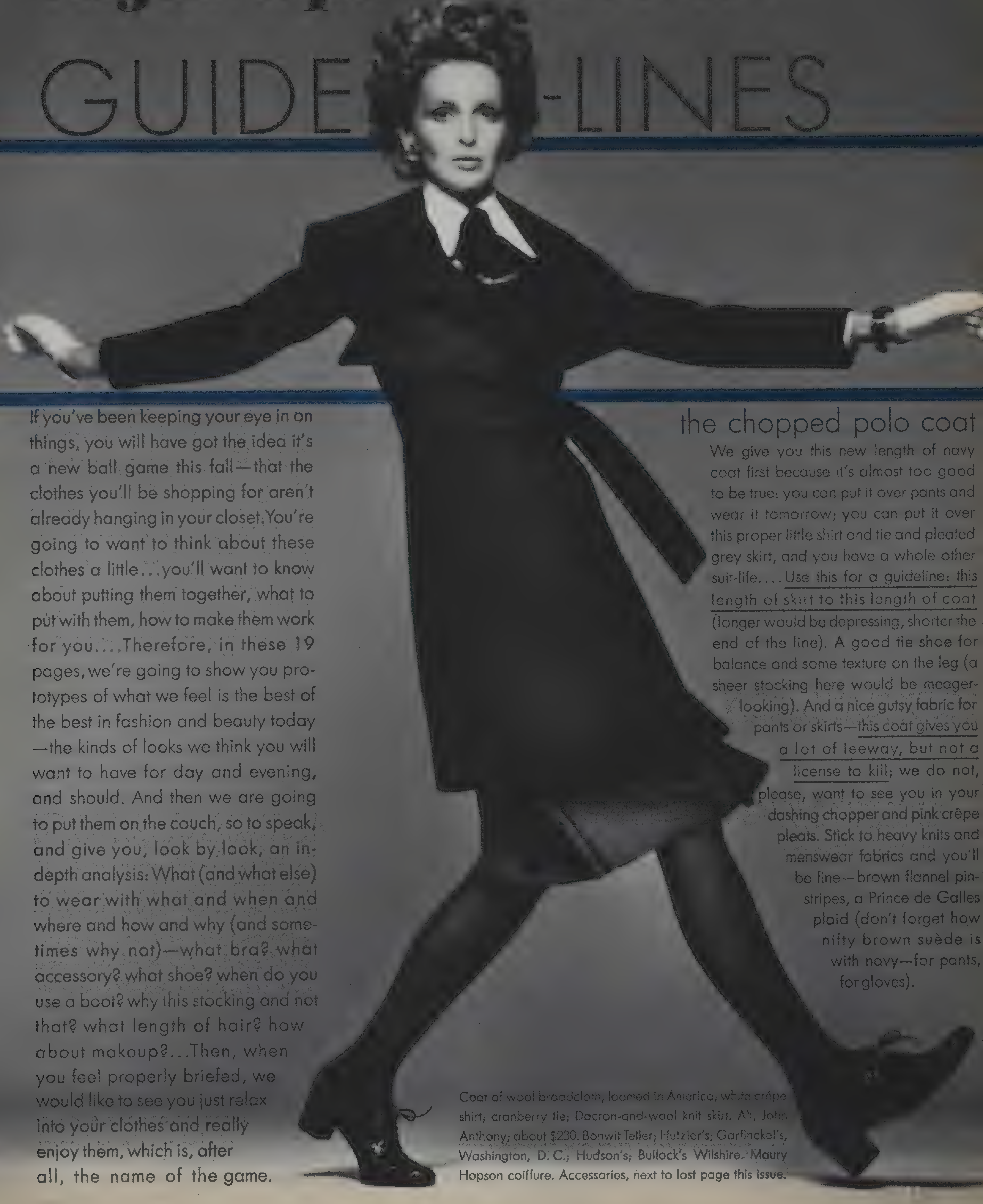
GLENOIT MAKES YOU FEEL GOOD.

No matter what happens to your eye, when you wear an outfit like this, he's not going to be able to see anything but you. That's because Mongol by Glenoit makes you look like a million dollars. So it's worth the $240 for the taupe vest, top and pants. Sizes 4-14 special order at fine stores everywhere. And, obviously, with a super-chic look like this you just knew it had to be by **BOUTIQUE DONALD BROOKS.**

definitely GLENOIT. GLENOIT MILLS, INC., N.Y. 10018. SUB. OF BOTANY IND., INC., U.S.A.•CANADA•UNITED KINGDOM•FINLAND•ISRAEL•MEXICO•BELGIUM PILE: 50% VEREL® MODACRYLIC, 50% BICONSTITUENT FIBER (50% VINYON, 50% VINYL). BACK: 100% COTTON.

Vogue's point of view:

GUIDE-LINES



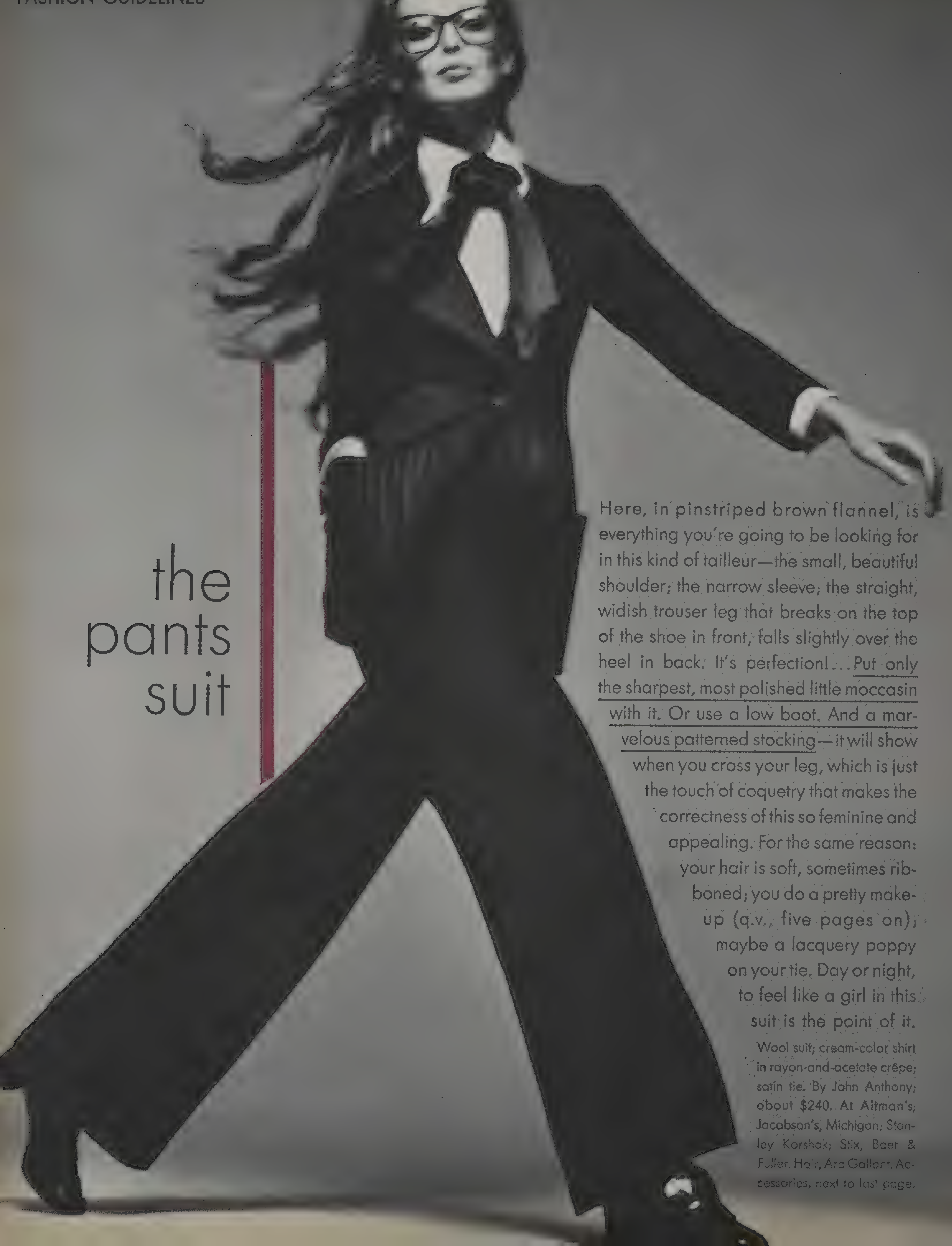
If you've been keeping your eye in on things, you will have got the idea it's a new ball game this fall—that the clothes you'll be shopping for aren't already hanging in your closet. You're going to want to think about these clothes a little . . . you'll want to know about putting them together, what to put with them, how to make them work for you. . . . Therefore, in these 19 pages, we're going to show you prototypes of what we feel is the best of the best in fashion and beauty today—the kinds of looks we think you will want to have for day and evening, and should. And then we are going to put them on the couch, so to speak, and give you, look by look, an in-depth analysis: What (and what else) to wear with what and when and where and how and why (and sometimes why not)—what bra? what accessory? what shoe? when do you use a boot? why this stocking and not that? what length of hair? how about makeup? . . . Then, when you feel properly briefed, we would like to see you just relax into your clothes and really enjoy them, which is, after all, the name of the game.

the chopped polo coat

We give you this new length of navy coat first because it's almost too good to be true: you can put it over pants and wear it tomorrow; you can put it over this proper little shirt and tie and pleated grey skirt, and you have a whole other suit-life. . . . Use this for a guideline: this length of skirt to this length of coat (longer would be depressing, shorter the end of the line). A good tie shoe for balance and some texture on the leg (a sheer stocking here would be meager-looking). And a nice gutsy fabric for pants or skirts—this coat gives you a lot of leeway, but not a license to kill; we do not, please, want to see you in your dashing chopper and pink crêpe pleats. Stick to heavy knits and menswear fabrics and you'll be fine—brown flannel pinstripes, a Prince de Galles plaid (don't forget how nifty brown suède is with navy—for pants, for gloves).

Coat of wool broadcloth, loomed in America; white crêpe shirt; cranberry tie; Dacron-and-wool knit skirt. All, John Anthony; about $230. Bonwit Teller; Hutzler's; Garfinckel's, Washington, D. C.; Hudson's; Bullock's Wilshire. Maury Hopson coiffure. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON



the pants suit

Here, in pinstriped brown flannel, is everything you're going to be looking for in this kind of tailleur—the small, beautiful shoulder; the narrow sleeve; the straight, widish trouser leg that breaks on the top of the shoe in front, falls slightly over the heel in back. It's perfection!... Put only the sharpest, most polished little moccasin with it. Or use a low boot. And a marvelous patterned stocking—it will show when you cross your leg, which is just the touch of coquetry that makes the correctness of this so feminine and appealing. For the same reason: your hair is soft, sometimes ribboned; you do a pretty make-up (q.v., five pages on); maybe a lacquery poppy on your tie. Day or night, to feel like a girl in this suit is the point of it.

Wool suit; cream-color shirt in rayon-and-acetate crêpe; satin tie. By John Anthony; about $240. At Altman's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Stanley Korshak; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Hair, Ara Gallant. Accessories, next to last page.

the colored and patterned leg for day

When you're in pants and not in a moccasin, be in a boot like this low, burnished, cordovan lace-up.... Under straight pants, it will give you a slim unbroken line. With soft, blousy tuck-in pants, it will make the blousing start as low on the leg as it should and blouse as amply as it should.... Don't worry about colors–the brown flannel pinstripe at left would be great, ditto purple velvet Zouave pants –this is the neutral of neutrals. But with a zing to it.... In that vein, we give you–for almost any day thing you put on–these very definitely designed and textured russety-red tights. Point being, with all the navy, black, brown, and grey that's around now, you're going to want to put a little flash in your life; right here is where–on your foot, on your leg.

Leather boot by Palizzio, about $50. At Lord & Taylor. The diamond-patterned tights, about $4. At Lord & Taylor; J. W. Robinson.

the low boot for pants

AVEDON

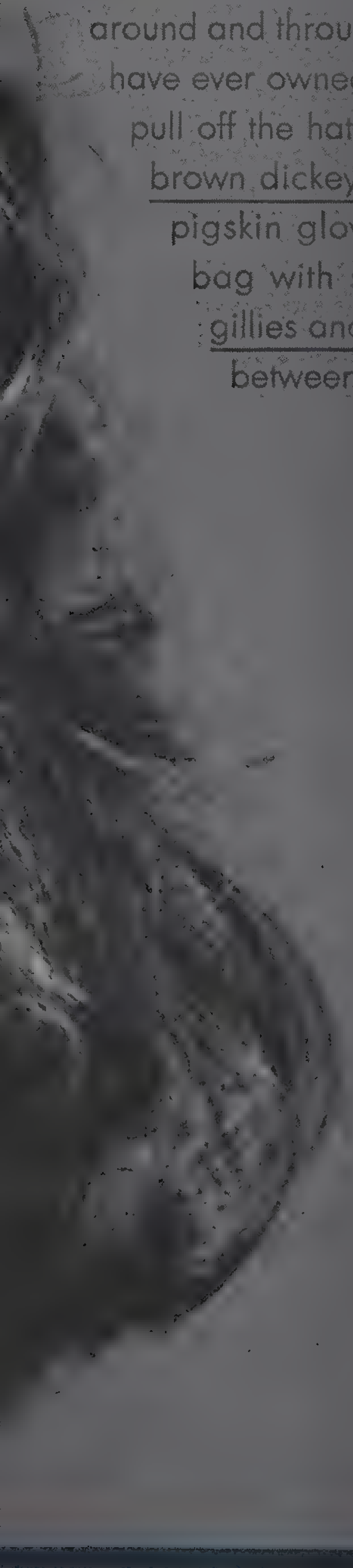
BEAUTY GUIDELINES

hair today

We love this: it has everything long hair has—the swing, the softness, the simplicity. But it clears the shoulders, thereby clearing the entire silhouette—the neck looks longer, the head small. . . . It's a marvelous way to wear your hair for day, particularly now.

Ara Gallant long short-hair coif.
Jaeger black wool turtleneck pull.

This is news. Because it's velvet. Because it's black. Because it's a simple little shirtdress with a dolman sleeve—a small, very sharp sort of dolman. And because it is going to get you in and out and around and through your day like no dress you have ever owned. . . To swing it another way: pull off the hat and put in a ribby tobacco-brown dickey underneath . . . add a black pigskin glove . . . a red suède shoulder-bag with silver rings . . . good-looking gillies and a nifty stocking, somewhere between sheer and opaque.



By Larry Aldrich, in velvet of Acele acetate and Enka rayon (Martin Fabrics); about $200. Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Michigan; L. S. Ayres. Ara Gallant coif. Accessories, next to last page of this issue.

velvet for day

AVEDON

the new coat-life in fur

Are you thinking about a new fur coat? Then think about it turned inside out like the mink at left—it's the newest, warmest, and lightest way to have fur, with the mink against you, the hide against the weather, and a certain princes-of-Tartary arrogance that's worth the price of admission . . . the very, very height of the easy, over-everything wrap coat that you pull about yourself like a bathrobe and hack around by day with little knitty brown pull-down caps and cashmere nanny gloves. At night, among other things, a blouson ivory crêpe pyjama would be delicious, and a low boot of brown silk or a brown suède wedge cut a bit open in front. . . . Don't fool around with the length—a fur coat, or a coat with fur on it, needs the extra inches for balance. This proportion is perfect.

Above: Fernando Sanchez for Revillon, natural Saga mink from Scandinavia, made to order at Saks Fifth Avenue. Halston pants.

Opposite: Pull by Jaeger, of camel's hair, lamb's wool, and cashmere; $32. Lord & Taylor. Crêpe-backed satin shirt and scarf by Sibley Coffee, about $100. Both coifs, Ara Gallant. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

AVEDON

the makeup for day

Whatever you're doing (or not doing) about makeup, if you're going to be in clothes like these, this is for you. It's not a precision thing – no heavy contouring, no extra lashes, no colors you won't find in nature (or, for that matter, in any good makeup line)–simply a lovely, unfakey, in-and-out-of-doors-all-day tawniness that you do with a palette of earth tones, of which the main event is the russety eye. An easy-do eye: creamy reddish-brown shadow in the crease and on the brow bone; pale pinky beige on the lid; and to give the eye a little contour, a soft green liner around the upper and lower lashes.... You can do a tawny-beige foundation, as here, and rub in a smidge of reddish-brown shadow–like sun–on your forehead and the tip of your nose. Or use a bronzing gel and become even tawnier. Your cheeks can be this corally, or you can go to terra-cotta... you can go to a brownier mouth. Where you can't go is wrong–with earth tones, you're into colors that beautify each other and beautify everyone.

the fur jacket

In a year of separate jackets, this is like the idea whose time has come: it had to be. . . . So, here you have, in forest-green mink, the ultimate blazer—warmest of the warm, luxiest of the luxe. . . . Put it over pants, day or evening. Put it over a long, narrowish jersey dinner suit with a slit skirt. Think—repeat think—of it by day over a heavy tweed kilt; not every fur jacket will work this way, but when you're dealing with one this small, with a little fit to it—and if your own line from throat to knee is long—it could be sensational. Just remember, a fur jacket takes a feeling of length and slimness below . . . use your mirror . . . use your eyes.

Blazer, of Emba natural "Jasmine" mink dyed forest green and (not shown) antelope suède gauchos cuffed in mink, by Christian Dior Furs. Also at Jacobson's, Michigan; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Maury Hopson coiffure. Accessories, both pages, next to last page this issue.

the shirtdress in layers

If there's one look that does it for everyone this fall, the patterned shirtdress is It. And with little ribby layers—turtleneck dickey under, tank top belted over: super-It! . . . You can go with dark legs and wrapped ankles, with bright ribbed legs and gillies; you can put sharp enamel cuffs at the wrist; you can wrap it all up in a polo coat later . . . you can get a lot of living out of this.

Oscar de la Renta dress, Pomezia wool challis; navy wool sweater, dickey. About $335. Lord & Taylor; Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Joseph Horne; O'Neil's; Swanson's; I. Magnin.

layers on the leg

When you're in something very short—say a suède tunic over a leotard, à la Prince Valiant—do this: over textured tights, layer bolder-textured, thigh-high, fire-red socks; add a good laced shoe with waxy red ties—you have the dash and warmth of long boots, but with a twist. (You also have, here, a perfect shoe for pants and kilts—and the kind of strong, dashy leg we like to see turned out with same.)

Socks by Roman Stripe, about $3. Bergdorf Goodman. Brown suède-and-kid shoe, Laura Tosato for Miller Eye; $32.

AVEDON

the nothing under everything

A reminder: When you're in clingy knit dresses and jerseys and small sweaters and silk shirts—in other words, the kind of thing you'll be living in—what you want underneath is a soft little nothing-color nothing of a bra that will give you as much or as little support as you need and nothing else. No frills—nothing that will make itself conspicuous in any of the situations named.... Find one you like and buy in multiple, as you would any of the staples that smooth the business of everyday dressing.

Bali stretch bra of Enka Crepeset nylon and Lycra (Liberty Fabrics of New York): about $5. At Bloomingdale's; Carson Pirie Scott; Joseph Magnin.

the look of accessories

If we had only one chance to tell you everything that is most attractive about the bits and pieces you put yourself together with today, we would show you this totally modern, clean, uncluttered silver—from the cuff and the strictness of the belt buckle to the texture and economy of chains and how they're hung and what they're hung with, these things don't merely accessorize the fashion, they fulfill it. . . If you were to mass this turnout with beads and busy filigree chains, you would see it die before your eyes. As it is, the whole look—long, narrow navy cardigan and pants, white silk shirt, fur jacket, burnished glove—is the sum of perfect parts, classic in the classic sense: a model for excellence.

Wool-and-angora cardigan, Halston International, about $22. Halston Limited jersey pants (Jasco) knitted in America, about $80; shirt, about $100. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Silver, Elsa Peretti for Halston. Belt, Anne Klein for Calderon. Kayser gloves. Fur details, 3 pages back. Ara Gallant coiffure.

AVEDON

the dinner suit

For anyone who thinks that clothes aren't feminine, that women aren't dressing for men, here—really, truly, finally, at last: the black wool dinner suit, with fluffs of ruddy red fox and a dress with a little slit at the neck underneath. All this flirt and flattery—what more can clothes do for you!... With this you are into the world of veiled hats and glances and supple gloves... of thin black stockings, thinly designed, and a lovely black silk slipper with a narrow ankle-strap. (Do you have a sense of sexy black underthings here?—we have that planned for you, too, when you turn the page.) This fall you can neither overdo nor overestimate black—it is the star!

By Bill Blass, of wool and Canadian cross fox. Bergdorf Goodman; Joseph Horne; Hudson's; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Accessory details, next to last page this issue.

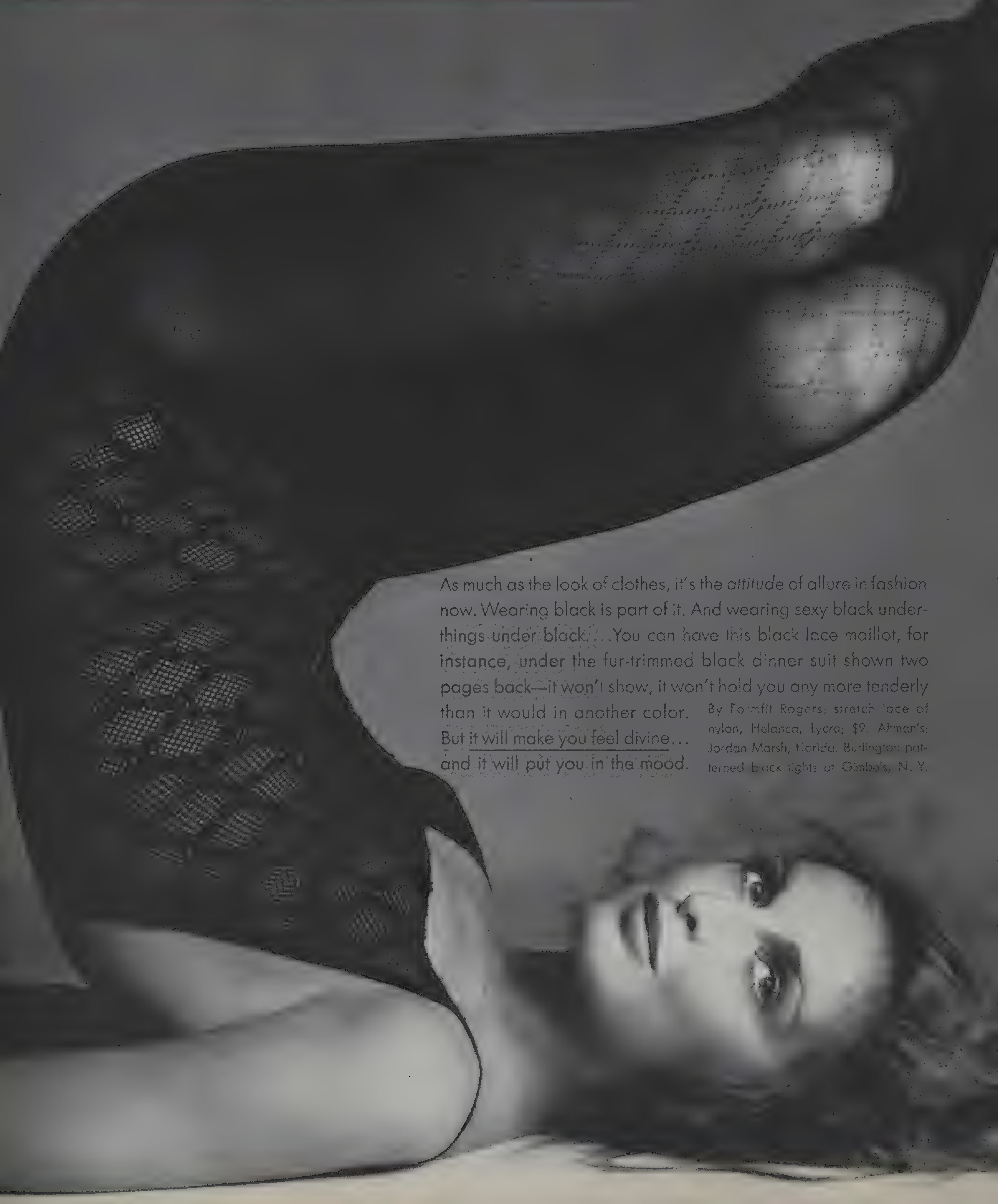
A swing of black crêpe on diamanté strings—it's been years since you've had a little dress like this, and it's such a gay, easy way to put yourself together for so many evenings. You don't have to psych it out—a sheer black stocking, bare black sandals, some sparkle at your ears, and you're dressed. But think about yourself a bit—you're not covered up for a change, so your makeup can't very well stop at your chin, can it? Think about your skin—your throat, your back, your arms—to be alabaster-pale is generic, to be alabaster-smooth imperative. Think about what you'll wear under—you will be surprised how good strapless bras have become since you've been away.

Mollie Parnis Boutique, crêpe of Avisco rayon and Celanese acetate (Onondaga fabric). About $145. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Halle's-Cleveland; Swanson's. If you haven't been thinking about your skin—specifically the skin on your throat—The Frances Denney people have; for their news, see Ready Beauty.... Coiffure by Maury Hopson. For accessory details, both pages, see next to last page this issue.

the bare short dress for evening

AVEDON

black under black



As much as the look of clothes, it's the *attitude* of allure in fashion now. Wearing black is part of it. And wearing sexy black underthings under black. . . .You can have this black lace maillot, for instance, under the fur-trimmed black dinner suit shown two pages back—it won't show, it won't hold you any more tenderly than it would in another color. But it will make you feel divine. . . and it will put you in the mood.

By Formfit Rogers; stretch lace of nylon, Helanca, Lycra; $9. Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida. Burlington patterned black tights at Gimbel's, N. Y.

the romantic evening dress

Flounces of black point d'esprit flouncing at the throat, on the wrist, to the ankle—in this, if you didn't move a muscle you would still be dancing, which is a delicious way to be at night....But not the only way—it's that funny thing about big evenings: they never fall into a one-stripe, one-silhouette mold. The idea is simply to be as pretty as possible; if coveredness does it for you—or bareness or a long slit—wonderful.... If this black dress does it for you, put a red leg with it and it will do even more. As for that other funny big-evening thing: what to put over a dress like this is a huge, beautiful black cashmere cape.

Rayon-and-silk dress, Carmine Porcelli for Teal Traina; about $315. Lord & Taylor, New York; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Swanson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Ara Gallant coiffures. Accessories, next to last page this issue.

AVEDON

the brighter mouth and dark nails at night

Not a screeching accident-red mouth, just one with some zip and zing to it—such as can be made with today's brighter, but lighter-textured lipsticks. . . . And not, honestly not, dark blue-red nails. Think brown—think even terra-cotta, if it suits you—this is what's pretty, and you won't look as though you've been preying on innocents at midnight. . . . The bare shoulder, the bare back: they are to remind you that skin will be seen at night. So—if you've been temperate with moisturizers, go overboard now; if you haven't used a loofah dry, try—tinglier by far than when you're wet; if you haven't had a massage since???, call today; if you've never had a facial that went all the way down your back, you haven't lived—look into it.

Lacquer-lips bracelet by Noma for Donald Stannard. Ara Gallant coif.

red legs, red shoes at night

The way a good eye makeup pulls a face into focus or the way aquavit sharpens your sense of the caviar—that's how the red-leg-and-shoe works. It's a zinger-upper, a punchline, a surprise at night but not a shocker. It will do great things for any shade of purple, for white, for a flowing pyjama in a creamy crêpe. And vis-à-vis black it is sensational! (Anything black—from the big-evening point d'esprit on the previous page, with which you first saw this ankle-strap satin slipper, to something as small as the wrapped jersey here.)

Silvia of Fiorentina shoe, $52. Round-the-Clock shantung-textured tights, about $4. At Altman's. Halter-neck, ankle-length red dress, *left,* and black dress, *right,* by Scott Barrie (Jasco Fabrics rayon matte jersey). Red dress, about $110. Saks Fifth Avenue.

AVEDON

the boot for evening pants

If you're into velvet smokings or charmeuse pyjamas—evening pants of any kind—there's a reason for this low boot in your life. And—even beyond the cleanness of the line under pants and the charming little pattern of cutouts against the pattern of your stocking—there's this about purple suède: as far as evening pants go, once you own it your boot needs are filled—it is N—E—U—T—R—A—L ! ! !

Silvia of Fiorentina boot, $75. Burlington tights. Scott Barrie smoking (jacket not shown), in a pattern of sequinned palms on rayon crêpe-backed satin; $265. At Henri Bendel.

black velvet at night

To be without black velvet is like being without makeup—it's one of the great cosmetics of this world. Therefore: black velvet to the ankles, just bare enough to make the most of a beautiful décolletage and simple enough to be what you want when you want it—stops-out dress, dinner dress. Good dress to have on hand. ...If you don't like lacquery poppies, you can do it with chunks of purple at your ears or cubes of ice—nothing dingly-dangly. Nothing at your neck—don't do anything that will break that ravishing line.... As for your legs and feet: black is great. Ditto color—red legs and a red satin ankle-strap. Or a satin ankleboot in emerald green, purple.... Start it out under a cape; as you get into the season, a long wool coat, or fur. If you need it tomorrow night: wrap yourself up in a heavy, fringed silk jersey shawl; red or black, like a maja.

By Chester Now; Martin Fabrics velvet of Acele acetate, Enka rayon; about $160. Sara Fredericks; Dayton's. Ara Gallant coif. Accessories, both pages, next to last page.

AVEDON

summer sums:

THE LIFE AND LOVES OF THE AMERICAN BEACH BUM

By Patrick Skene Catling

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Patrick Skene Catling, a United States citizen now back in his birthplace—London—as a free-lance writer, describes in his novel* Freddy Hill *(Pocket Books) the scandalous summer of one beach bum: a Long Island lifeguard. Here, he sums up the breed.*

It is strange that Kenneth Clark, in his otherwise comprehensive and admirable survey of our civilization, failed to complete the job. When I saw the end of his internationally acclaimed television series, I felt that I had just witnessed a gallant cultural Sherpa unaccountably falter and settle in a camp nine-tenths of the way up some anthropological Everest and say: "O.K., folks. That's it." Of course, that was not quite it. But I refrained from calling on Lord Clark in his Albany flat, in London, to cavil. I knew he had spent two years putting *Civilisation* together. I cannot abide a baron's tears. Even so, there were some questions I would have liked to ask. What about the very pinnacle of civilization? What about civilized love? What about free love, with no holds barred and no strings attached? What's the situation this summer?

Lord Clark got closest to suggesting satisfactory answers, himself, when he sympathetically discussed the Rousseau ideal of the Natural Man, a concept that implies the existence of the Natural Woman. However, perhaps infected by the weary pessimism of contemporary society,

"THE YOUNG DON'T PLANT TREES"

GARDENS ARE A DEMANDING JOY

BY MAY SARTON

EDITOR'S NOTE: *May Sarton, poet, novelist, writes in her eighteenth-century farmhouse, "often lonely for others' voices but happy by myself." Her book* A Grain of Mustard Seed *was published last spring by W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.*

W. B. Yeats said, "Only the greatest obstacle that can be contemplated without despair rouses the will to full intensity." The sentence flashed through my mind on the day I moved into an old house in a New Hampshire village and stood looking down from the kitchen windows on a raw expanse of boulders, broken bits of lumber, cracked china, and rusty cans where I had torn down the remains of a barn and some fallen-in sheds. The barn's foundation would make—so I had dreamed—a natural retaining wall for a perennial border (shades of my English mother!) and the barn site a terrace set out above the tangle of second growth, sloping higgledy-piggledy to a rough stone wall.

In the end the design worked out well, but on that first day I trembled. I had not visualized the scene as a disaster area. Would I have the strength? I was middle-aged. I had never before created a garden. I had never lived year-round in this appalling climate where there is often frost in May, as well as in August, where the temperature drops to thirty below in January; nor had I ever seen soil that "grows rocks," as the New

See, feel, touch, hear: to save this "fair and sweet" land

BY DR. RENÉ DUBOS

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. René Dubos, professor of environmental biomedicine at The Rockefeller University in New York, is a microbiologist increasingly concerned with ecology since his 1968 book,* So Human An Animal. *Informed, concerned, he remains an optimist.*

The highways leading into New York City symbolize for me the splendors but also the follies of American affluence—its effluents!!

I do not know of a road anywhere in the world that is better designed for pleasurable automobile traffic than the Taconic State Parkway. Full advantage has been taken of boulders, native vegetation, natural slopes, and distant views to create for the driver the impression of a park—a kind of park adapted to life in technological societies. Just as the curves of the highway fit the movements of the driver's body, so do the vistas fit the movements of his eyes as the landscape unfolds before him at automobile speeds.

Whenever the temperature is pleasant, the shoulders of the highways become increasingly littered as the weekend proceeds. Bottles and cans, paper boxes and plastic containers, and all the other accompaniments of outdoor festivities accumulate on the grassy areas. Subconsciously, I am always tempted to collect these discarded witnesses of affluent life because, during my young days in France, I was conditioned to regard them

A POET, A SCIENTIST, AND A JOURNALIST-AT-LARGE REPORT THEIR SUMMER DISCOVERIES.

he went on to discuss the Industrial Revolution and its dehumanizing aftermath. He did not make the proper allowance for the resilience of the human species and the almost magically continuing upward graph of evolution. Natural Man has survived. He has come a long way from the eighteenth century. Among the multitudes of unnatural men, Natural Man seems better than ever. He is thriving right now on the beaches of the United States.

The American beach bum is not a remote, complicated, demanding man for all seasons; he is a man for only one season, now. He is healthy, clean and neat, clear of eye, and sweet of breath. His kisses taste of Pepsi and spearmint. He is prophylactically meticulous and has a valid driving license. He is the best bet for any lady fortunate enough still to have all her marbles who wants summer romance without any end-of-summer hangover, summer romance without jet lag, culture shock, Labor Day pains, and litigation.

Now, the urban sun is a white-hot disk glaring down through the dull white chemical haze. The suburban sun has wilted the innocent blossoms and the tender green leaves of spring, nullifying as usual the perennial promise that this year would be different. Men shudder resentfully in the mortuary chill of air-conditioned offices, air-conditioned bars. Women's-club luncheons lack zing. Women at home on summer afternoons nowadays rarely read novels in hammocks under the trees. "Hammock reading" is an old-fashioned book-reviewers' myth. Today's novels cause curvature of the spine; and, besides, hammocks are no longer safe for most women alone after lunch, because they are bombed out of their minds. Only the shore is fresh and life-enhancing. Consider, for example, the South Shore of Long Island.

New York in summer is a desperate situation. Fortunately, relief is not far away. A woman in the throes of average midsummer desperation can drive from Manhattan, say, to the Hamptons in a little over two hours. Which Hampton? It doesn't matter. In the present context, they are all great, each in its own way. In spite of their social distinctions, they have some important attractions in common—the Atlantic breeze, the glittering blue rollers, the booming explosions of surf, the beaches, the bums.

There are *Social Register* bums and others, but genealogies don't show on the beach. At the first glance, beach bums are egalitarians, except for their bodies; and those are what count, the first glance and their bodies. To enter happily into the spirit of summer romance, you must fall in love at first sight, without any irrelevant thoughts about ancestry, progeny, astrological signs, political affiliations, intelligence quotients, favorite baseball teams, dietary systems, and (Continued on page 113)

Hampshire saying has it. I did not yet know one soul I could ask for help or advice. But I was strong on imagination, on "the fascination of what's difficult."

What is difficult and fascinating about planning a garden is not so much the grand design as being able to imagine the variations within it that will give it life, as reckoning in light and shadow. In early spring, for instance, I can count on massed daffodils in corners that will become too shady once the leaves are out. It is thinking of flowers as a flowing sequence, so that when the phlox is all gone a smoke of purple and white asters can take its place. It is above all foreseeing the changes that time will bring from year to year, so that what looked so fine the first season may not turn into a crowded jumble by the fifth. Gardeners must have long, long thoughts, and perhaps that is why this demanding joy is a joy for the mature: the young do not plant trees.

Because this is rough country, I longed for space, light, form, longed for what perspective does to rest the eye. The difficulty lay in seeing these planned spaces always in relation to the wilderness all around. And there was, for me, a particular excitement in just this marriage between formal and wild, between the "given" and the "fashioned." The writing of a poem resembles this balancing of forces, this battle to bring out all the nuances of complex experience. Take rough stone walls, a terrace set over a grove of small trees; take distant hills, and then imagine a border of spring flowers that will set all this off with their minute glories as the border of a Flemish tapestry sets off the central figures. These were the thoughts I played with as I stood and looked down on chaos.

Long before, I had ordered perennials: old-fashioned peonies white as swan's breasts, blue delphinium, pink and white phlox, columbine, pink Papaver poppies. The roots lay at my feet, terribly frail and small, in cellophane bags . . . how different, how alarmingly different from the rich bloom in the catalogue! There was nothing to do but take the plunge and dig into the unpromising raw earth; and so I did, ignorant, never really preparing the bed as it should have been, but, never mind, at least on the way toward flowers instead of rubble. Late in October I put in two or three hundred bulbs and waited for snow to cover up the whole thing in ermine. The snow garden is always beautiful.

But even the first summer had its sweet successes, although it also brought my first woodchucks to eat down the phlox. I learned to shoot, learned a kind of patience I had never had, learned every discipline I had, till then, needed only for the writing of poems—a fierce capacity for hard work, unlimited hope, and the allowance always of a wide margin for error or mischance. I learned to gamble, and to cut my losses without a qualm (every year I plant two hundred tulips (Continued on page 114)

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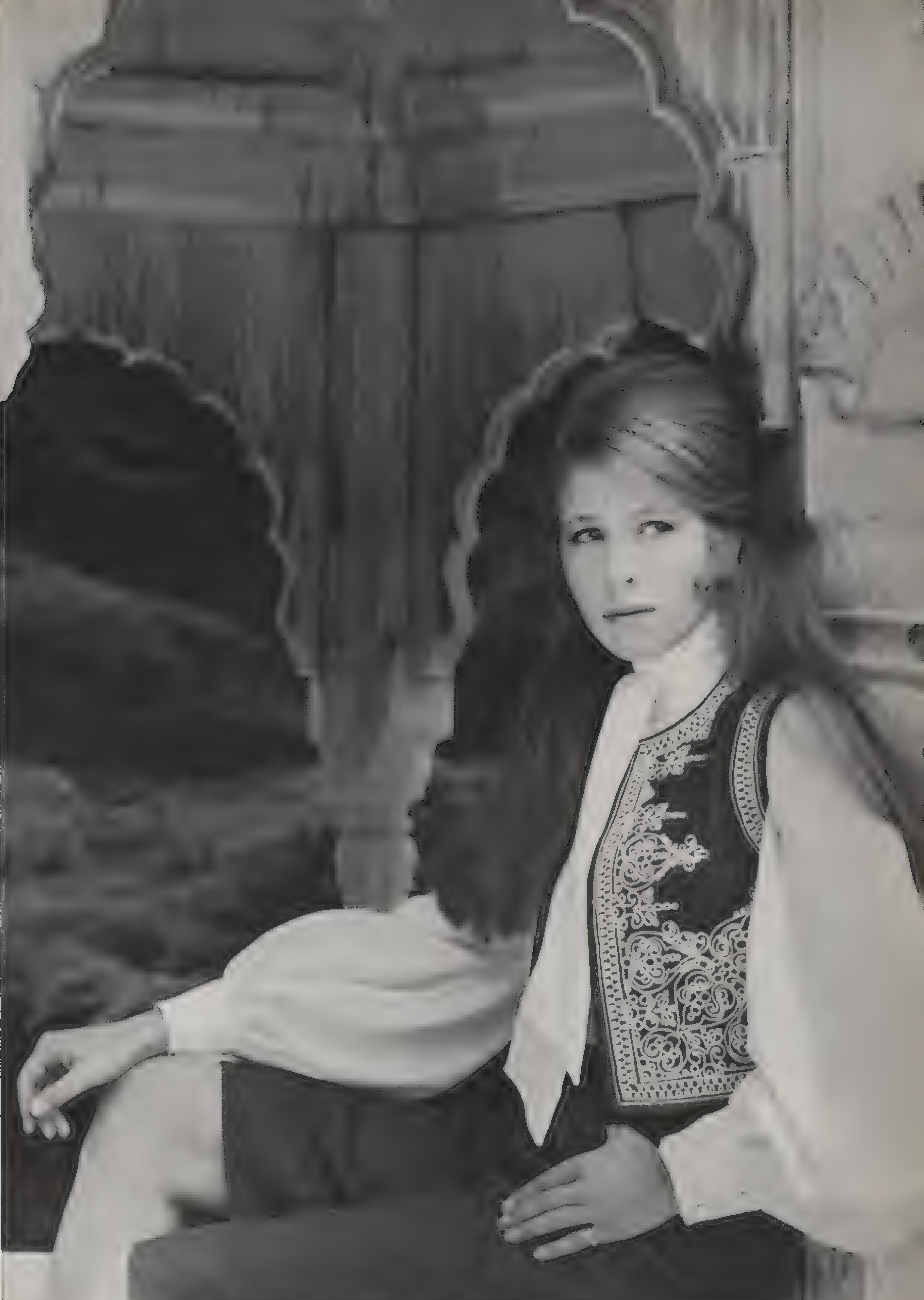
as potentially useful. In practice, however, I do as everyone else does and let them accumulate. Daydreaming as I ride along, I imagine at times that this bright junk on the grass is a modern substitute for the wild flowers in the *millefleur* tapestries that evoke for us the parks of the late Middle Ages.

Early Monday morning, an army of uniformed men, working at a deliberate pace, pick one by one the myriad of objects discarded. By Monday afternoon, the leftovers of the weekend celebration have largely disappeared from the parkways. Rocks, trees, and grassy areas have recovered the austere purity they had in the mind of the landscape architect. The same process goes on, of course, in all national, state, county, and city parks in an endless effort to prevent beautiful America from being completely converted into a land of trash.

As presently practiced, the removal of trash from parks and from the shoulders of highways is frightfully expensive. I have been told that the cost exceeds twenty-five cents per can or bottle collected under these conditions. If this figure is approximately right, the trash collectors I watch along the Taconic State Parkway on Monday morning are engaged in one of the most extravagant operations of our national economy. The excuse for this extravagance is the belief that removal of the trash minimizes visual pollution, and furthermore encourages better environmental behavior among the general public. Jack Anderson, superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park, said in *The New York Times* that, "If you keep a park clean, most people will respect it." The same Jack Anderson admitted, "Beer cans and soft-drink cans are still a problem." In my opinion, cans are still so much of a problem that their accumulation on the landscape has become a national disgrace. And I am not convinced that the policies of the Highways and Parks Departments are the best suited for developing environmental conscience among the public. In brief, I wonder whether it is wise to encourage the belief that "they"—an anonymous governmental body—will always be around to clean up the weekend mess on Monday morning.

The ideal would be that each person develop an ethical attitude toward the environment. As President Nixon has said, "The building of a better environment will require a citizenry that is both deeply concerned and fully informed." While no one can take exception to this verity, in my opinion, its abstract phraseology will not have much effect on the environmental behavior of the general public.

At times, I have entertained the illusion that the phrase "stewardship of the earth" might have a greater impact than the advocacy of an environmental ethic, because it implies that each person shares in the responsibility for the management of nature, (Continued on page 114)



H.R.H. THE PRINCESS
ANNE

Celebrating, on August 15, her twenty-first birthday:
the coming of age of a young woman remarkable for presence,
grit, and slicing humor – the coming of age, too,
of a suddenly disclosed beauty

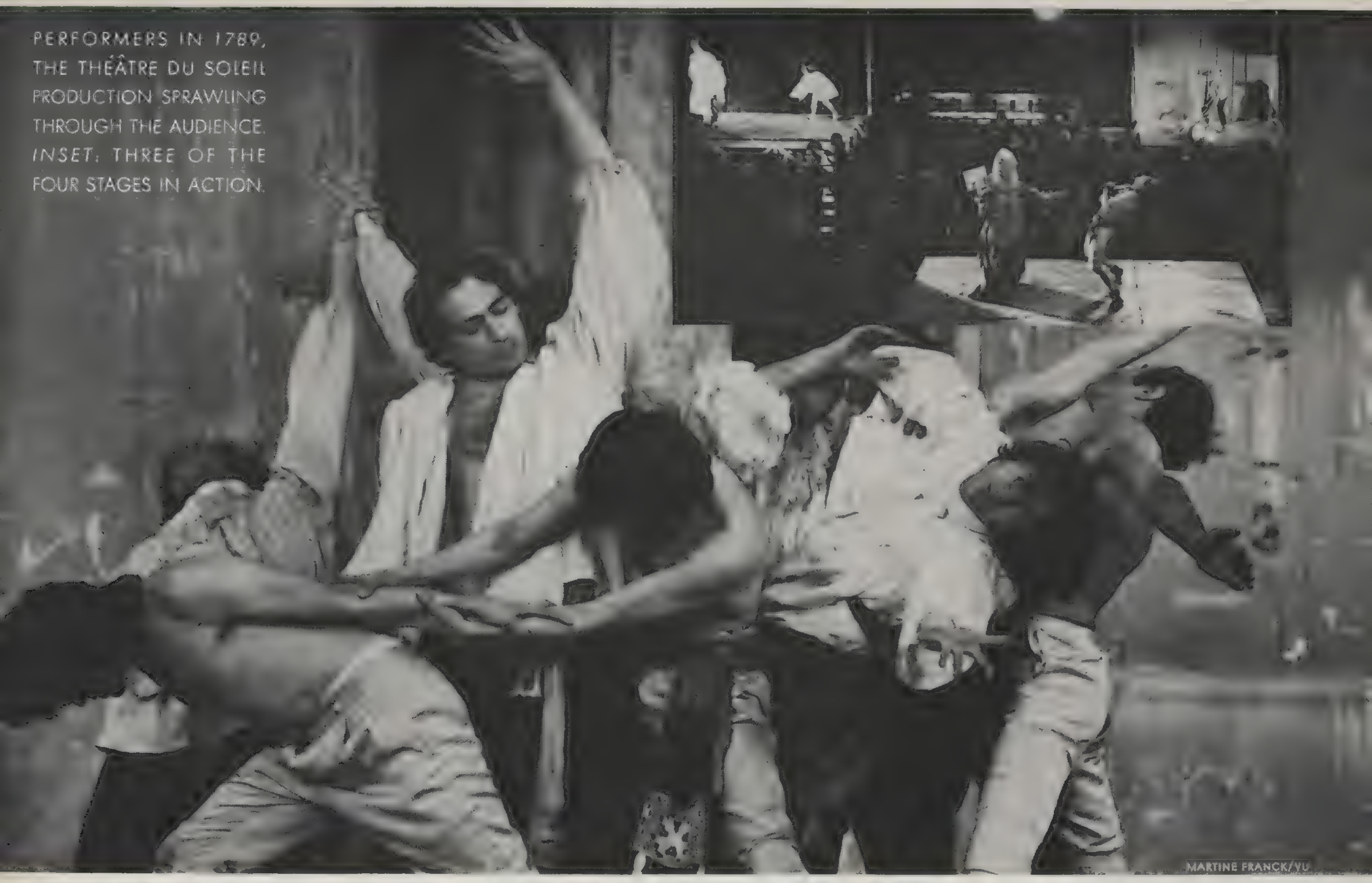
Photographed for this special occasion by Norman Parkinson

The only daughter of H.M. Queen Elizabeth II and H.R.H. The Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, in a special birthday portrait, left, and, above, *wearing denim, at Frogmore House in the marble Indian folly presented by the first Viceroy of India to Princess Anne's great-great-great grandmother, Queen Victoria.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ANNE

This page, *in the early nineteenth-century Ruin, where Queen Victoria liked to breakfast, in Frogmore's gardens, royal property since the reign of Henry VIII.* Opposite: *Wearing a diamond tiara, Princess Anne was photographed in front of an imaginary landscape painted for her birthday by Gordon Davies. The white horse carries her standard.*

NORMAN PARKINSON



PERFORMERS IN 1789, THE THÉÂTRE DU SOLEIL PRODUCTION SPRAWLING THROUGH THE AUDIENCE. *INSET:* THREE OF THE FOUR STAGES IN ACTION.

MARTINE FRANCK/VU

Shock hit

IN PARIS, THE PLAY "1789" TURNED THE FRENCH REVOLUTION INTO REVOLUTIONARY THEATER

BY MARTIN GOTTFRIED

An abandoned ammunition factory in the Paris suburb Bois de Vincennes has become the scene of the most exciting French theater I've yet seen and Paris's underground hit of the season, if you can call a fifteen-hundred-a-night audience "underground" (and you can only in Paris). The Théâtre du Soleil, a previously unknown company with a repertory of avant-garde standards, has taken the history of the French Revolution and turned it into a thrilling "new-theater" spectacle called *1789*.

The show—and it is in all ways *a show*—has taken the multiple stages and sprawling spaces of *Orlando Furioso* and the collective theater techniques of The Living Theatre and added the intense convictions of student-style left-wing politics. In the process, it has made a company theater technique of its own, modern and yet traditionally theatrical.

The mammoth factory (the size of a football field and with a soaring ceiling) has been hollowed out and lined with bleachers along one side. A series of connected stages forms a vast rectangle and the audience surges and flows within it, around it, becoming in a real way the people of Revolutionary France.

Slowly an intensity begins to build as the actors demonstrate the sins of the French aristocracy, scenes on the various stages here and there suggesting the outrage and decadence of the pre-Revolutionary régime. The King asks the people to list their grievances and then tears up the bill of complaints. The water a woman has prepared for her childbirth is taken by an aristocrat for his footbath. All of this is done in vaudevillian and savage music-hall style, constantly intensified by building drumbeats and snatches of music. The scenes happen more and more quickly upon each others' heels, popping up first on one stage and then on another, finally on two and three or four. The mimes with descriptions by narrators turn to spoken scenes. Then, finally, the Revolution is upon us with furious young leaders scattered all through the crowds, urging us to storm the Bastille. It is an outrageous stunt, running the risk of alienating an audience entirely and making everything seem absurd; but the show has been so well conceived that the stunt works. The smoke, the noise, the crowd make the factory seem indeed a crowded marketplace, indeed the streets of eighteenth-century France. We are the people and this is the Revolution.

Now this great space is charged with energy, with color and sound and events. Everything has become a circus—the Revolution has been inspired by the energy of demand. Tumblers and wrestlers and strong men and clowns are everywhere and scores of loudspeakers fill the hall with such overwhelming sound that it is like being under a set of headphones. The music (brassy circus sounds and melodramatic Mahler) and the spectacle grow overwhelming and then the event, complete with its audience, transcends artifice to become a phenomenal reality.

I'm sorry to say that it winds down rather weakly, avoiding the post-Revolutionary bloodshed in a windy series of left-wing interpretations designed to emphasize the ideas of Danton and Marat rather than the excesses of Robespierre. The play *1789* means to make the Revolution (and all revolutions) look good; and, if anything, the French Revolution proved that once the war is over a new government is as bad as an old one. The show's theorizing gets in its way. Still, for the great degree of its success, *1789* is astounding. It is a spectacular experience. ▼

WHO PULLS AMERICA'S MONEY STRINGS?

THE CONTROVERSIAL BOOK "AMERICA, INC." BUILDS A CASE—BUT DOESN'T QUITE WIN.

By Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

We have been told for a long time that socialism is coming to America, but no one has cleared up the question of who is bringing it. Businessmen used to say it was those wicked government bureaucrats. Now, in *America, Inc.: Who Owns and Operates the United States* (The Dial Press), an informed and lively if somewhat discursive volume, Morton Mintz and Jerry S. Cohen argue that the source is business itself. Morton Mintz of *The Washington Post* is a first-rate investigative reporter, the author of some subversive books about the pharmacological industry, and the winner of numerous press awards. Jerry Cohen was staff director of the Senate Subcommittee on Anti-Trust and Monopoly; the book draws heavily on this Subcommittee's careful inquiries into the mysteries of the American corporate economy. Ralph Nader, who wrote the excellent introduction, is—well, Ralph Nader.

THE HONORABLE CRAFT, MUCKRAKING

Muckraking is one of the most honorable crafts in American journalism, and *America, Inc.* is a vigorous work in the muckraking tradition. With a sharp eye for adult delinquency and a firm hand on the evidence, Mintz and Cohen range widely through the record of American business, documenting the gap between piety and performance. They show in grim and vivid detail what the scramble for the fast buck has done to American life: how it has poisoned our air and water, released defective automobiles and dangerous drugs, distorted our tax structure, intensified our inflation, corrupted our politics, invaded our media of communication, sanctioned white-collar crime, and placed the individual at the mercy of the giant corporation.

American corporations, they contend, constitute an irresponsible private government, exercising authority in broad areas and doing so without accountability. Responsibility is so diffuse within the structure that no individual can be convincingly indicted for many corporate offenses. Public control has failed. Regulating agencies end up in the hands of the industries they are supposed to regulate. The power of government tends to reinforce rather than to check private power. Economic concentration is leading us, they conclude, into private socialism—a country run by " 'America, Inc.'—a gigantic industrial and financial complex functioning much like a sovereign government."

America, Inc. has the weaknesses as well as the virtues of muckraking. In particular, it is unduly innocent of history and of theory. Without being fully aware of it, the authors have wandered into an ancient debate. Sixty years ago the country was divided between the regulators who, like Theodore Roosevelt and Herbert Croly, accepted the inevitability of economic concentration and looked to national planning as the solution, and the trustbusters who, like Woodrow Wilson and Louis D. Brandeis, denied this inevitability and demanded the breaking-up of great corporations.

RESCUE PARTY FOR PRIVATE ENTERPRISES

Mintz and Cohen are old-fashioned trustbusters forming a rescue party for the private enterprise system. They oppose such latter-day friends of bigness as John Kenneth Galbraith and Adolf Berle, but do so without serious effort on their own to analyze the causes of concentration or the structure of the market or the decline of consumer sovereignty. Their solutions are mostly reversions to ideas of sixty years ago, including federal incorporation. It is paradoxical that, having demonstrated at length the depressing results of the competitive quest for profit, they should then offer more competition as the cure; and it is hard to see how their proposals would change things if corporations are really as powerful as their book says they are.

Still, like many muckrakers, Mintz and Cohen overstate their case. No doubt, the great corporations would like to own and operate America; but they don't, at least not yet. In his introduction, Ralph Nader wisely emphasizes "the continuing stamina of the ideals of the society which run contrary to the behavior of the present political economy." These ideals—especially if they continue to stimulate mettlesome books like this one—will, I believe, prevent "America, Inc." from ever coming into full and awful existence. ▼

quilt-art

Quilting, that enduring, vigorous, imaginative American craft, is re-seen at the Whitney Museum of American Art, "Abstract Design in American Quilts," until September 12 in New York. Artists, many of whom collect quilts, now find a compatible vitality and sense of pattern in these patchworks, even a premonition of Op Art. Collage or retinal trigger, the quilts are on target.

BOYS AT PLAY IN THE FIELDS OF LOVE

"CARNAL KNOWLEDGE"

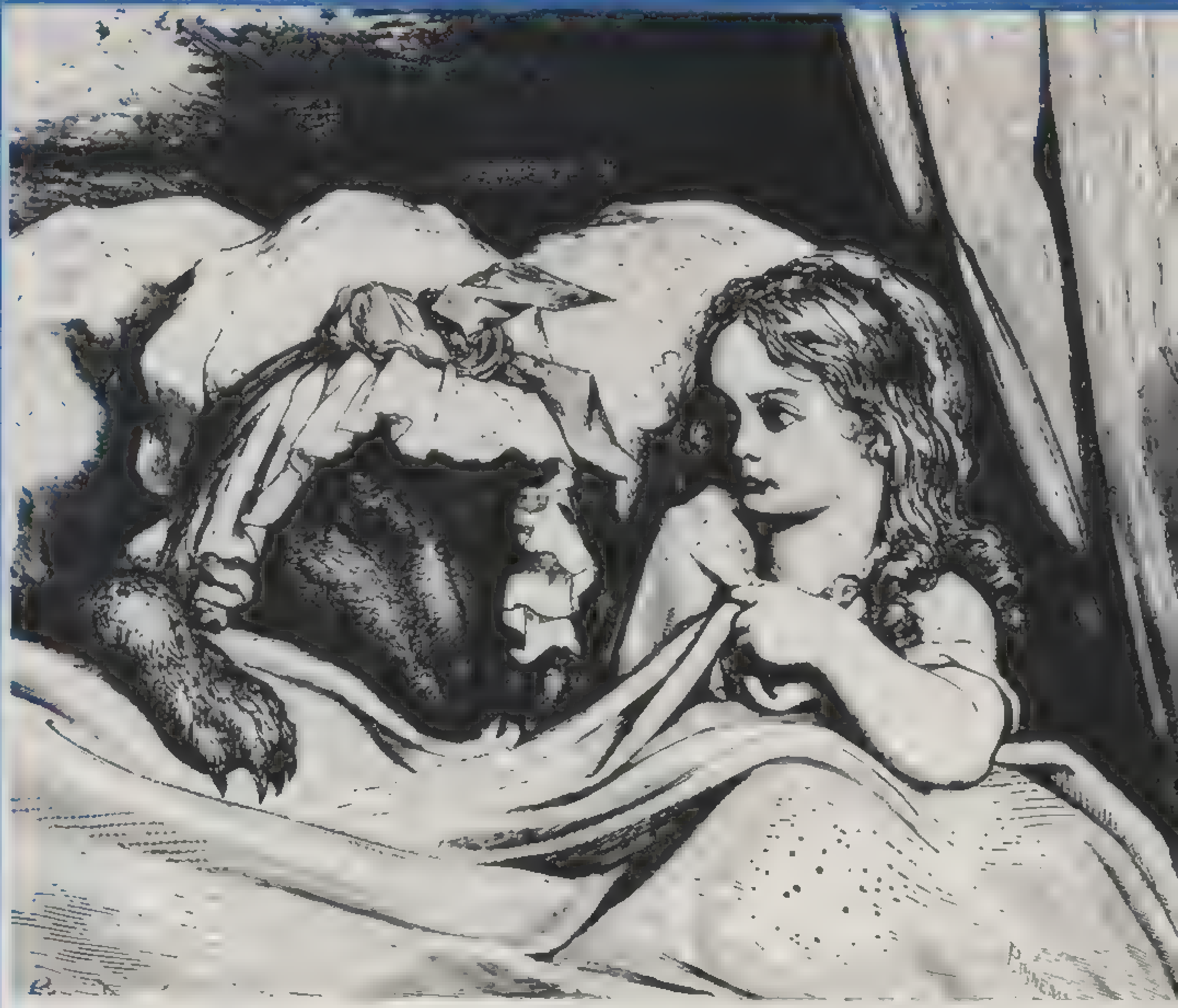
BY ANN BIRSTEIN

I have a feeling that this is a movie I like much more than I'm supposed to, not merely because of the usual snobbery about comedy's not being as serious as serious stuff, no matter how pretentious or boring, but also because *Carnal Knowledge* sticks closely to its title—which means it's not about naked Japanese writhing and grunting symbolically in the sand (and where, dear God, does that sand *go* when it counts?) or couples caressing and murmuring over each other's moles in French and also worrying about Hiroshima, but about such simple matters as the effect of large breasts on small erections, and vice versa, which are the kinds of technical problems that those of us who admit to dreaming, by day or by night, often dwell on.

But to answer the obvious question first: have the famous Jules Feiffer characters been able to make the transition from the 'fifties to the 'seventies, from comic strip to screen? (*Carnal Knowledge* is Feiffer's first original screenplay, *Little Murders* having been originally written for the theater and suffering in its translations.) The answer is a resounding—wait, that's hardly the right word at all—a flatulent and ever-more defeated *yes*. I know the criticisms, too, that they're always only cartoon figures, but they weren't ever only cartoon figures to me; and so here are some more Feiffer people I welcome: a couple of classmates at Amherst, starting out to the tunes of Glenn Miller, making out with the same Smith girl; one, Arthur Garfunkel, ending up as a successful doctor; the other, Jack Nicholson, as a successful tax attorney; and both still confounded by the eternal mystery of woman. For which perhaps I'm excessively grateful, having understood that woman was no longer mysterious to anyone, except to whoever sends me those bills from Lord & Taylor. There's another sweet little bit of mystery here, too, particularly at the beginning, where in spite of the comedy—and here I go apologizing again—there's a special kind of romantic note struck, that note that used to be struck by the best and tenderest of college novels in my generation, the image of the two college friends and the girl, a threesome that has haunted my romantic ideals forever, and maybe Jules Feiffer's, too. Alas, of this threesome, the doctor, after playing the perfect husband to said laid-girl (Candice Bergen), who turns out to be the perfect wife, mother, et cetera—"We spend fifteen minutes on foreplay. We experiment. Do it in different rooms. It's a seven-room house"—ultimately winds up wearing a too-tight body sweater and accompanied by a purple-mouthed, kinky-haired young blonde straight out of a Godard film, who isn't his daughter at all, but knows "worlds I can't even begin to touch yet."

The tax attorney, having meanwhile gone through practically everything with legs and breasts and hips, including that sexy, broad Ann-Margret whom he marries to divorce, winds up on Indian cushions with a lady (Rita Moreno) wearing an outfit that she probably got from the same Indian boutique on upper Broadway where she got the cushions, who has to murmur all kinds of reassurances until he is able to lie back and get what he's been looking for harder and harder—pun intended on all sides—and finally fades into a hard white light, the fade that Nichols has been using more and more emphatically throughout the movie.

Feiffer's contribution to the success of *Carnal Knowledge* is, of course, his inimitable dialogue, which as always needs pictures to go with it. Nevertheless, and for example, Garfunkel to the young girl who finally takes his hands and puts them on both her breasts: "What are you going to do with *your* hands?" Or, in a more philosophical vein: "Most girls I talk to . . . it's like we're both spies from foreign countries. . . . Everything means something else." As to Nichols, his particular triumph as a director here, I'd say, is to use his actors in very unexpected ways. Garfunkel, managing to pass as an undergraduate at Amherst, whereas, thinking back, I can't imagine anybody so Jewish-looking matriculating quite so smoothly. Jack Nicholson, amazingly gamier and funkier and also much shorter than one would have imagined him. Ann-Margret with a blue vein on one of her famous huge breasts and a kind of eczema in the cleavage that tells the whole sexy story. "That tub of lard," somebody calls her; and, oddly, of all the things that might have been said of that leggy cheerful beach girl, it turns out to be true. Also, conversely, Rita Moreno, whom I always think of as fat, looks very skinny and desperate in that Indian boutique outfit. I guess the only failure in this movie, directorial or otherwise, is Candice Bergen, who is too beautiful or too something ever to be mistaken for a confused Smith girl of the 'fifties, notwithstanding the George Washington hairdo and the shiny lipstick and all the rest of it. Is it style or spirit or what? I keep thinking of that silly, utterly authentic picture of Sylvia Plath with her barrette, long hair, and earnest bewilderment (on the inside jacket flap of *The Bell Jar*), who—never mind talent, suicide, *anything*—has just the look of the girl that this seriously funny movie ought to have started with. ▼



COURTESY METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

the "Son of Little Red Riding Hood" Phenomenon

Sick of sex, movie-makers turn to gore. Scare movies lined up for fall release or now in production may prime the catsup industry but their pull is perennial. People like being scared—whether by a fairy tale, such as the one illustrated *above* in the nineteenth century by Gustave Doré, or by *Klute*, reviewed here, an update *Little Red Riding Hood*. Beyond sex, there's the lurking suspicion that the mysteries of life are better left alone or, like the wolf, kept away from the door and the bed. It's a cautionary tale for girls: the male is a beast, the female a princess in mufti, like the cartoon characters in *Carnal Knowledge*, reviewed here, too. Sex and violence—strange but childish bedfellows.

KLUTE

Love is the greatest suspense

BY MURIEL RESNIK

Once in a great while a movie comes along that's completely satisfying. For me, it's *Klute*. A great escape movie, a movie to eat popcorn to, and, at the same time, adult, intelligent, sophisticated, tense, moving, disciplined, and understated. A scary suspense thriller with two original, engaging characters and one of the most restrained and tender love scenes ever filmed. Directed, as well as co-produced, by Alan J. Pakula, starring Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland at their best, it's super entertainment.

Bree Daniels (Jane Fonda), a New York actress/model/call girl, becomes involved in a search for a psychopathic murderer. John Klute (Donald Sutherland) is the short-haired, small-town investigator assigned to the case. The story begins when Klute's close friend, a respected family man, disappears in New York, is reported missing and suspected of writing obscene letters to Bree Daniels. Before it ends we've been all over New York; and thanks to cinematographer Gordon Willis it has never looked so beautiful, fresh, and exciting. The police have busted our girl in her Park Avenue apartment, forcing her to move to a converted tenement, no doubt almost as expensive but far less secure. From psychopathic murderers, that is. Bree's two closest friends (they share the same pimp) are murdered, she gets ill from drugs, and we discover the identity of the murderer before *they* do. But don't expect the usual generous dollops of lurid sex with lashings of blood and obscenity. Not in *Klute*. Re-

tell-all

HILDEGARD KNEF'S

POWERFUL SELF-EXPOSÉ

Hildegard Knef (kuh NAFE), blond, with a chilly, hoarse voice and staggering, straight-on blue eyes—actress, singer, writer of words for many of her own songs—is the author of The Gift Horse, a powerful autobiography, a remarkable book about World War II and its aftermath, written in a style that is painfully, often nastily, candid. Bitter, pieced together from the rubble of a life that began in a Berlin slum, the book has a force that has been noticeably absent in postwar German writing. Hildegard Knef, whose name was Americanized in Hollywood to "Hildegarde Neff," appeared in propaganda movies made at the end of the Nazi reign of terror, married one of Goebbels' assistants whom she followed to the front lines dressed as a soldier. Imprisoned by the Russians, after her release she returned to the ruins of Germany, became a star, journeyed to Hollywood. Her word-snapshots of Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Marilyn Monroe, Louella Parsons, John Garfield cut with acid. Surprisingly, America, as she saw it after the war, with the gathering shadows of the Joe McCarthy era, seemed as ominous as Germany. "I wanted to leave my emotions out, to say a few things that mattered more and more to me," Hildegard Knef said. "I worked eight hours a day, agonizing, hammering it all out, but I knew I must tell it all." The Gift Horse was first published in Austria by a small firm, caught fire, and became an irritating best seller in Germany. It is published here by McGraw-Hill. Hildegard Knef has had an astonishing last say.

DUANE MICHALS

straint. Control.

That's the spine of the tight script written by Andy and Dave Lewis, fleshed out by some realistic dialogue and two remarkable performances. Jane Fonda is superb, topping anything she's done before. Skinny, bra-less, shaggy-haired, and beautiful, thoroughly believable in an ad-agency model roundup or auditioning for a part in an Off-Broadway production, she's just as believable and wryly funny as the call girl who enjoys her work ("It's really acting") at the inflationary price of two hundred dollars a pop and is proud of her success. "Two hundred dollars," she explains to Klute in his terms, "buys a good dishwasher." Intelligently aware of her hang-ups, Bree pays regular visits to a Dr. Franzblau-type analyst because she'd like to stop "tricking" and start relating, wanting to make an emotional commitment.

Jane Fonda gives a great performance, honest, intelligent, tough, and vulnerable; and she's got all the lines. Donald Sutherland, without any, is so beautiful he may bring back the strong, silent hero. His Klute is bright, dogged, inarticulate, and tender; and the chemistry between the two of them is wondrous to behold. There's a scene where Klute is buying fruit, pinching and squeezing and taking it all very seriously. A glowing Jane Fonda watches with the pride of possession tempered with affectionate amusement. Mischievously, she grabs some peaches, slips them into her shoulderbag. Turning, he catches her, she smiles innocently, he asks what she's got in her bag, grins at her lack of an answer, turns back to the marketing. They relate to each other, they communicate, it's there to be seen. He's helped her kick her habit, nursed her, guarded her life, and loved her through it all. And she knows it. She moves closer without touching, moves her head carefully until her cheek barely grazes the back of his windbreaker, a touch so infinitesimal that he doesn't feel it. But he doesn't have to, he knows. They love. No words necessary. And that's what the film's about.

Oh, I'm going to see *Klute* again. This time with a Mounds bar. ▼

ALTERNATE VIDEO

"Like having your eyeballs tickled"

BY HENRY S. RESNIK

There's a whole new world in television: "alternate video" they're calling it, and they're showing it on closed-circuit systems, in lofts and studios and galleries.

Not on NBC or any other network will you see Nam June Paik's "TV Bra," for example. It consists of two three-inch screens strapped to the bare breasts of the cellist Charlotte Moorman. The screens respond to the musings of Moorman's cello—she can even zap the six o'clock news with crazy abstract designs.

Paik was one of those who led the way to the use of video as a kind of kinetic-light painting, and now many people are doing it. One of the most gifted and interesting of them all is twenty-seven-year-old Eric Siegel (no relation whatever to the other one), a slight, soft-spoken genius with vaguely subdued electric hair and a holy passion for the miracles his wires and tubes and dials and resistors can reveal.

Siegel's fascination with electronics began in early childhood when his parents gave him walkie-talkies and radio kits as Christmas gifts. At fifteen, he won second prize in a New York City science fair for a television camera he'd made from scrap parts. After high school he drifted from one video job and one country to another, then finally settled down long enough to invent his "video chrominance synthesizer," a machine that converts black-and-white television signals into color. Experimenting with this and another machine he'd invented that produces special effects—he calls it his "magic box"—Siegel created a series of tapes that are now something of a landmark in the alternate-video movement.

Siegel's video tapes pick up where the star-corridor sequence in *2001: A Space Odyssey* ends. In the five-minute *Einstein*, for instance, clouds and lakes of color flow in and around a super-imposed photograph of Albert Einstein; at one point the movement is entirely within Einstein's head and yellow-white light seems to drip from the eyes like tears. Siegel has an unfailing, if antic, instinct for the right musical accompaniment to his visual pieces; for *Einstein* he chose Rimsky-Korsakov's "Scheherazade," played on an ancient scratchy recording at greatly reduced speed—the effect is solemn, yet strangely joyful, madness. *Symphony of the Planets*, played to Gustav Holst's music of the same name, bears an actual resemblance to *2001*, but this is an altogether different trip—in video, light and shapes have a melting, fluid quality, almost as if they were alive, that one never sees on film.

But in a long composite of images called *Psychedelevision II*, Siegel achieves one of his most dazzling effects merely by allowing his camera to inspect a room in a cottage in Maine. To the accompaniment of Procol Harum's "A Whiter Shade of Pale," the camera takes in every detail with an almost transcendental serenity. The result is what one might call a living still life.

Siegel's latest invention is an electronic video synthesizer, the visual equivalent of a Moog music synthesizer, that produces an infinite range of colors and shapes electronically. Watching the screen as the shapes and colors dance is like having your eyeballs tickled. When I saw Siegel's tapes for the first time, I had the almost eerie feeling that my body was floating in space, that I'd stepped across an invisible threshold into another universe—it's a high beyond drugs. Siegel is an eclectic artist, easily bored, and he prefers not to dwell on his inventions. Ironically, his next project will be in video journalism. He's had enough of purely esthetic video, he says—"It's like too much vanilla malted." ▼

Brain spa for power people

AT ASPEN IN THE ROCKIES

BY LIZ CARPENTER

Long before other sensitivity institutes began their thinking and touching groups as nature's way of ridding corporate executives of hang-ups, the Aspen Institute for Humanistic Studies had a first-rate intellectual-and-physical-involvement program underway. In the summer of 1971, more than ever, quiet discussion seems an answer—the old ideas are perhaps the best ideas.

The Aspen Idea hasn't found any reason to change its old-fashioned system, based on classic Greek techniques, even though there may be fewer kicks in getting the kinks out than with the newer systems.

The Institute gathers at Aspen Meadows, a health and brain spa for corporate executives who spend two weeks rebuilding their forces—mentally, culturally, and physically. The Aspen program is intended to rescue those, according to the catalogue, "caught in the very eye of the hurricane of change." Executives come and think out loud with their corporate peers about violence or Asia or liberty or decision-making or the environment, with such resource persons as Karl Menninger, Henry Steele Commager, Mary McCarthy, Jonas Salk, and an occasional Black Panther or two. All this for about $2,000 if the executive's wife comes and listens in. It is hoped the executive returns home equipped to shake up board meetings.

"High thought in the morning, harsh exercise in the afternoon followed by steam, sauna, and an icy dip is the regimen. It works in refreshing those who have let themselves get out of shape, mentally and physically," said Douglass Cater, the author of *Dana: The Irrelevant Man*, once one of the resident scholars and a frequent participant at Aspen.

This August, fifty-four businessmen-scholars are taking the Aspen Way, seeking truth and communication by stripping intellectually . . . only. The method seems more civilized and less contrived than crawling on all fours to offer group confessionals and insults.

The August scholars are a mixed bag: Max Frankel of *The New York Times*, the lawyer Cora Walker, and former Ambassador Phillips Talbot, who heads the Asian Thought Seminar. They moderate and guide the seminars each morning for the executives. The homework reading done before the August session has brought all the participants there already well up on selected materials ranging from Plato and the Bible to Tocqueville, to Karl Marx and the United States Constitution, to *Billy Budd*, Martin Luther King, Jr., and *The New Left Reader*.

At the center of most of these discussions is man: the individual, as a transient in time, seeking to control his destiny and to derive a meaning for life. For three hours the dialogue goes on, free and unstructured, until lunch. In the afternoon, what began in the seminar room continues in the form of conversations at picnics in the mountains, afternoon walks by a lake, on the golf course, and around the dinner table.

"Your attitude on freedom can change completely when you are challenged by a Black think-tank leader," Rowan A. Wakefield, executive vice-president, said.

The staff has tried and succeeded in importing Blacks, including a Panther or two, for discussions. They have been conspicuously timid about facing one of the major corporate hang-ups, i.e., greater employment of women. No Betty Friedan, Bella Abzug, or even Margaret Chase Smith has appeared on the list.

The Aspen Idea is that far from the zip-code computer society, bright men on their way up may face the contemporary scene directly. Admittedly, there are moments when the atmosphere is painfully pedantic.

Mornings, the thinkers and artists and designers hole up to work in this pristine air. Midafternoon, they're on the tennis courts or riding the horseback trails or browsing the shops of the village, which is desperately clinging to its silver-mining, Victorian self against the onslaught of Swiss-chalet developers.

By sunset, the brains empty onto the decks of the mountainside homes to drink cocktails at Edgar Stern's Starwood development with the writers Saul Bellow and Leon Uris, Radcliffe president Mary Bunting, or Senator J. William Fulbright. Or, perhaps, Stuart Mace, who runs a husky dog team in the nearby ghost town of Ashcroft simply because he likes running husky dog teams.

"If you want to make it *big* in Aspen," a native said to me, "there is a conversation line for each season. Drop it in a crowded room and you have nothing to worry about. In ski season, all you have to say is, 'I made first tracks on Bell today.'" This establishes you as an early-rising ski zealot who has mastered the most difficult slope.

"In summer," she continued, "you simply drop this at a cocktail party: 'When Pussy and I were in the Kettle last evening. . . .'"

Pussy is Pussy Paepcke, widow of Walter and *grande dame* of most good works in Aspen. The Kettle—the Copper Kettle—is a restaurant that serves its good food from copper pots and pans.

Pussy, Kettle, and brains, winter or summer, Aspen is still a small town. The Institute makes the difference. ▼

JACK ROBINSON

JIM PALMER, TWENTY-FIVE, LONG-ARMED PITCHER FOR THE BALTIMORE ORIOLES, WHO WON THE WORLD SERIES LAST YEAR, FITS THE NEW FRAME FOR SPORTS FIGURES: AS EASY IN A BOARDROOM AS ON THE BASEBALL DIAMOND. HE WAS BORN IN NEW YORK CITY, GREW UP IN THE WEST, AND OFF-SEASON LIVES IN BALTIMORE WITH HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN. PALMER—ODDS-ON THE BEST-LOOKING MAN IN SPORTS, IF NOT THE BEST PITCHER—HAS A SHY, FUNNY COVER ACT, MORE THE GAWKINESS OF A SANDLOTTER THAN A PRO. ON THE SWEAT SHIRT HE WEARS UNDER HIS UNIFORM IS STENCILED THE WORD "CAKES": A JUJU REFERENCE TO THE PANCAKES HE EATS WHEN HE WANTS TO PITCH A NO-HITTER.

PALMER: PITCHER, PIN-UP

the European ready-to-wear scene

what's new, nifty, and here now from Paris, London, Italy— a 24-page report

Paris. . . . There is such a range—from the kicky fashion-y fashion of a J.A.P. to the luxe and finish of a Givenchy to the sassy sexy swing of a Chloë to the sportive lusciousness of a Sonia Rykiel and the practical dash of an Emmanuelle Khanh to the subtle, tiny, giant-size slant Saint Laurent gives to his super-classics that makes them just what we want this year—everything is here. . . .

Paris. . . . Strong, flashy, happy color. Dazzling blues. Blanket plaids in clean primary colors. To keep your eye on: brilliant fuchsia and aquamarine, used with black. . . . A big, big push to soft fabrics . . . tons of fuzzy mohair blanketing for coats, capes, suits . . . cashmere . . . angora. Really sexy clothes . . . sweaters that fit like skin . . . pants that fit like sleeves . . . wide black elastic belts on little wool jersey dresses with chiffon jabots and flippy flirty skirts. . . .

Paris. . . . Pants of every length, the narrower the fit the newer . . . narrow rolled-up pants, sometimes with a heavily-ribbed colored stocking and heavily-soled tie shoes. . . . The beret with everything, especially with pants and chopped jackets—à la Monty in Africa. . . . Blazers everywhere. . . . Layers and layers of sweaters over sweaters . . . over shirts. Shirts and pants under fitted vests . . . under trim, very belted tunics. . . .

Paris. . . . It's fascinating to see how these designers have taken the most functional, workaday classics and given them the twist of fashion : . . three vivid colors in a duffle coat . . . chrome snaps on a blanket-plaid suit . . . the trenchiest trench coat of them all in soft, soft, soft black cashmere. . . .

Paris. . . . Terrific black evening things from all—for all. Black spangled sweater-tops with flounced organza skirts from Givenchy. Portrait black velvet from Patou. Black chiffon with insets of sheerest black Chantilly from Tam Guidicelli—and an enormous Merry Widow hat. Black silk jersey with Kitty-Foyle white cuffs and collar from Chloë, cut up to the knee in front and—zingo!—down to a small train in back. Saint Laurent's clingy, ribby black cat-suit chopped off above the ankle like dancers' practice tights, worn with sheer black stockings, high-heeled strapped shoes . . . very sly puss.

London. . . . Something big is rolling around here . . . just coming over the plate and very interesting to watch. It brings to mind words like swing, swash, swagger, sway. As in the swagger of a big coat from Biba and the swagger of the hat . . . in the swish of the skirt on an Ossie Clark dress. The cling and swing of the small-boned dresses of Jean Muir is part of it. And the feeling for a deepening, dolman-ish sleeve and slightly widened shoulder in a mix-of-Tartans dress at Foale & Tuffin. This whole sort of fatale-female-feminine thing . . . very in the air . . . and blowing our way. . . .

London. . . . What a fantastic dressmaker Jean Muir is!—in her hands suède is like satin and satin like a piece of fine worsted. And those sexy-little-brown-wren jersey dresses with the covered petit-pois buttons and narrow, narrow to-the-wrist sleeves . . . to be a small-boned woman in a Jean Muir dress is the fashion-equivalent of to-see-Naples-and-die! . . . Delectable colorings . . . brilliant cyclamen . . . a red somewhere between lacquer and terra-cotta . . . a vert-de-gris color like seeing stone through a mist. Plus black. . . . And a bunch of flowers tucked in every belt.

Italy. . . . Everything very natty, very proper-turnout: the really Dapper Dan pants tailleur—with a sexy platform sandal. . . . Blazer fever. Blazers with pants . . . blazers with skirts . . . blazers over immaculate shirts and ties. Layered looks here, as there and everywhere. Vests belted over shirtdresses . . . Fendi's smasheroo short, short fur belted over shorts, worn with ribby stockings, ribbier over-the-knee socks, Oxford ties . . . Valentino's flags-out black-and-white Argyle pull over a red shirt with a beautiful piece of silk for a tie, at night with black charmeuse pants. . . . Cloche-y knitted caps and berets making a small, neat head. . . .

Italy. . . . The knits of the world! Missoni's wonderful jacquard patterns with new zap and gaiety to the colorings, all mélanged together . . . pattern over pattern . . . layer over layer. . . . Roberto Cavalli: new name-to-know for marvelous suède patchwork . . . super-supple pants, coats, et cetera, and not costing the moon. . . .

Italy. . . . Mila Schön follows her own star . . . always the pure, very feminine tailoring. This year she has what the world's been waiting for: a simple, perfect, little black suit. . . . And at long, long last: something you can go out for drinks in and on to dinner in and on—Valentino's short, giddy, delightful black dresses. Particularly a black jersey, tight and clinging to the bosom, with a flare-y skirt and—what else?—red shoes.

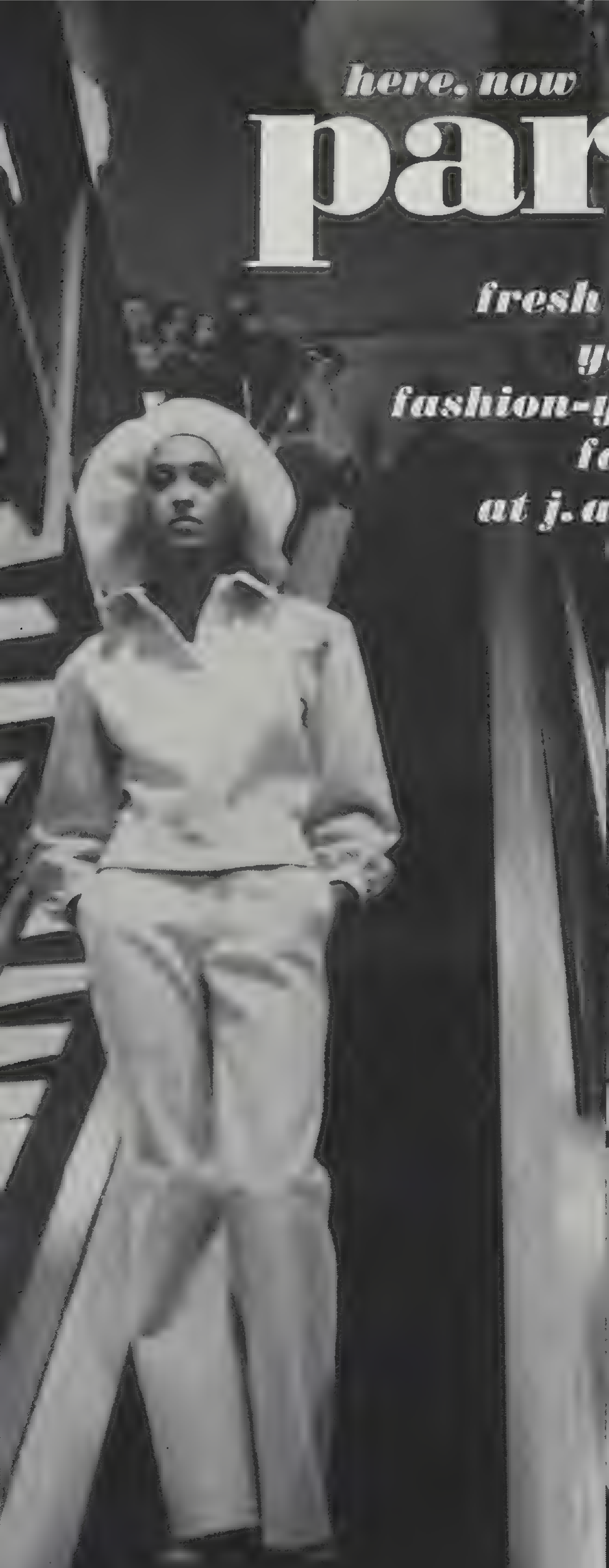
SIGN at Sonia Rykiel's boutique: "The way one turns fashion is more important than fashion itself." It could be the motto of the entire European ready-to-wear—everybody doing everything. But with a small, slight, stupendous difference.

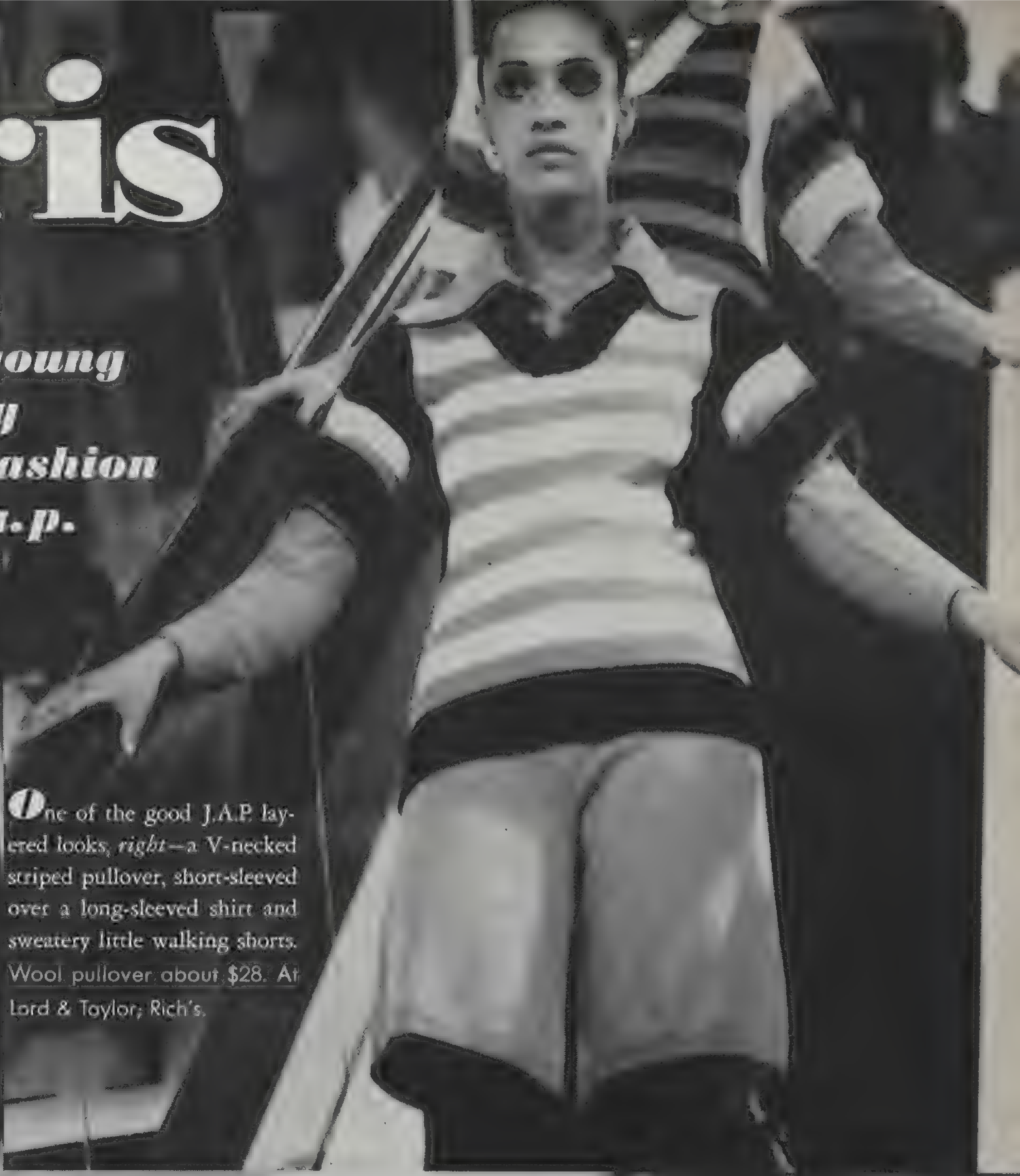
MARY RUSSELL

here, now

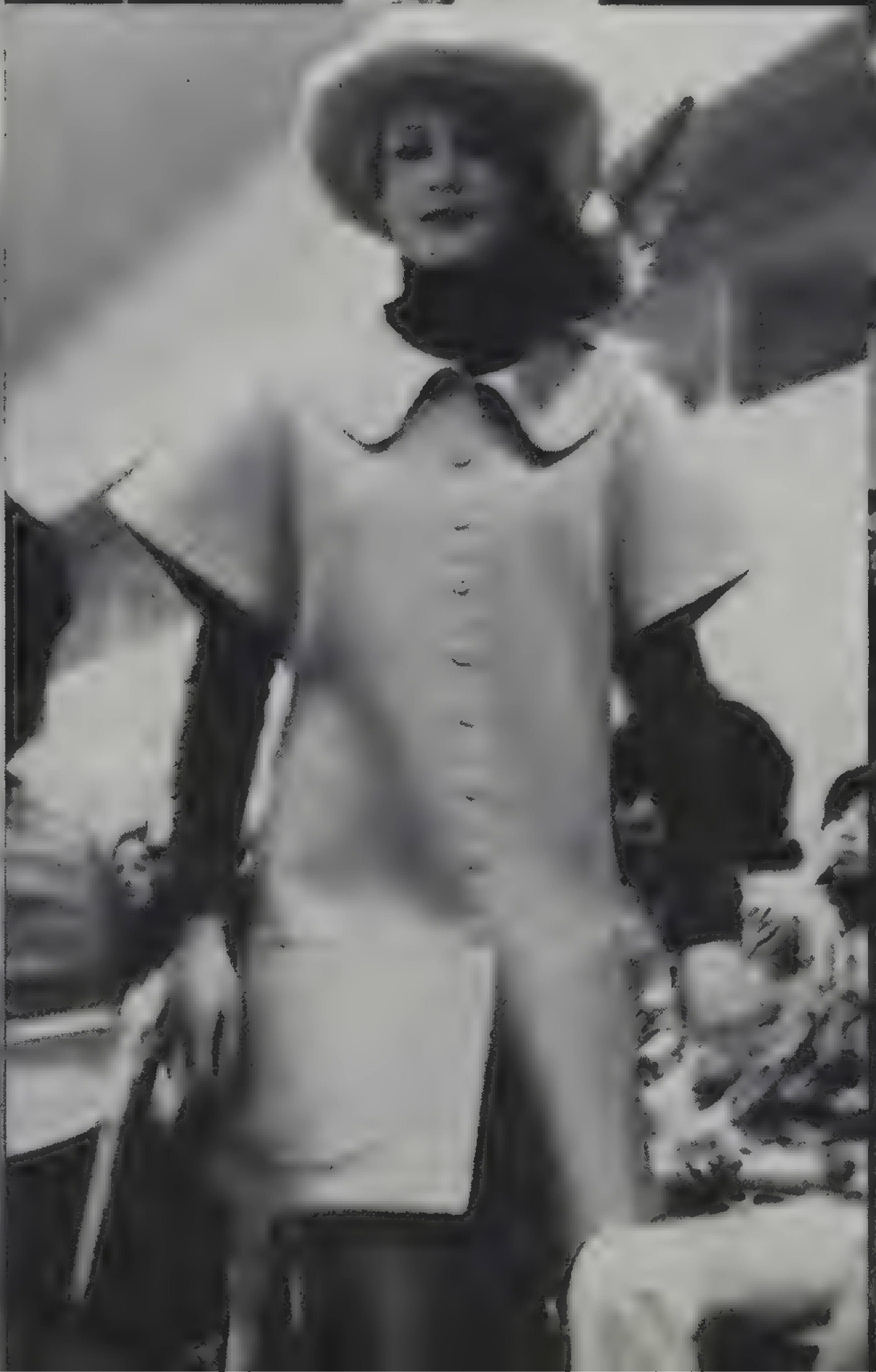
paris

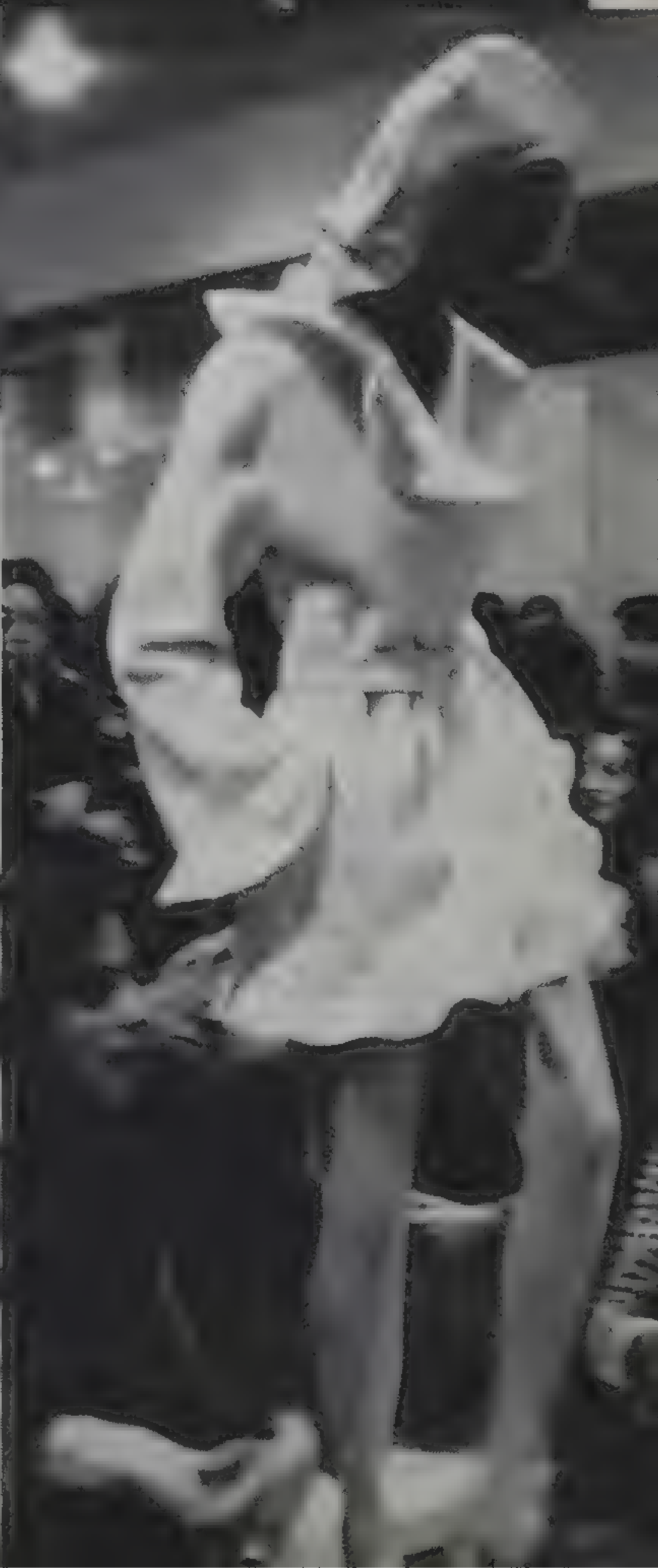
fresh young fashion-y fashion at j.a.p.





One of the good J.A.P. layered looks, *right*—a V-necked striped pullover, short-sleeved over a long-sleeved shirt and sweatery little walking shorts.
Wool pullover about $28. At Lord & Taylor; Rich's.





The flyboy suit, *above*—niftily tailored in white wool, dégagé to beat the band, with a wonderful outsize Montgomery beret: this is the hat that makes a hat essential....And the little white wool coat, *near right*, is superb—there's good fashion in those slightly wider shoulders and short cap sleeves making layers of sleeves with the long-sleeved turtleneck underneath....*Far right:* J.A.P.'s swaggery little swing-hemmed coat of white wool with ruffles all around—very sweet-young-thing—with a kicker.

All designed by Kenzo for J.A.P. Pants suit, about $125. Short-sleeve coat, about $135. Both at Henri Bendel; Sakowitz. Ruffle-hem coat about $125. At Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz.

Here is the kind of mélange of patterns and russety colors and the perfect proportioning that makes Saint Laurent's layered look such a joy—printed challis kilt and rust wool jersey jacket to the hips, with a dotted shirt underneath and a tiny patchwork pullover belted with the narrowest little piece of lizard.

Shirt, about $50. Pullover, about $55. Jacket, about $100. Kilt, of Abraham wool, about $130.

saint laurent rive gauche—layers, legs, and the separate jacket

here, now paris

How do you like this sexy, slinky, ribby, black cat-burglar bodysuit!—skin-tight turtleneck and almost-to-the-ankle johns—Saint Laurent put a chopped ciré trench coat with it and turned it out into the night just as you see, with a pavé rhinestone belt, dark sheer stockings, strapped shoes with high, high heels, and a big red flower behind the ear.

Wool knit bodysuit, about $55. Ciré trench coat, about $115.

MARY RUSSELL

A sharpened-up version of the classic Saint Laurent pea jacket in navy wool with pewter buttons—very shaped on top, belted in back, with big pockets, big lapels—a wonderful length of jacket to swing over pants.

Jacket, about $160. Pants, of navy wool jersey, about $65. Long navy-blue wool turtleneck, about $40.

For evening: a luxurious little bed jacket kind of jacket. Black satin with tiny fuchsia velvet dots and ties to tie over a black turtleneck and black jersey pants, the way Saint Laurent showed it.

Jacket, of Abraham silk satin crêpe, about $150. Wool turtleneck sweater, about $30. Wool jersey pants, about $65.

Saint Laurent's new short length of jacket of quilted olive-drab cotton belted taut at the waist, with a brown wool gored skirt and layers of sweaters underneath.... With this, a quilted leather shoulderbag and two-tone Oxfords with thick crêpe soles.

Jacket, about $125. Skirt, about $65. All turnouts, both pages, at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, N. Y.; Kaufmann's; Sakowitz; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. All accessories, Saint Laurent. Carita coifs.

here, now paris

saint laurent rive gauche– the swingiest coat in town

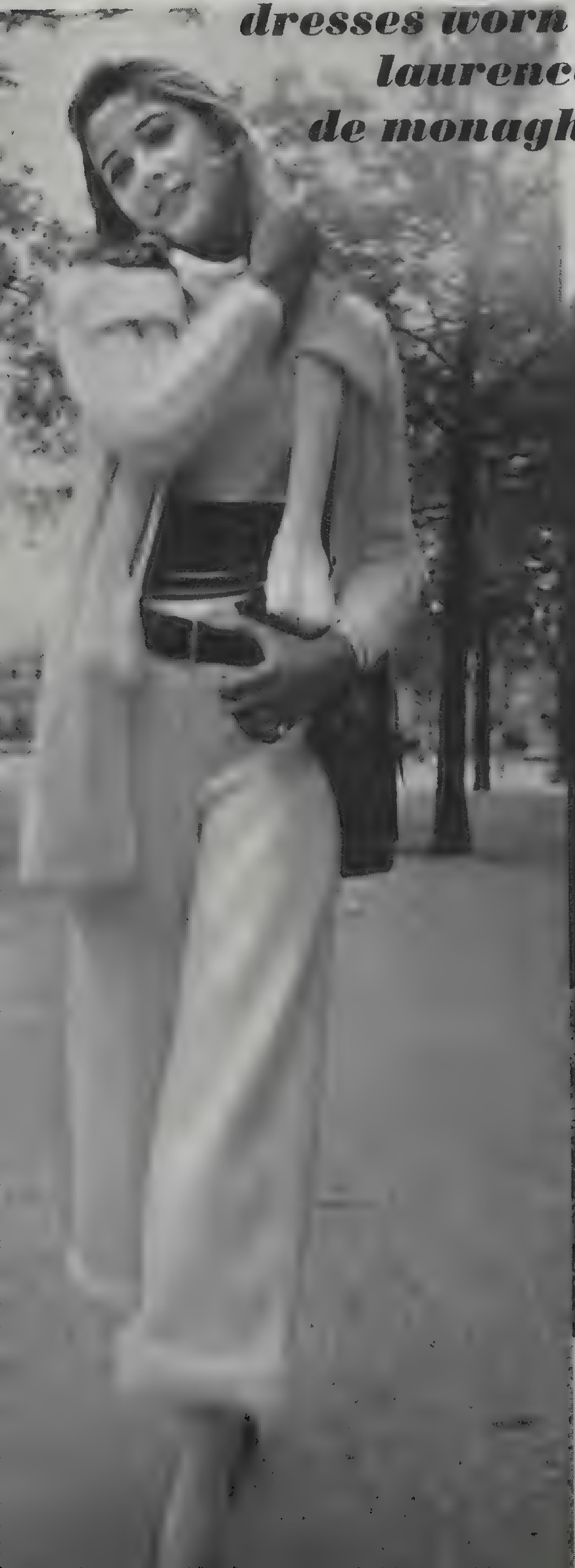
Really nifty everyday-over-everything coat in Burgundy wool—the widest skirt and the smallest belted waist in Paris, and the rest is like a perfectly tailored little shirt with epaullettes on the shoulders. Coat, about $255. At Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, New York; Kaufmann's; Sakowitz; Rive Gauche, Beverly Hills. Saint Laurent accessories.

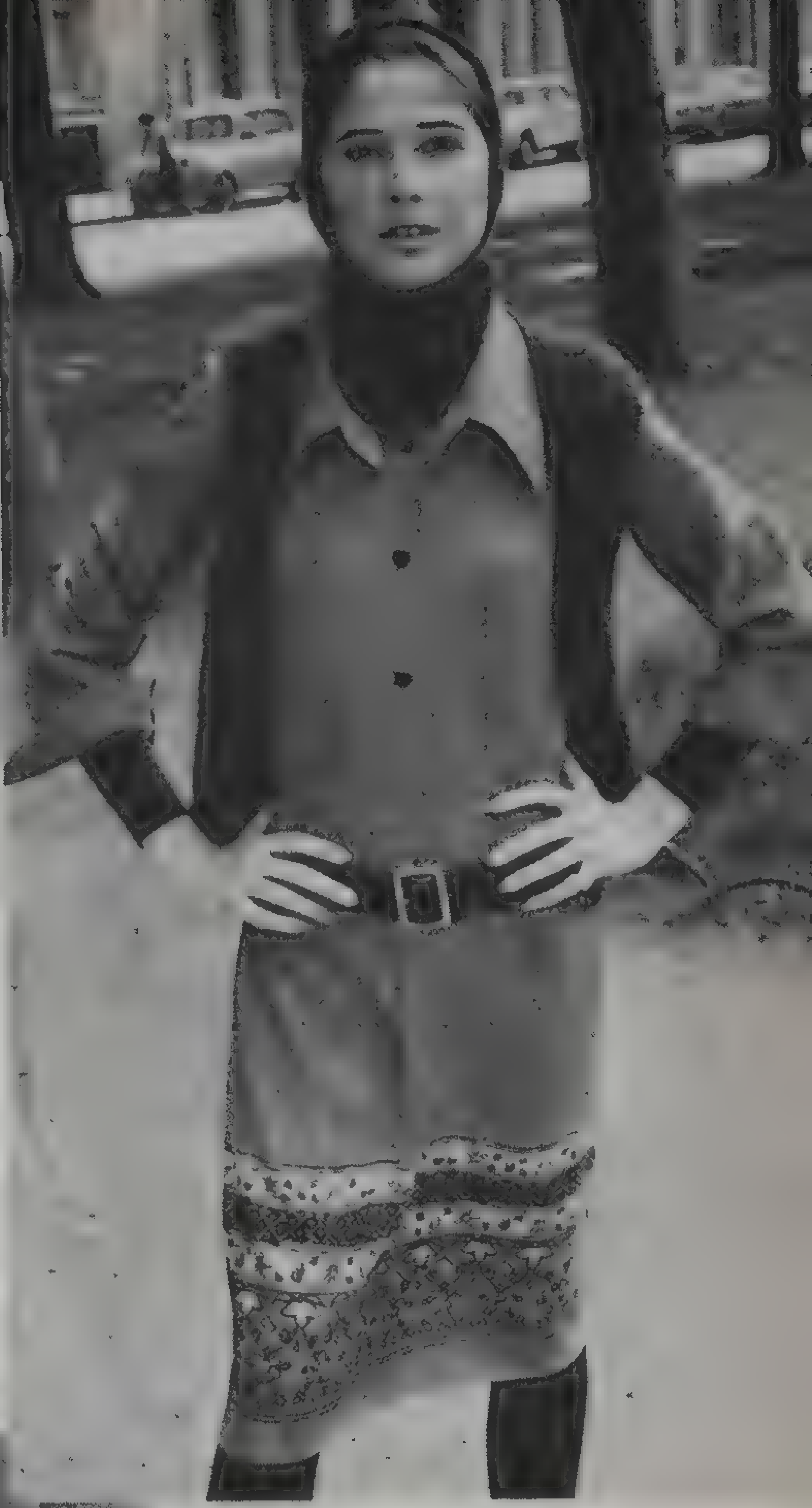
MARY RUSSELL

Pretty Laurence de Monaghan—the Claire of *Claire's Knee*—cuddled in layers of Sonia Rykiel's perfect sweaters the way we'd all love to be. Everything is so kitten soft and luscious and rounded: a mohair grandpa cardigan, wool turtleneck with striped waistband, wide mohair muffler, rolled-up jersey pants. And it's all done in white except for a few Roman stripes and the bright red bag, belt, and baby-doll shoes.

Cardigan, about $95. Turtleneck, about $50. Muffler, about $20. Pants, about $75. Shoes by Canova.

sonia rykiel—layers of sweaters and two great dresses worn by laurence de monaghan





You could hear the ooh's and aah's when these two dresses were shown. Both of the very thinnest thin wool printed in a tweedy pattern, with hemline borders. *Left,* a marvelous shape in a navy-ish mix—wide, low Peter Pan collar, smocking past the waist. Layered on: a sleeveless cardigan of framboise mohair; framboise hood, stockings, gloves of wool knit. *Above,* the perfect shirtdress in a green-y mix; sleeves turned back over a dark-green wool pullover, with a sleeveless dark-green mohair cardigan, dark-green wool hood.

Left: Dress, about $130. Cardigan, about $40. Hood, about $22. Above: Dress, about $120. Pullover, about $45. Cardigan, about $40. Hood, about $22. All Sonia Rykiel turnouts, at Bloomingdale's; Filene's; I. Magnin.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

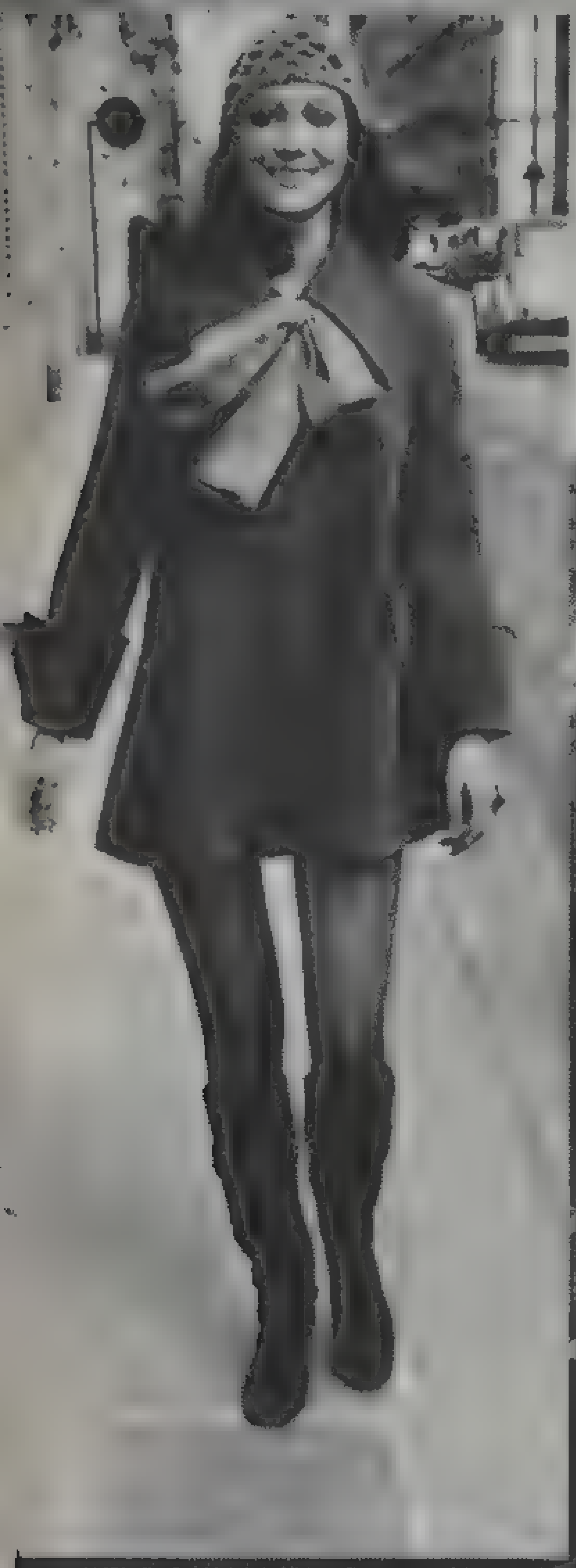
here, now

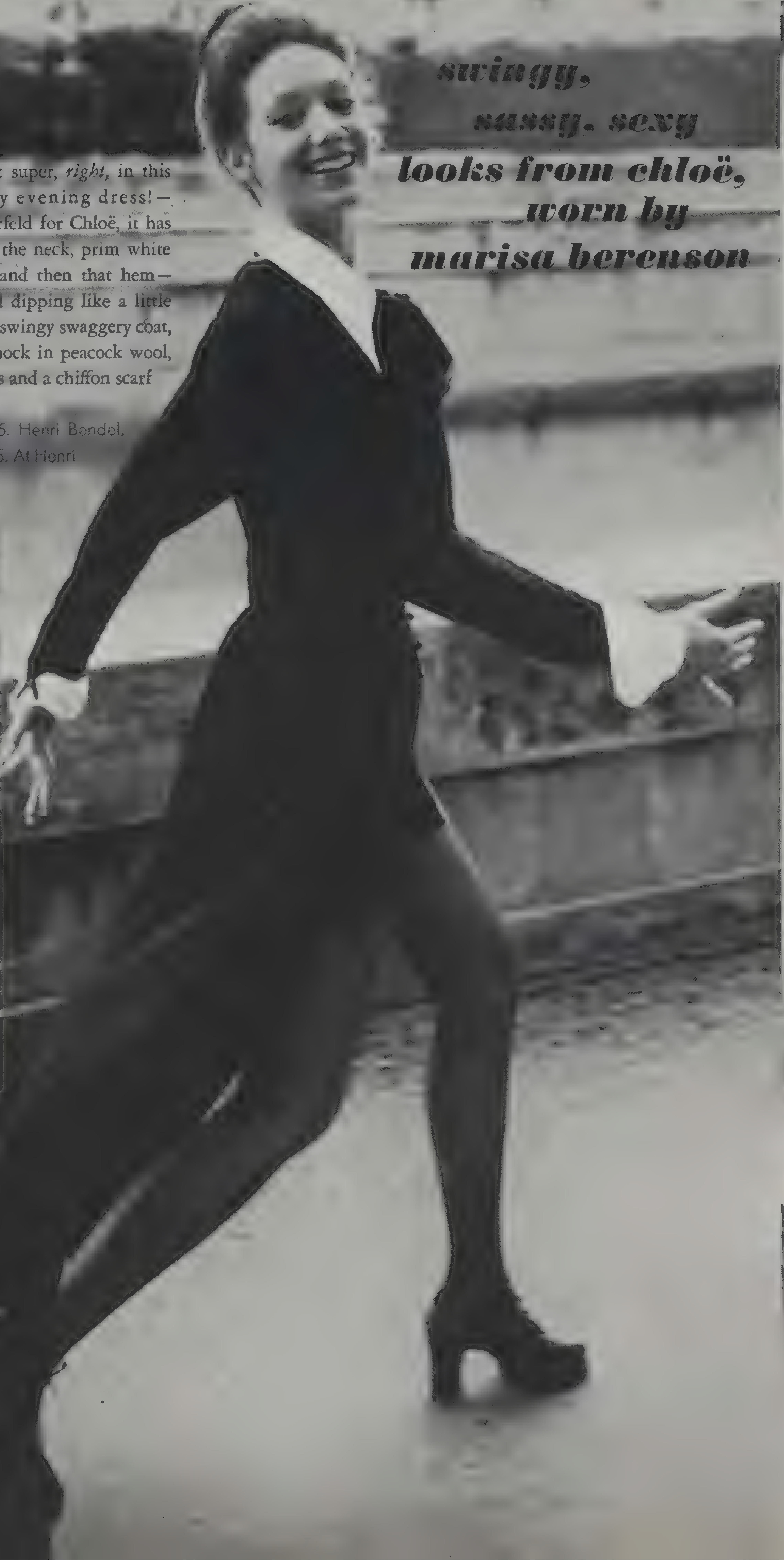
london

swingy, sassy, sexy looks from chloë, worn by marisa berenson

doesn't Marisa look super, *right,* in this black silk jersey evening dress!—designed by Karl Lagerfeld for Chloë, it has a black chiffon bow at the neck, prim white satin collar and cuffs, and then that hem—very short in front and dipping like a little train in back.... A short swingy swaggery coat, *below,* cut easy as a smock in peacock wool, with wide gauntlet cuffs and a chiffon scarf tied in a bow.

Right: Dress, about $275. Henri Bendel. *Below:* Coat, about $325. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin.





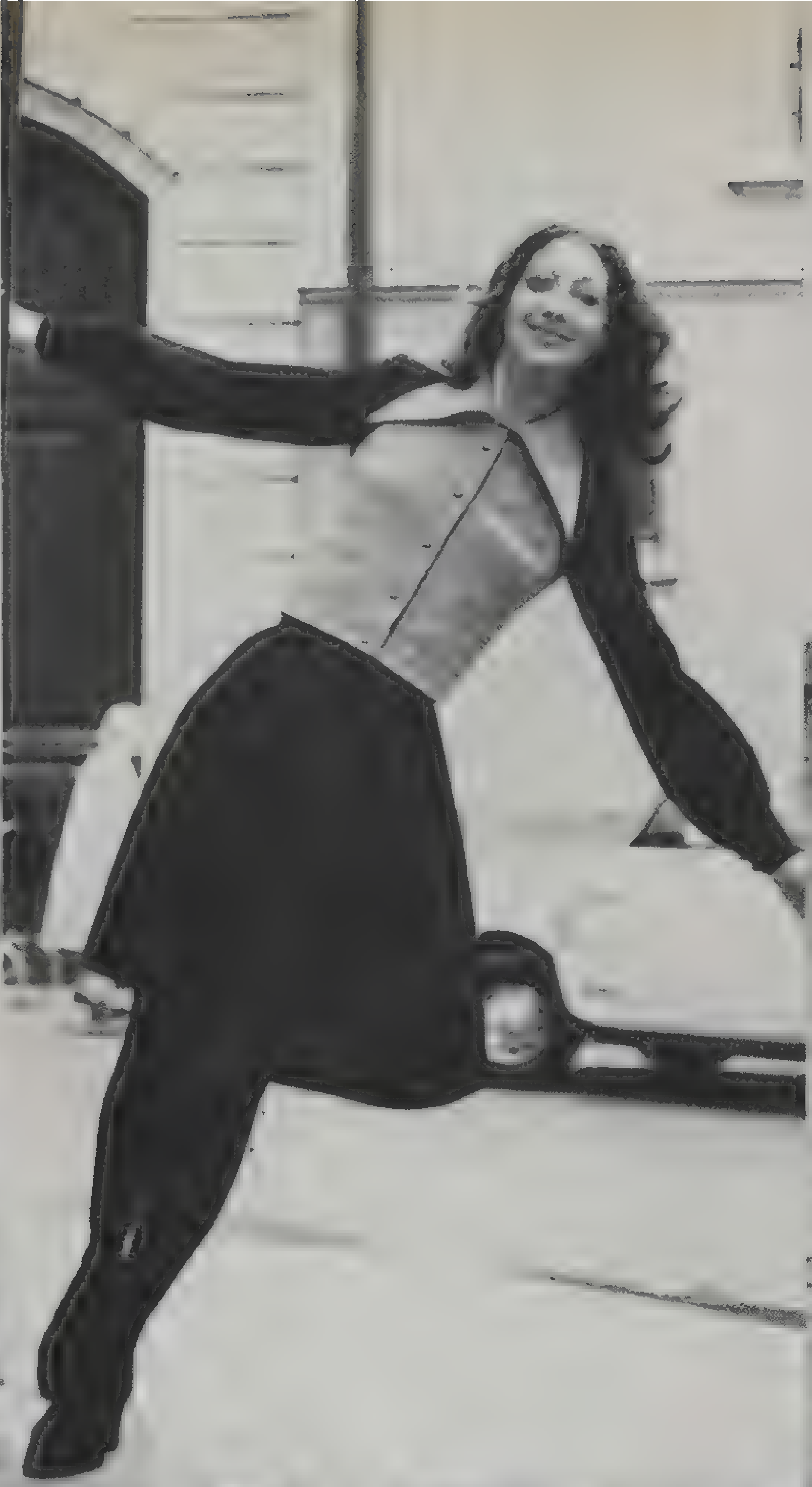
ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

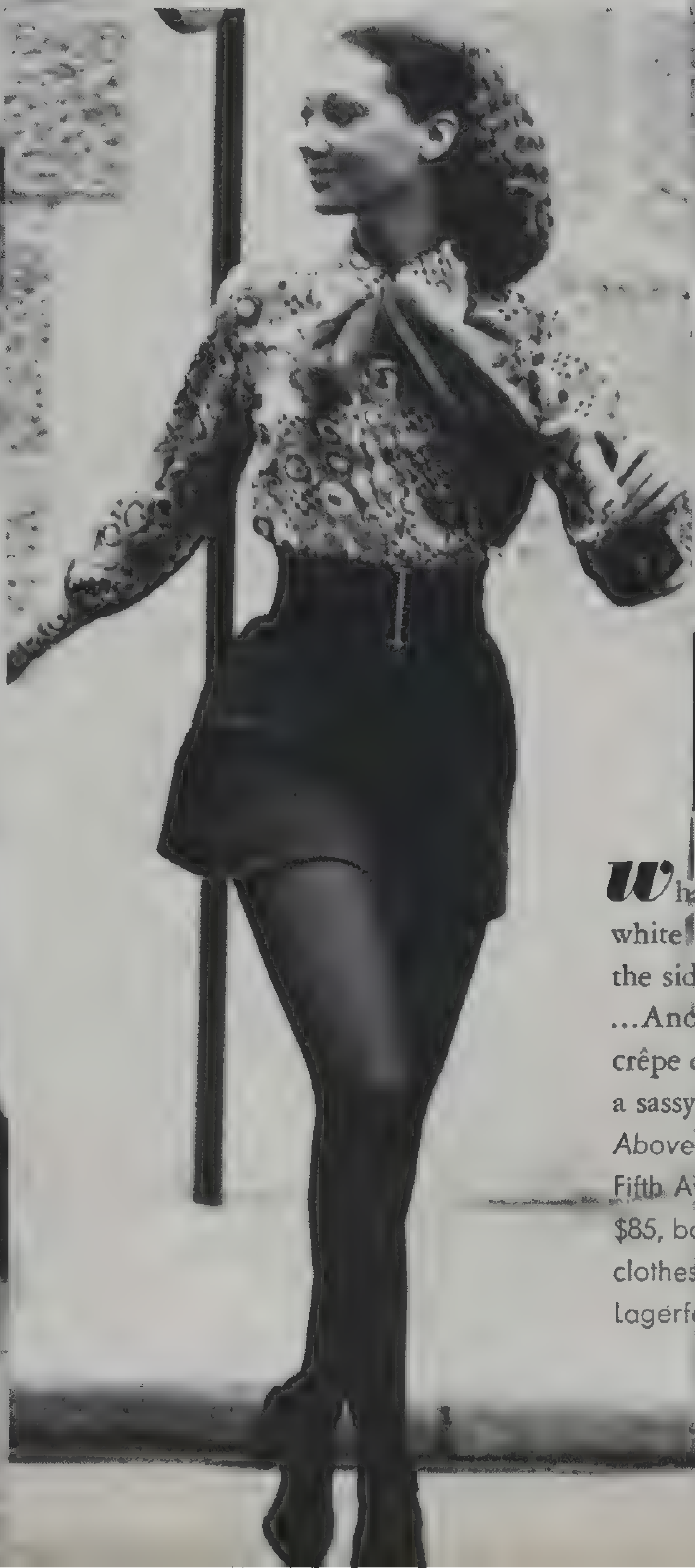
Chloë's tiny, trim, peacock jersey dress, *left:* over black tights, with a crocheted cap, high-heeled black suède sandals—and the wide black elastic belt shown all through the collection.

Dress, of wool jersey, about $195. Henri Bendel.

two of Lagerfeld's fascinating prints, silk-screened and hand-painted on silk crêpe de Chine. *Left,* a long belted shirtdress. *Above,* a short flippy dress and sheltering stole, both edged in black marabou: delicious.

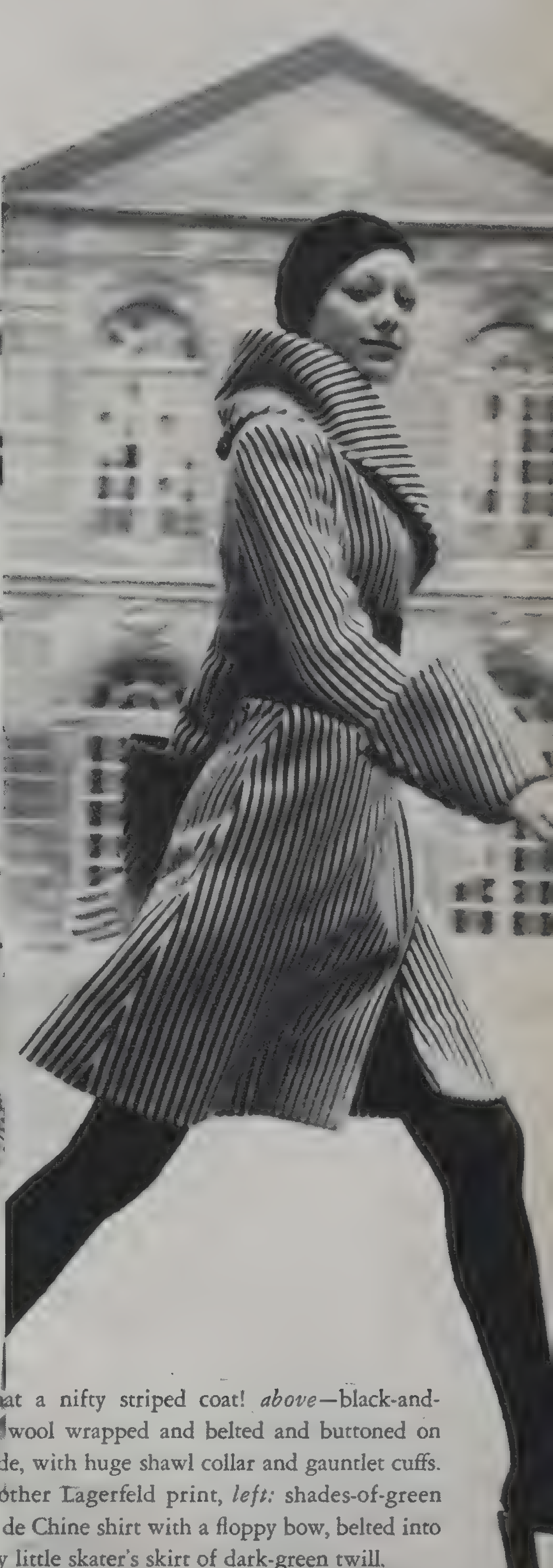
Left: Shirtdress, about $395. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Above:* Orange-red-black dress and stole (Hurel fabric), about $350. Saks Fifth Avenue.





the black challis shirtdress, *left*—very proper and very sexy with its swingy skirt and neat aquamarine vest.

Wool dress (Nattier fabric) and wool vest (Bosch fabric), about $375. Saks Fifth Avenue.

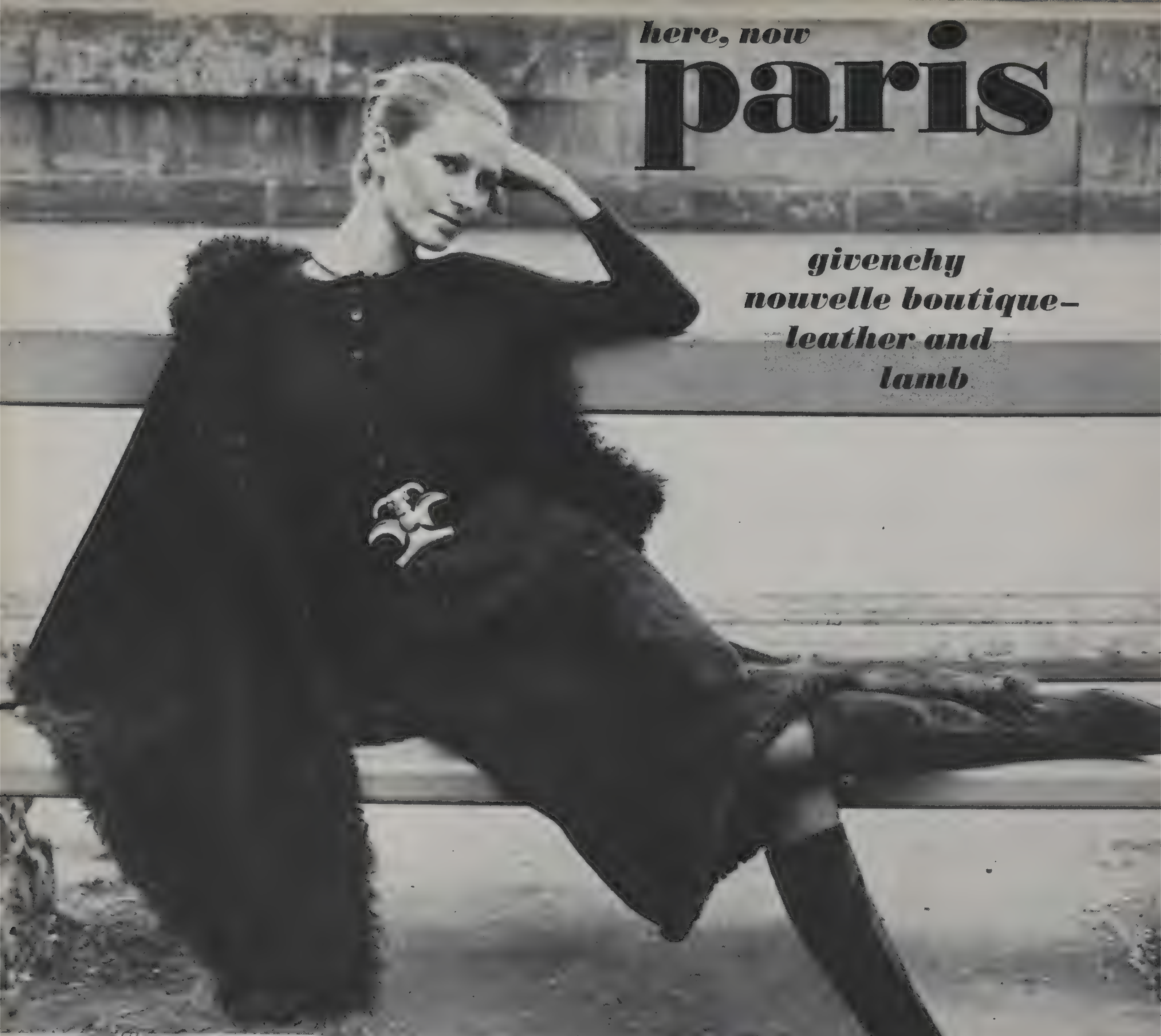


What a nifty striped coat! *above*—black-and-white wool wrapped and belted and buttoned on the side, with huge shawl collar and gauntlet cuffs. ...Another Lagerfeld print, *left:* shades-of-green crêpe de Chine shirt with a floppy bow, belted into a sassy little skater's skirt of dark-green twill.

Above: Coat of Leonard fabric, about $425. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Left:* Shirt, about $100, and skirt, about $85, both of acetate (Bosch fabric). Henri Bendel. All clothes, both pages, designed for Chloë by Karl Lagerfeld; all coifs, Carita; shoes, Charles Jourdan.

here, now
paris

givenchy nouvelle boutique—leather and lamb



The easy luxuriousness of Givenchy!—his bitter-brown pigskin poncho lined in curly Mongolian lamb, just thrown over a matching pigskin skirt and perfect brown ribbed cardigan, with a suède belt held by a chunk of Aztec-looking gold, brown suède boots... To be turned out like this is never to know the meaning of cold.

Poncho, about $395. Skirt, about $115. Sweater, of cashmere and acrylic, about $50. Skirt and poncho at Bergdorf Goodman. Both, and the sweater, at Jacobson's, Birmingham, Michigan; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Boots by Mancini for Givenchy. Carita coif.

ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

givenchy nouvelle boutique— the cape rolls on

the sweep of a Givenchy cape—yards and yards of green Loden rolling around—it's as though no one had ever done a cape before. And the way he swings it—over a Loden suit, with a dashing Loden derby and Loden-green glacé boots—this is one of the warmest, most romantic ways you could put yourself together for fall.

Cape, about $160. Suit, about $210. Both of wool by Wolff des Courtis. At Bergdorf Goodman; Jacobson's, Birmingham, Michigan; L. S. Ayres; Stix, Baer & Fuller.

g.e.t.'s hooded duffle coat

G.E.T.'s tri-color duffle, *near right*—the knockout knockabout coat; blue hood, red yoke, and the rest is curry yellow fastened with toggles.... *Top right:* Patou's version of the paratrooper pants that are all over Paris—fuchsia wool jersey worn with matching tunic and suède vest frothed with olive-green mongolian lamb.

Left: G.E.T. coat, about $65. At Stewart's, Kentucky. Maxandre tights. Canova shoes. *Above:* Patou tunic and pants, about $275; vest, about $360. Saks Fifth Ave.

patou's paratrooper pants

patou's coat turnout

Patou's proper little back-belted grey flannel reefer, *left*, and good matching pants—very much part of the neat, trim tailoring Paris ready-to-wear's into this year.... And on the park bench, *right*, there's Scherrer's super-jacket in one of the big blanket plaids of Paris—violet-lacquer-red-orange-and-yellow mohair.

Left: Patou turnout, Wurmser wool. About $335. Saks Fifth Avenue. Buscarlet gloves. *Right.* Scherrer blazer-y coat, about $190, grey flannel pants, about $60; coral turtleneck, about $55. Bergdorf Goodman; Stanley Kor-

scherrer's blanket plaid

here, now

paris

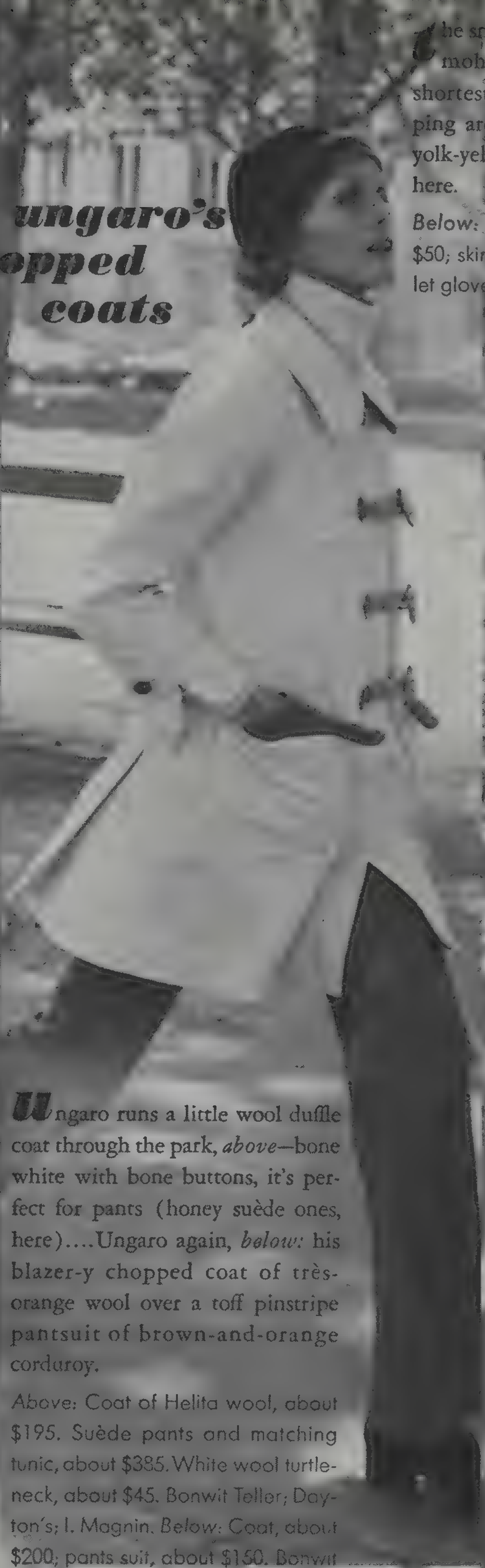
The big wrap-and-tie coat, *left*, from Dior Boutique in a beautiful blue-y emerald green, here with a bright red cap, bright-sky blue gloves....Laroche's big, cozy hooded coat and walking shorts, *below*, in big bold northwoods-trapper's-blanket stripes of green and brown on orange with a brown ribbed bodysuit underneath.

Left: Dior Boutique coat, Leonard wool. About $350. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Below:* Laroche turnout, coat and shorts of Marcel Blanc fabric. About $325. Wanamaker's, Phila.

laroche's blanket stripes

dior boutique's polo coat

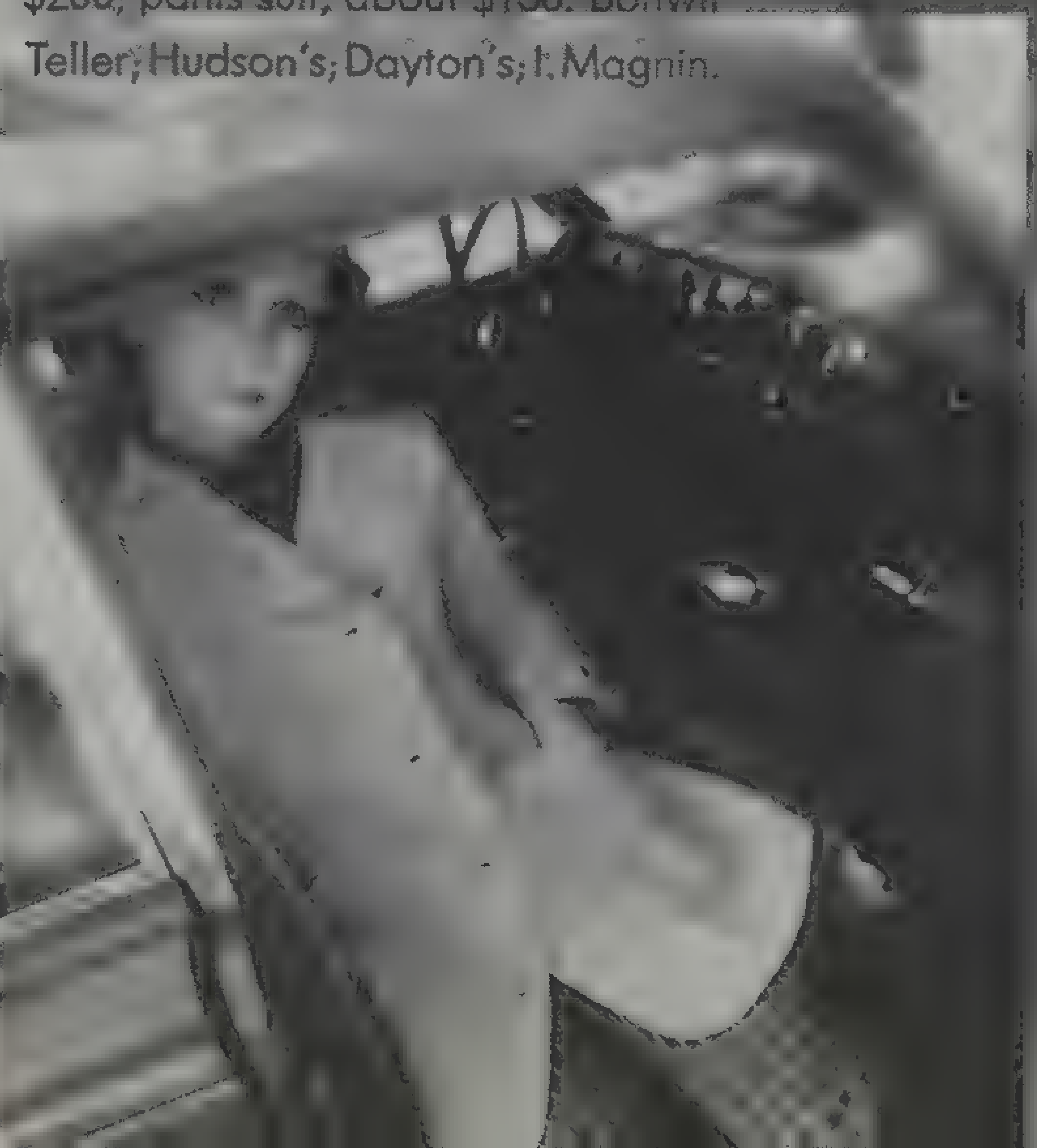
ARNAUD DE ROSNAY



ungaro's chopped coats

Ungaro runs a little wool duffle coat through the park, *above*—bone white with bone buttons, it's perfect for pants (honey suède ones, here)....Ungaro again, *below:* his blazer-y chopped coat of très-orange wool over a toff pinstripe pantsuit of brown-and-orange corduroy.

Above: Coat of Helita wool, about $195. Suède pants and matching tunic, about $385. White wool turtleneck, about $45. Bonwit Teller; Dayton's; I. Magnin. *Below:* Coat, about $200; pants suit, about $150. Bonwit Teller; Hudson's; Dayton's; I. Magnin.



The smallest suit, *below*, of bright fuchsia mohair—the neatest jacket and the shortest skating skirt—very snappy zipping around on bright fuchsia legs, with yolk-yellow chamois gloves, the way it is here.

Below: Hechter-Plume suit. Jacket, about $50; skirt, about $30. Henri Bendel. B[illegible]scarlet gloves. Tilbury shoes. All coifs by Carita

hechter's skater's suit

emmanuelle khanh's quilted pants tailleur... soft black trench coat

If you look for dresses and skirts in Emmanuelle Khanh's collection, you look in vain. Only pants—and they are great!!! Like her-own-print quilted cotton, *left,* plus matching battle jacket with a big coat-y collar. And *the* Paris hat: a beret, here in red...*right,* in black, worn with a black mostly-cashmere trench coat. Soft and sexy, with all the good dashing trench coat straps and tabs—nifty way to turn a classic. With matching cuffed pants and sneakers.

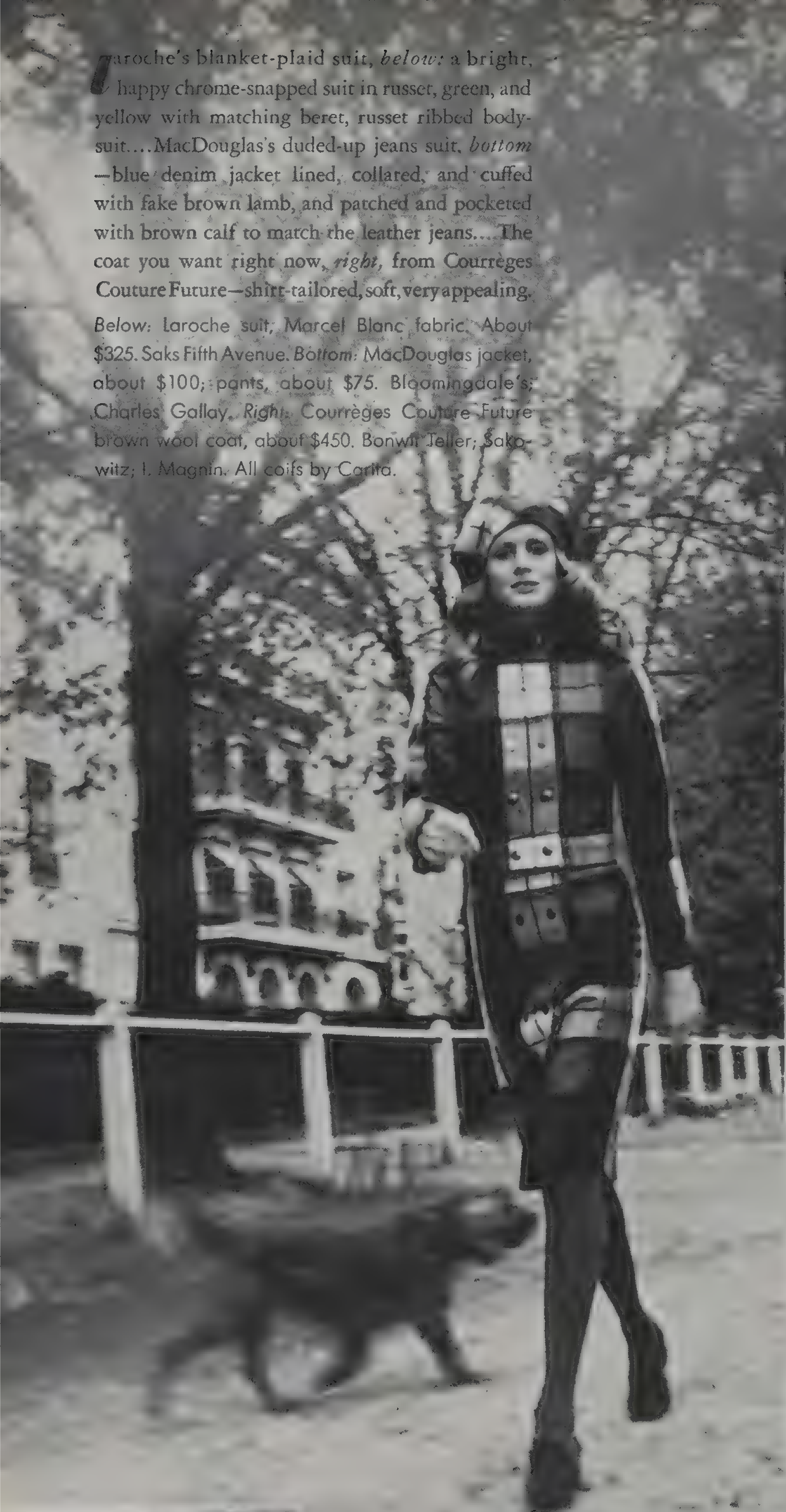
Left: Dreyfus cotton turnout, about $125. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Charles Gallay. *Right:* Coat and pants of cashmere, wool, and nylon (Tournier fabric). About $200. At Elizabeth Arden; Eleganza; Nan Duskin.

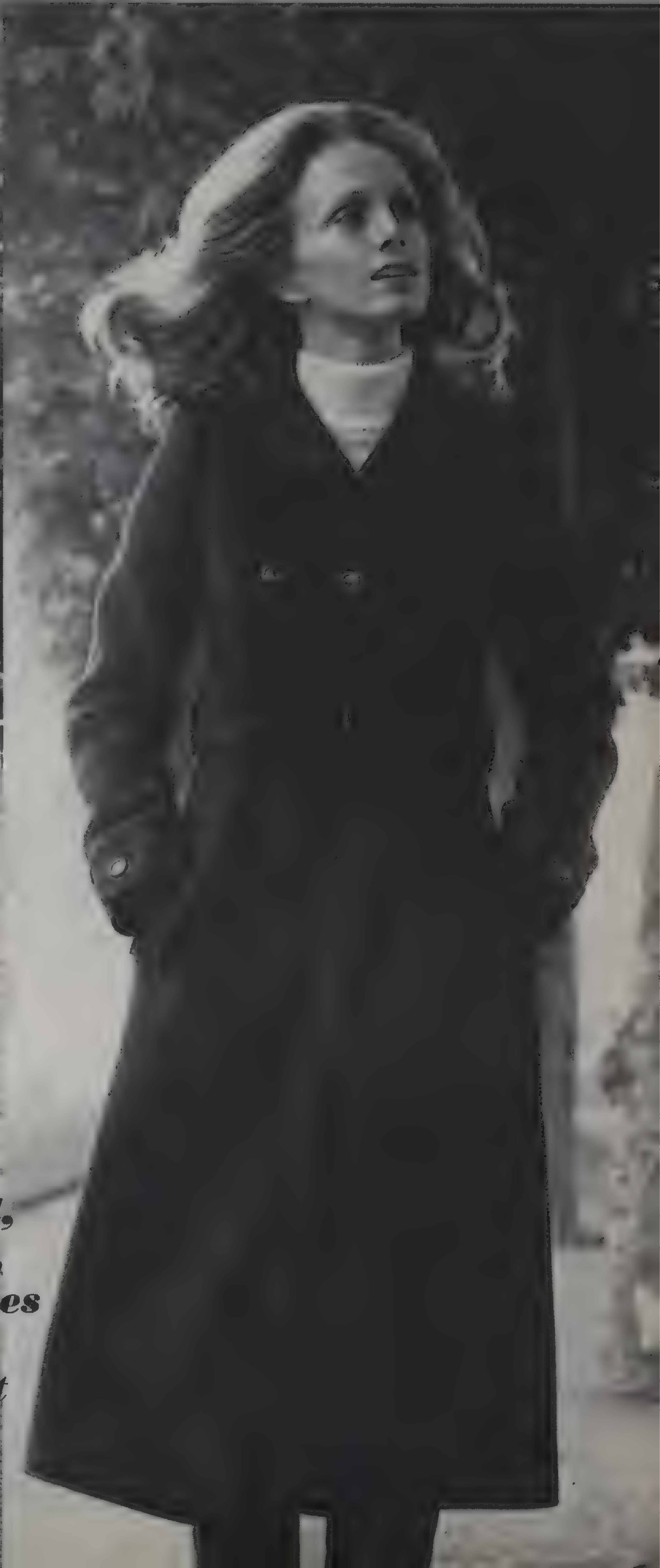
ARNAUD DE ROSNAY

here, now
paris

Laroche's blanket-plaid suit, *below:* a bright, happy chrome-snapped suit in russet, green, and yellow with matching beret, russet ribbed bodysuit….MacDouglas's duded-up jeans suit, *bottom* —blue denim jacket lined, collared, and cuffed with fake brown lamb, and patched and pocketed with brown calf to match the leather jeans….The coat you want right now, *right,* from Courrèges Couture Future—shirt-tailored, soft, very appealing.

Below: Laroche suit, Marcel Blanc fabric. About $325. Saks Fifth Avenue. *Bottom:* MacDouglas jacket, about $100; pants, about $75. Bloomingdale's; Charles Gallay. *Right:* Courrèges Couture Future brown wool coat, about $450. Bonwit Teller; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. All coifs by Carita.

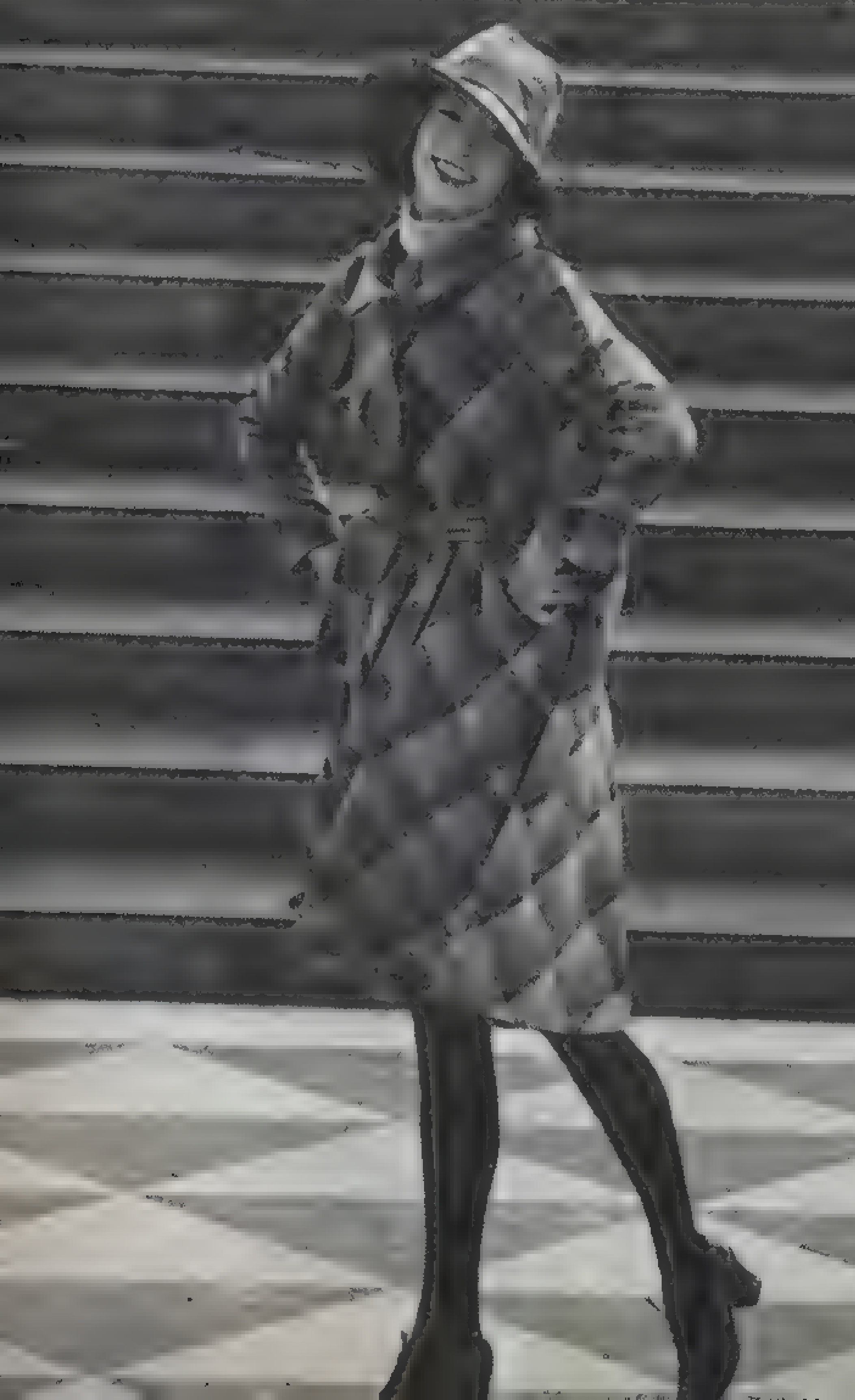




laroche plaid, mac douglas denim, and the courrèges couture future shirt-coat

here, now

london



biba's coat—plaid and swagger

it's a great new coat, this big-plaid Biba coat, with all its swing and swagger, full in back and pulled close in front like a peignoir. You see it coming and going here, with a wonderful matching cloche, feather cocked just so. Very perky and fresh in a big shadowy plaid of brown, peach, and beige—it's a look that might just be trying to tell us something.

Coat, about $70, and cloche, about $15, designed for Biba by Barbara Hulanecki. Biba at Bigi, Bergdorf Goodman.

jean muir— the white suède evening shirt

The skirt is black crêpe and long and fluid and marvelous, but the shirt! Ah, the shirt. ...It's of the supplest, thinnest, most delectable chalk-whitest suède, open at the throat, peplummed, and tied over a cluster of black-and-white flowers in back, which is why we show it to you twice.

Shirt, about $255; skirt, of triacetate and rayon, about $165. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. To order: I. Magnin. Coif by John of the House of Leonard.

PATRICK LICHFIELD

here, now
london

jean muir's little black jersey dress... satin culottes

If you're small-boned and feel like spoiling yourself a little, Jean Muir's for you—this beautiful black matte jersey dress particularly, *left,* with its little covered buttons and narrow, narrow long sleeves—it has the feel and fit of a teeny sweater. There's no place you'd wear a dress where you wouldn't wear it; no time through dinner when it wouldn't be right....And, *right,* for dashing about looking very nifty indeed, there's this little shirt of thin, thin cyclamen ciré with Edwardian sleeves, tucked into well-cut black satin culottes.

Left: Dress of rayon jersey, about $225. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. *Right:* Shirt of polyamide ciré, about $140; culottes of rayon satin, about $135. At Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. To order: I. Magnin.

jean muir's matte jersey to the ankle

What a dress! — smoky vert-de-gris matte jersey, clingy and sexy and terribly romantic with those soft, tightly-cuffed sleeves, the tight high neck, and a waist gathered with flowers. Very feminine, like all of Jean Muir's designs, and shown just as she showed it, like all of them here, with all the little flowers and dark legs and perfect black shoes.

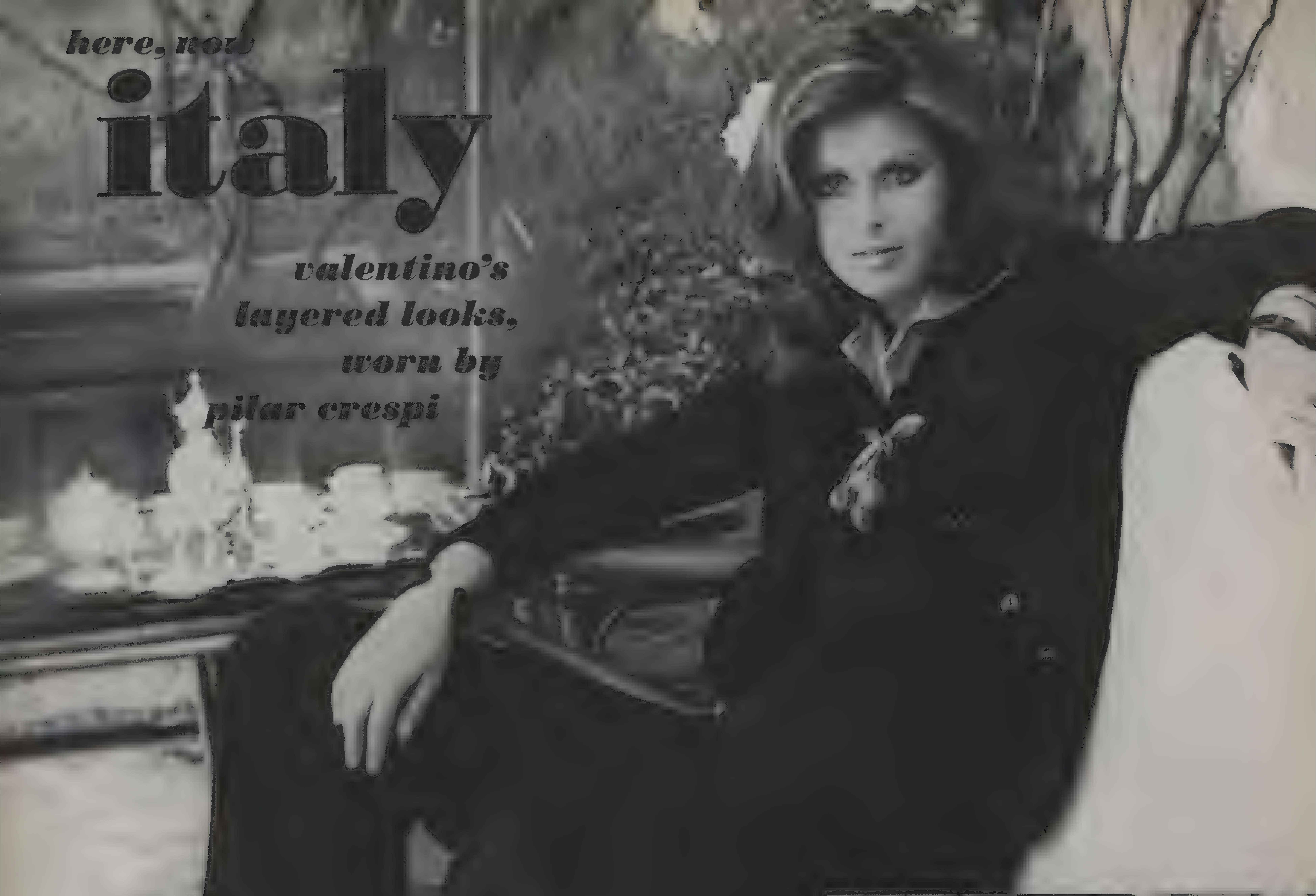
Dress of rayon jersey, about $250. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. To order: I. Magnin. Coifs by John of the House of Leonard.

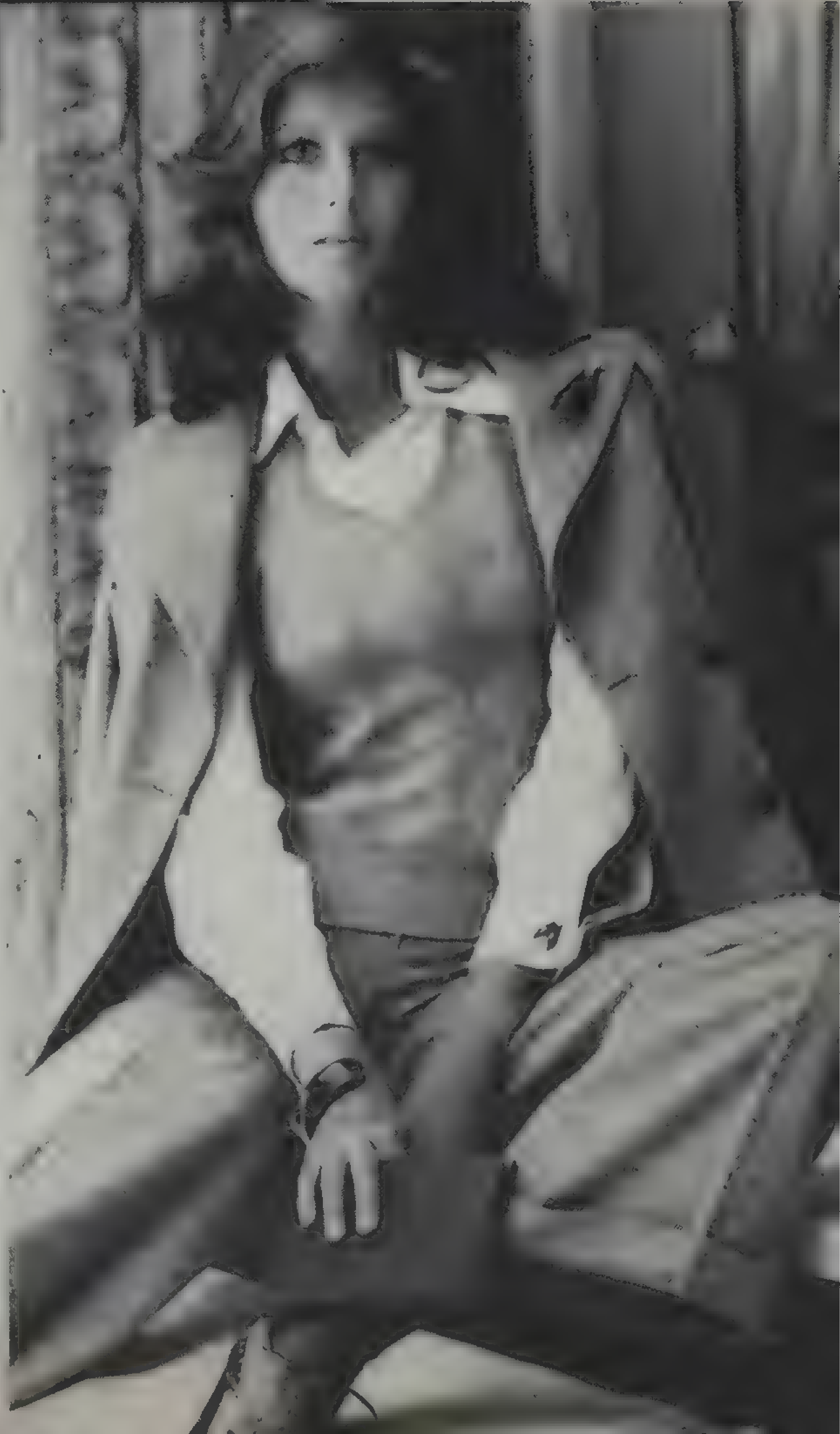
PATRICK LICHFIELD

here, now

italy

valentino's layered looks, worn by pilar crespi





every woman who saw this pictured herself in it—and loved the picture: a black satin blazer, *above*, over black silk charmeuse pants, red crêpe de Chine shirt, a black silk sweater-vest with embroidered cherries dangling. And black satin platform sandals. Same idea, daytime ingredients, *right*—a grey wool flannel pants suit with écru crêpe de Chine shirt, beige-and-grey Argyle cashmere sweater-vest. Plus grey patterned stockings, grey-and-green suéde ties. Photographed at the villa of Contessa Ida Matarazzo, in Rome.

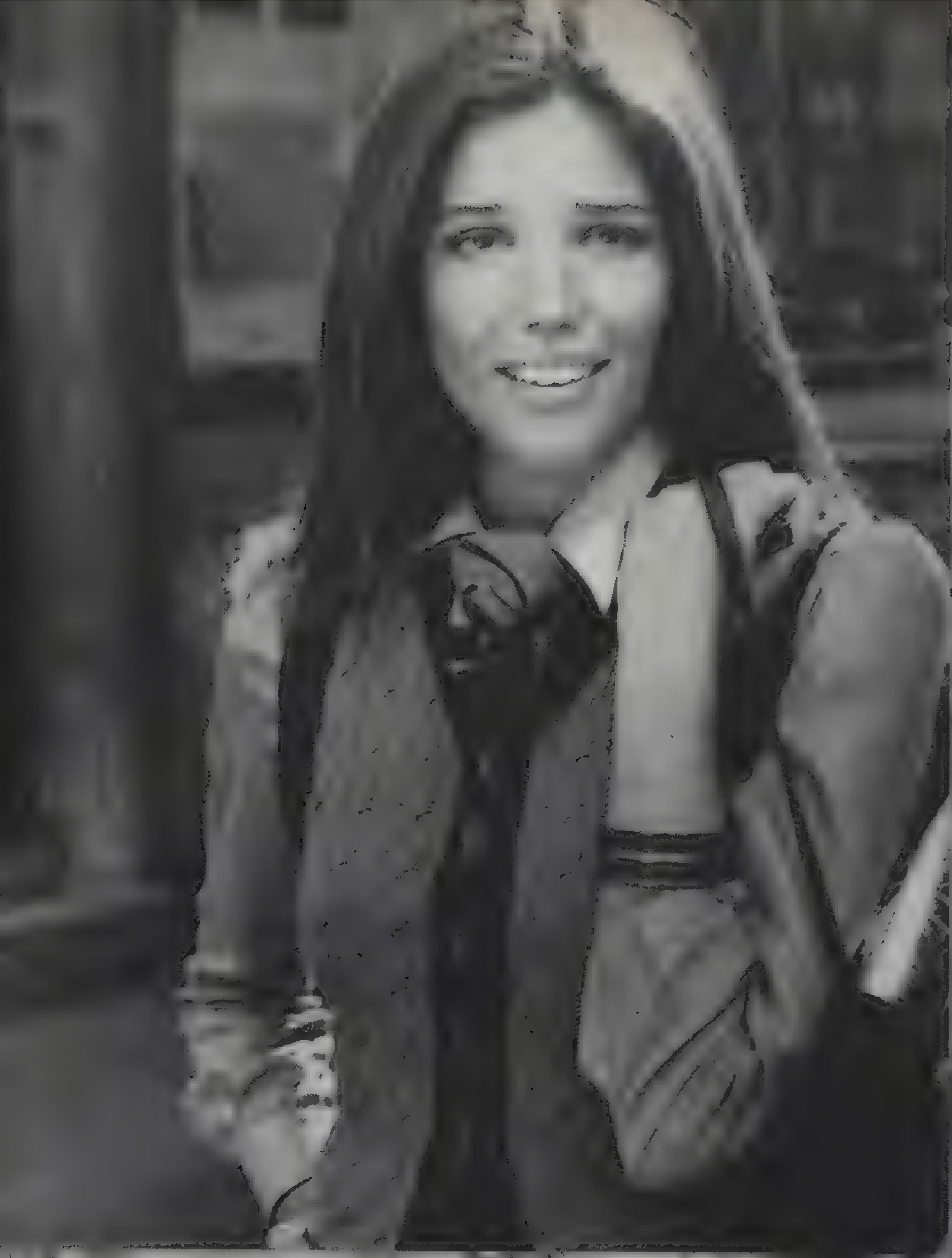
Above: Black blazer and pants, of Bini fabric. Blazer of acetate and viscose, about $200. Pants, about $95. Shirt, about $70. Sweater-vest, about $70. *Right:* Cardintex wool flannel suit. Jacket, about $190. Pants, about $95. Shirt, about $70. Sweater-vest, about $70.

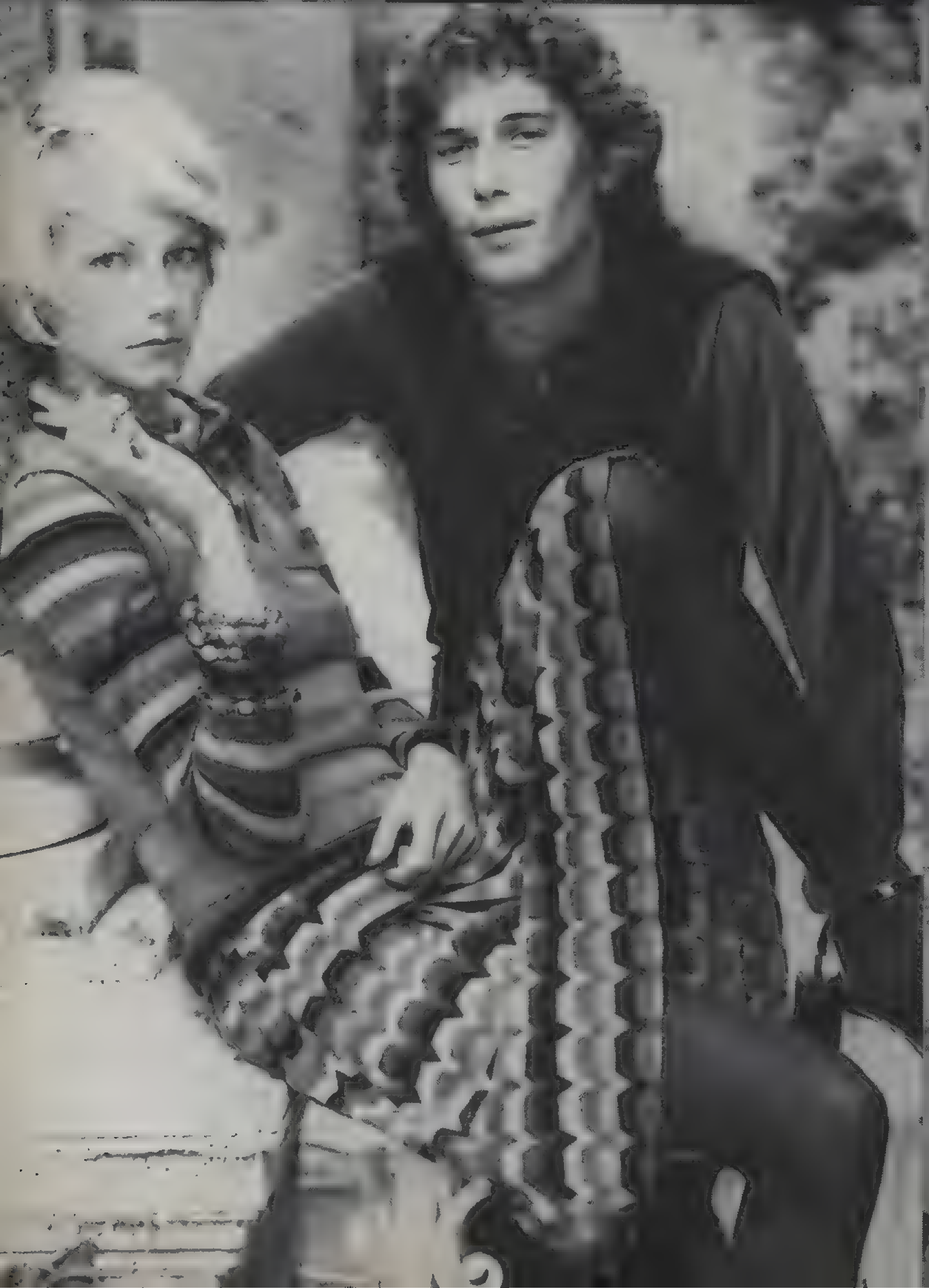
ELISABETTA CATALANO

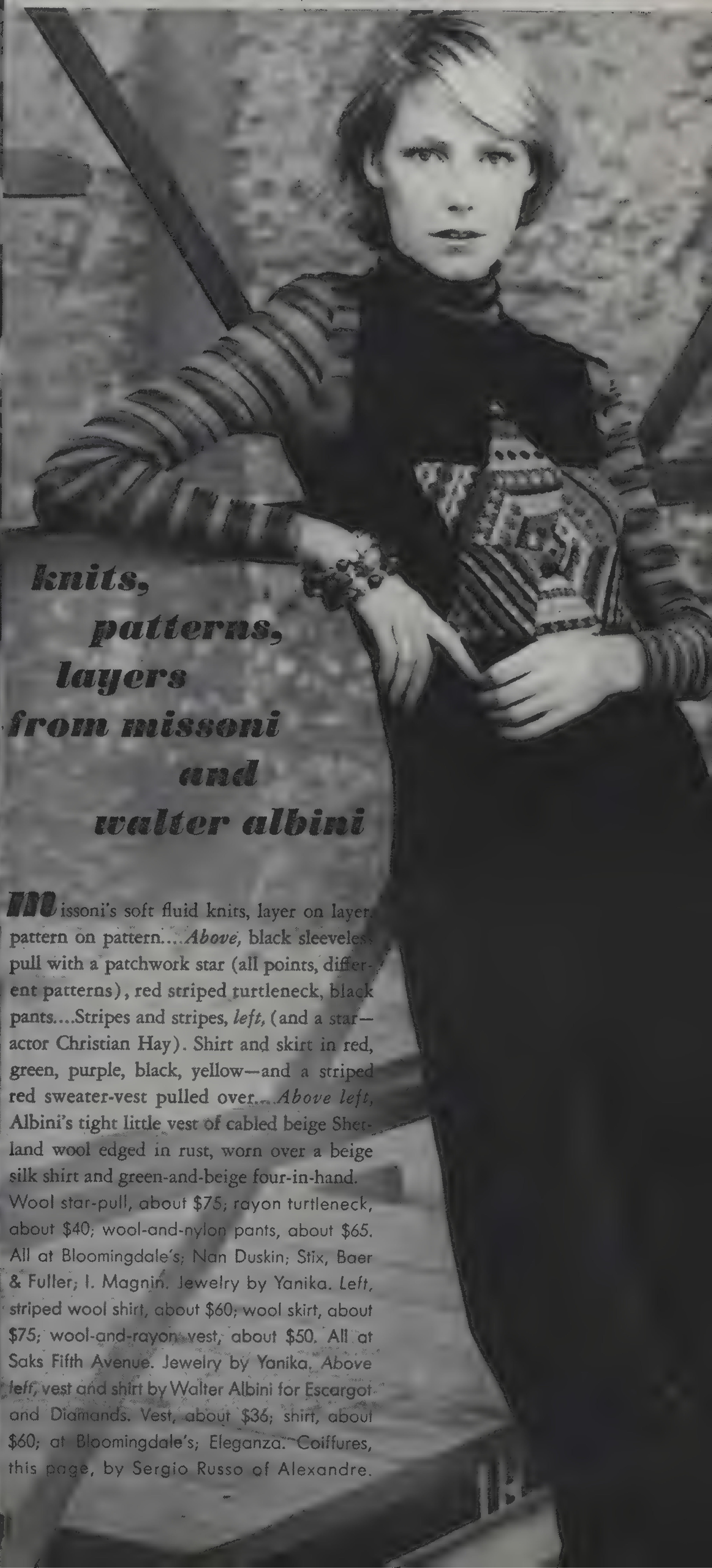
Pilar in Valentino's sensational camel wrap coat with a big fluffy guanaco collar and layers of pattern underneath—shirt, tie, button-front skirt of wine-and-white wool; cashmere sweater-vest Argyled in wine-white-beige-mustard. The hat, brown felt with pheasant pheathers. Photographed at the Casina Valadier, Rome. Coat, available late September. Skirt, about $120; shirt, about $100; both, of Stucchi wools. Sweater-vest, about $70. All, available at Valentino Boutique; Nan Duskin; Martha, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Claire Pearone; Frost Bros.; Neusteters; I. Magnin. Valentino accessories. Coif by Sergio Russo of Alexandre.

here, now

italy







knits, patterns, layers from missoni and walter albini

Missoni's soft fluid knits, layer on layer, pattern on pattern.... *Above,* black sleeveless pull with a patchwork star (all points, different patterns), red striped turtleneck, black pants....Stripes and stripes, *left,* (and a star—actor Christian Hay). Shirt and skirt in red, green, purple, black, yellow—and a striped red sweater-vest pulled over.... *Above left,* Albini's tight little vest of cabled beige Shetland wool edged in rust, worn over a beige silk shirt and green-and-beige four-in-hand. Wool star-pull, about $75; rayon turtleneck, about $40; wool-and-nylon pants, about $65. All at Bloomingdale's; Nan Duskin; Stix, Baer & Fuller; I. Magnin. Jewelry by Yanika. *Left,* striped wool shirt, about $60; wool skirt, about $75; wool-and-rayon vest, about $50. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Jewelry by Yanika. *Above left,* vest and shirt by Walter Albini for Escargot and Diamands. Vest, about $36; shirt, about $60; at Bloomingdale's; Eleganza. Coiffures, this page, by Sergio Russo of Alexandre.

suède patchwork from cavalli, worn by marilu tolo

Suède in patches—two natty new ways by Roberto Cavalli, and he leans to green....*Left,* a woodsy-green suède pants suit with patch-bound jacket, straight pants worn by Donna Christiana Senni. *Right,* his suède pants suit in pieces—green and black, striped, flowered, sewn together like intarsia, easy as old jeans. Here, on Marilu Tolo, the pretty young Italian actress of *Investigation of A Citizen Above Suspicion.*

Patch-edged jacket, about $125; pants, about $100. Striped and flowered turnout: jacket, about $150; pants, about $100. Necklaces by Bulgari. Belt by Roberta di Camerino. Boots: Mario Valentino. Both suède pants suits at Gavroche; Lou Lattimore; Country Club Fashions. Silk shirts: Samo. Coiffures, Roberto del Cinque.

ELISABETTA CATALANO

here, now

italy

mila schön's little black suit

black is news, the suit is news, and it all comes together with such perfection at Mila Schön, *left,* in double-faced wool with velvet collar and pockets, belted velvet blouse, and a big, soft, black velvet hat.... If you've been longing for a suit—a real suit that you can wear around town all day and not feel underdressed in at dinner—this is like wish fulfillment. Suit of Verzoletto wool, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hat by Mila Schön. Necklace and bracelet by Bozart. Bag by Vittoriana. Coiffure by Sergio Russo of Alexandre.

CATALANO

galitzine's little red dress, rolling black cape—worn by Mrs. Arnaud de Borchgrave

the brightest bird on the patio, *center,* Mrs. de Borchgrave in the kind of soft, pretty little Galitzine dress everyone and her sister would love to get into right away: red wool crêpe belted in black suède.…*Left,* the warmth and dash of the Western world—Galitzine's black heavy wool cape rolled out over a matching skirt and red wool crêpe shirt, with wonderful black patterned stockings, black-and-red ties.

Dress of Litex wool; about $110 at Lord & Taylor; I. Magnin. Jewels by Bulgari. Cape costume of Litex wool; about $395 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Necklace by Bulgari. Belt by Borbonese. Both outfits: Stockings by Fama. Shoes by Mario Valentino. Alba coifs. Makeup by Olga of Alba.

ELLIOTT ERWITT

I met the couple in St. Louis—at the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation (RBRF). They were wearing white coats—so I knew they were not patients. They are, in fact, Dr. William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson, sexologists and directors of the Foundation. And they come after Alfred Kinsey in the short line of distinguished scientists who have dared to study human sexuality (in this case, by actually measuring human response to sexual stimulation). They are also the authors of *Human Sexual Response* and *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, which, though written for a scientific audience, became runaway best sellers. But they are most conspicuous as Masters and Johnson, the husband and wife "dual-sex therapy team" who have been able to reverse sexual dysfunction in 80 percent of their patients in only two weeks of therapy.

I met them in St. Louis at the Foundation—a quietly modern place (its hush reinforced by piped-in music). Masters arrived first—so he offered to begin the interview without Johnson. I declined, mainly because I was after a colloquy—but also for reasons of Women's Lib. When Johnson finally did arrive, she provided liberal-arts counterpoint to Masters's pure science and I was glad that I had waited.

KENT: What's the standard for sexual performance? Is everyone supposed to get it right?

MASTERS: There is no standard—whatever works for the individuals concerned, whatever pleases them, is fine.

KENT: Yes, but if a couple enjoyed, say, the sort of practices described by the Marquis de Sade, would that put you off?

MASTERS: We don't establish values for anyone.

JOHNSON: We function within the patients' value systems.

MASTERS: We try to reflect them. We have no concept of omnipotence here. We don't try to establish mores for anybody. We try to help people to be effective within their own mores. We treat the marital *relationship*—not the husband or the wife—by acting as mirrors, nonjudgmental mirrors. Ours is a relatively passive role. We don't *do* very much because we have found over a period of years that we don't have to. We treat sex as a natural functioning—meaning we don't have to educate people into accomplishing anything. We don't try to teach a male how to have an erection or a female how to have an orgasm—there's no way to do that. We offer a little mirror reflection and some suggestions.

sex questions people don't ask and should

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. WILLIAM H. MASTERS AND VIRGINIA E. JOHNSON

Left: Dr. and Mrs. Masters (she calls herself Mrs. Johnson in her work, Mrs. Masters in her private life), photographed at their research foundation in St. Louis, Missouri.

BY LETICIA KENT

But mainly we let the couple work out their own problems.

KENT: Are you helping people to achieve pleasure?

MASTERS: No, communication. We believe that effective sexual intercourse is the ultimate in communication.

KENT: By what standards do you measure sexual inadequacy?

MASTERS: What we call the presenting distress that we treat is delineated by the patients themselves and the context is their own.

KENT: Was your professional concern with sex a factor in your recent marriage?

JOHNSON: Do chefs eat?

KENT: What is the most common misconception about sex?

MASTERS: That sex is something a man does to a woman.

KENT: Well, *Playboy* certainly fosters that idea. How then do you justify accepting financial support and editorial space from *Playboy?*

MASTERS: The responsibility of a research organization such as ours is to disseminate information. Before we made a commitment to *Playboy*, we checked its circulation. More males between the ages of eighteen and thirty-eight read *Playboy* than any other magazine. If Vogue had that kind of audience, you can bet your sweet life that we'd be willing to make a similar commitment to Vogue.

KENT: Has Women's Liberation made a difference in the consciousness of your patients?

MASTERS: It hasn't yet changed the misconception that sex is something a man does to a woman. When it does, *great.*

KENT: Doesn't your practice of providing volunteer female partners only for male patients perpetuate the idea that sex is something a man does to a woman?

MASTERS: We don't suggest that the supplying of surrogate partners is beyond reproach. In fact, we've stopped doing it. We prefer that the male supply his own partner. But impotent men have difficulty in attracting partners. We face the dilemma that there are valid objections to the procedure, but that we think it's necessary in the treatment of single males. Do you know that about 20 percent of impotent males attempt suicide before they reach thirty-five?

KENT: Why don't you supply volunteer male partners to women?

JOHNSON: There are indications that the procedure might not be effective in treating women. Rightly or wrongly, sexual transference seems more difficult for women.

MASTERS: The ques- (Continued, next page)

MASTERS: *"As a rule, the higher the education, the more sexual experimentation"*

tion you raise is purely hypothetical. We've never been asked to supply a male surrogate. You see, we only accept patients in referral from authority. And no one in authority has ever asked us to supply a male partner.

KENT: Have you given any thought to dropping the referral requirement?

MASTERS: No—not so long as we're a research entity.

KENT: Why not?

JOHNSON: There simply has to be some screening device.

MASTERS: We want some control over referrals—we don't, for example, accept psychotics.

KENT: The young are increasingly critical of authority.

MASTERS: That the young are anti-authoritarian doesn't make them expert in all things. It doesn't make them diagnosticians.

JOHNSON: If they can diagnose their own cases, then they might just as well treat them.

KENT: What are the questions that you're surprised you're *not* asked by patients?

JOHNSON: Questions pertaining to the nature of sexual response. People don't ask, "What am I supposed to be like?" "What is supposed to be happening to me?" They presume they *know*, yet the very existence of their dysfunction means they don't know. Doctor [Masters] often quips that we have the distinct advantage of working as scientists in a field in which *everyone* thinks he's an expert. People laugh when he says that, but he's right.

KENT: Yes, but in the final analysis, isn't everyone his own expert? And didn't you say, "We let the couple work out their own problems"?

MASTERS: Still, the lack of intellectual curiosity on the part of nearly everyone in matters of sexual functioning is the overwhelming surprise to us. People invariably *tell* you—not ask you—about sexual functioning. We operate on the principle that if someone tells us, we listen —but if someone asks us, we try to answer.

KENT: In her book, *The Female Eunuch*, Germaine Greer says, "The ideal marriage as measured by the electronic equipment in the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation laboratories is enfeebled—dull sex for dull people. The sexual personality is basically anti-authoritarian. If the system wishes to enforce complete suggestibility in its subjects, it will have to tame sex. Masters and Johnson supplied the blueprint for standard, low-agitation, cool-out monogamy." Greer also implied that your therapy substitutes genitality for sexuality. What's your response?

MASTERS: None. We never respond publicly to criticism—which is not to say that the criticism isn't important or that we don't absorb it when relevant at our level.

KENT: You estimate that half of American marriages are suffering from some form of sexual inadequacy.

MASTERS: And that's a conservative estimate. Sexual inadequacy has many forms. Suppose there is a significant difference in two partners as to sex-tension level. Say, one has a high level and the other has a low level. This can cause incredible friction, as much as impotence causes —if not more.

KENT: When you speak of "sexual inadequacy" instead of "sexual response," aren't you being judgmental?

MASTERS: We don't speak of inadequacy per se—but of inadequacy as to the couple's own concepts.

KENT: Then if, say, a potent man were pleased with his non-orgasmic wife, you would not consider their relationship to be sexually inadequate?

JOHNSON: Well, there is also the woman's own expectations for herself.

MASTERS: If a woman is non-orgasmic and couldn't care less, then we couldn't care less. It's not up to us to set standards.

KENT: Do you have a vested interest in sexual dysfunction? Are you getting rich from it?

MASTERS: All of the monies that are paid for the treatment of sexual dysfunction go to our Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, for research.

KENT: If one hasn't got the $2,500 fee for your services, is one supposed to go through life ungratified?

MASTERS: Twenty percent of our patients pay nothing and another 20 percent pay an adjusted fee. Our costs run about $1,250 per patient—so if someone pays full fee and someone else pays nothing, we're covered.

KENT: Like Robin Hood?

MASTERS: No—it's simply realistic.

JOHNSON: Just as it's unrealistic to expect us to treat everyone in the world who is sexually dysfunctional.

MASTERS: Particularly if you accept our estimate of the extent of sexual dysfunction. We have started training dual-sex therapy teams, but it will be a decade before an adequate number of teams are trained and have begun their own research and the training of other teams.

JOHNSON: Sexual dysfunction is more a cultural disease than a physiological or a psychological one. Until there is more social pressure for the prevention and treatment of sexual dysfunction, we're in the same position as physicians who treat a modicum of diseases while other diseases run rampant.

KENT: I can't help wondering if there really is as much sexual dysfunction as you estimate. Is it possible that your statistical method is giving you the wrong picture?

JOHNSON: Well, the statistics are from two very good sources, the divorce courts and the clergy.

MASTERS: Our estimates may be miles off— but I don't think so.

KENT: Does the nuclear family foster sexual hang-ups? Would communal living be better?

MASTERS: You're asking a sociological question which we're unqualified to answer.

KENT: In the beginning, how did you have the courage to study human sexuality firsthand?

MASTERS: The answer to your question is that I no longer had the courage *not* to. I was a gynecologist and obstetrician and I was constantly asked, "What's wrong?" or "How can it be done?" To which I would embarrassedly reply, "I don't know."

KENT: Does sexual satisfaction occur in the head, in the sexual organ, or in the whole person?

MASTERS and **JOHNSON** (in unison): In the whole person.

KENT: Then why is there a geographical dispute as to the location—clitoris or vagina—of the orgasm? Certain feminists claim that there is only a clitoral orgasm and they cite you as their authority.

JOHNSON: There are not two separate kinds of orgasms, one clitoral and one vaginal. There is only a difference in the site of stimulation.

KENT: But you have said that the orgasm is more intense and longer lasting when the site of stimulation is the clitoris.

MASTERS: Intensity and duration, yes. Subjective appreciation as better, *no*.

KENT: Are the sexual capacities of men and women similar?

MASTERS: The female has far more sexual capacity than the male. Fortunately, most women do not express demands relative to their capacity—because men could not meet those demands.

JOHNSON: And women rarely equate the quantitative use of their physical powers with the quality of their sexual experience. It's presumptuous to measure sex—a subjective experience—in physical terms only.

KENT: Is there a relationship between sexual satisfaction and independence?

JOHNSON: One person's independence is another person's burden. But sexual satisfaction could, I suppose, reinforce independence by contributing to a person's sense of security and to his sense of his own identity.

KENT: Is there a relationship between ethnic background and sexual satisfaction?

MASTERS: No one knows.

KENT: Is there a relationship between social position and preferred sexual position?

MASTERS: As a rule of thumb, the higher the level of formal education, the more the sexual experimentation.

KENT: Do you advocate sex education for children?

MASTERS: We don't enter the field in any way. But there isn't going to be any education unless there is more information—which is our preoccupation.

JOHNSON: *"There are not two kinds of orgasms, only a difference in site of stimulation"*

KENT: According to Freud, creativity is related to the sublimation of sexual drives. You advocate an expression of sexual drives. Does this portend a decline in creativity?

JOHNSON: Well, if we were to respond to that, we'd have to accept Freud's theory and I'm not sure that we do.

KENT: Norman Mailer claims that the violence that occurs in warfare is an aspect of sexual sublimation [read frustration]. Does your work foreshadow a decline in aggression?

MASTERS: Again, that's Mailer's *theory*. We refuse to be caught in any controversy that involves theory. It's about time that someone devoted himself to the collection of fact. Period. And fact is our thing.

KENT: But even Einstein pursued his own theories in search of fact.

MASTERS: I didn't say that we don't pursue ours. I said we don't proclaim them.

KENT: It's said that we're fast becoming a nation of voyeurs. Is it possible that the apparent interest in sex by way of films, pornography, and definitive studies has more to do with viewing than doing?

MASTERS: It's possible. I don't know.

JOHNSON: It seems rather illogical to place "definitive studies" in the same list with pornography.

KENT: It's commonly thought that too many women are sexually unfulfilled. What is the value of a higher level of sexual satisfaction for women?

JOHNSON: The use of the word "higher" presumes an undetermined number of women "stalemated" at the same level of response and all regarding that level as unsatisfactory. The question answers itself if you ask, "What is the value of a level of sexual satisfaction which a woman personally considers effective?" An individual's sexual value system is personal, and pleasure and value in sexual response is highly subjective.

KENT: If sex goes wrong, is it primary or is it the result of other things?

MASTERS: It can be both ways, but most of the time it's secondary to other causes. That is, there's very little dysfunction that is physical in genesis.

KENT: Does working at sex interfere with spontaneity?

MASTERS: Most people have difficulty because when sex goes wrong, they *work* to make it better. You can't do that with a natural function—so one of our jobs is to discourage working at it.

KENT: If sex goes wrong, is it generally the woman's fault or the man's?

JOHNSON: Sex going wrong is the product of a particular relationship. It's how two people represent themselves within that relationship that goes wrong. It may go wrong for one or for both.

MASTERS: We don't assign blame.

KENT: In your work you seem to emphasize the importance of the senses of touch and smell over the other senses. And you seem to stress the nonverbal aspects of communication over the verbal. Why?

JOHNSON: Touch, smell, and nonverbal forms of communication often produce less stress for those who suffer from (have a concern for) sexual dysfunction. They also are familiar common denominators for most people. Your suggestion that we stress nonverbal over verbal is inaccurate. We try to encourage the expression of both these forms of communication.

KENT: Can you say anything about your recent work with homosexuals?

MASTERS: Well, we're doing it. We began back in 1963—so it's not "recent." If we follow the usual format, the work will not be reported until the mid-'seventies. We have a rule that no work is presented in textual form until we've had a decade of experience. Our first two books represented eleven years of experience.

We're treating homosexual dysfunction in much the same way as we treat heterosexual dysfunction. We're treating the occasional homosexual—male or female—who wishes to revert or convert. We are also treating the dysfunctional homosexual who wishes to function effectively within his or her milieu—the impotent male who wishes to become potent in a homosexual situation and the non-orgasmic female who wishes to become orgasmic. We have nothing to say beyond this except that we will first report our findings in a scientific framework —not in the press.

KENT: Do you ever suggest to a couple that they are erotically incompatible?

MASTERS: We never give a value judgment.

JOHNSON: It would be presumptuous.

KENT: Are you primarily concerned with saving marriages?

MASTERS: We're concerned with improving interpersonal relationships—whether or not the couple is married.

KENT: But if you have to limit the number of patients you treat, do you choose the marital unit over the nonmarital one?

MASTERS: No, we choose those individuals from whom we think we can learn the most. This is a scientific investigation. Our job is research.

KENT: Your patients are mainly in the thirty- to fifty-year age group. Is this too late for effective treatment?

JOHNSON: From the point of view of therapy, you can't fix something before it goes wrong. But from the point of view of prevention, we need to see people earlier.

KENT: When you say sexual response is the result of a "natural function," what precisely do you mean?

MASTERS: We mean "born with a facility for." No one *teaches* a man to achieve an erection—he probably has that erection before he nurses. No one teaches a woman to lubricate. She lubricates on the first day of life under the influence of the placental hormones.

JOHNSON: We do learn social controls—but sometimes these controls unrealistically and unnecessarily interfere with the naturalness of the function of sex.

KENT: Do we need to know still more facts about sex?

MASTERS: We haven't even scratched the surface of knowledge in this area. For example, the neurophysiology of human sexual functioning—particularly extra-cranially—has never been investigated. If we knew more about that, then we might also know more about stimulative and repressive factors in sex. The more facts about sex you have, the less you depend upon theory. One reason that there is such a massive amount of theory about sex is that there is so little fact.

KENT: The psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich put a great deal of emphasis on the completely satisfying genital orgasm. Do you feel closer to Reich than to Sigmund Freud?

MASTERS: I don't feel close to anybody else. I have great respect for both Freud and Reich because they both applied their heads and their considerable talents to what facts were available to them at the time. Great! I expect that we—at some future time—will be laughed at by those with more knowledge who come after us. Until now, research into sexual functioning has been forbidden. We are neither the first ones who wanted to do such research nor the first ones who attempted it—we are simply the first who were *allowed* to do it. I'm excluding Kinsey only because his work, though it pertains to sex, was sociological in orientation. I'm speaking now about being permitted to work on the physiology and the psychology of sexual functioning, and with institutional protection. Others —better trained and better equipped than we— would probably have done more than we have done if they had been allowed to. We were lucky enough to have been given permission by Washington University. Still, without Kinsey's precedent, I doubt that we would have been so allowed. Kinsey *really* was the first to obtain academic support—we're number two.

KENT: Can you imagine, as you continue to free people from sexual repression, that you might somehow threaten the Establishment? The thrust of my question is to ask whether a certain amount of sexual repression might not be useful to authority?

MASTERS: We are devoted to acquiring and presenting facts about sexual functioning—without necessarily interpreting them. And we have no concept that social constraints on natural functions are *not* in order. But we are in favor of social controls based on objective fact—not subjective fear. Fact is our thing. Period. ▼

WHAT'S WITH LEGS

Above: Valentino stockings, $13; shoes, $45. Valentino Boutique. *Near right:* Berkshire socks. Gösta slipper, about $30. Bloomingdale's. *Far right:* Roman Stripe sock, $2.50. Bergdorf Goodman. Boot by Moya Bowler for Edouard Jerrold; $80. Shoe Biz at Bendel's; Kaufmann's.

STEP-RIGHT-UP-AND-INTO LOOKS. STOCKINGS IN BIG JACQUARD CHECKS, FAR LEFT–BROWN AND CAMEL, PLUS MATCHING LEATHER-AND-SUÈDE OXFORD TIES. KEEP THE COLOR AND PATTERN GOING ALL THE WAY–A PLAID KILT, ARGYLE SWEATERS....OVER KNEE, UNDER KNEE, CENTER–YOU'VE GOT IT BOTH WAYS HERE. THESE EITHER/OR NAVY STRETCH KNEE SOCKS GO OVER TIGHTS, SLIP INTO RED-AND-NAVY PATENT WEDGE SLIPPERS–AND EVERY WIDE-OPEN SKIRT YOU CAN FIND. SCOTTISH KILTS, FLANNEL ONES, SAINT LAURENT'S PRINTED CHALLIS KILT....GREEK MOUNTAIN-GOAT BOOT, OPPOSITE PAGE. SHAGGY RUGGED GREY FUR LACED TO MID-CALF OVER GREY CABLE-KNIT WOOL OVER-KNEE SOCKS. OVER ALL THIS–LONG LONG-HAIRED FURS (FOX, FAKE SNOW LEOPARD), SOFT KNIT PARATROOPY PANTS TUCKED IN AND SPILLED OVER.

PENATI

WHAT'S WITH LEGS

Left: David Evins shoe. About $60. I. Miller; I. Magnin. Danskin tights. $4.25. Bloomingdale's. *Near right:* David Evins boot. About $65. I. Miller; I. Magnin. Penn Carol tights. About $3.50. Bonwit Teller; I. Magnin. *Far right:* Brogue, $30. Laura Tosato, for Miller Eye. Tights by Burlington. $3.50. Henri Bendel. The lithographs in the background of these and the preceding two pages are from Richard Feigen Graphics shown here at the Richard Feigen Gallery, New York.

PERFECT EVENING SHOE, FAR LEFT—VIOLET SATIN, ANKLE-RIBBONED, SET ON A LITTLE SHAPED WEDGE. WEAR IT WALTZING, SAMBAING, WITH BEETROOT TIGHTS, PEEPING OUT BENEATH WOOSHY SKIRTS—BLACK, BRIGHT RED. ...HERE'S WHAT'S WITH LONG PANTS, NEAR LEFT, STRAIGHT LONG PANTS, ROLLED-UP LONG PANTS—THE GUSSETED JODHPUR BOOT, THIS IN RUSTY PUMPKIN SUÈDE, WITH PUMPKIN-AND-BROWN RIBBED TIGHTS....THE TWO-TONED LOOK, RIGHT, FOR A DOUBLE-BUCKLE BROGUE IN NAVY-AND-BROWN SUÈDE, FOR NAVY-AND-BLACK TIGHTS—FOR EVERY DAY IN THE CITY AND EVERY PATTERNED SHIRTDRESS YOU OWN IN BLUES, BLACKS, BROWNS.

PENATI

black velvet for day

VOGUE PATTERN 2598

VOGUE PATTERN 8122

Now you can have black velvet from one end of the day to the other. . . . A perfect pants tailleur, far left, with a trim little blazer and cuffed legs, turned out today with a white turtleneck sweater (tonight, tomorrow—white silk shirt and tie, black satin ribbon in your hair.) . . . And here's your daily shirtdress in black velvet, left, plus gleamy chain-and-fob, black patterned legs—very with-it. Pants tailleur, Vogue Pattern 2598. Shirtdress, Vogue Pattern 8122. Both velvets of Acele acetate and Enka rayon by Martin Fabrics. At Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field. Background, both pages, the Richard Feigen Gallery, New York. Coiffures: François of Kenneth. Pattern details, see page 16. Accessories details, next to last page of this issue.

VOGUE PATTERNS

PENATI

WHAT'S UNDER

The little bare black bras to wear under bare black dresses

You'll be seeing lots of bare black dresses now. Dresses with bare shoulders, bare backs ...wide necklines...a little plunge, a lot of plunge. What is there to wear under them—or under any dark color? Here's what....*Left:* For a wide V-neckline, a bra with same—just the bit of power you see; almost nothing to it but stretch lace, lift, and a lightly controlling pantie to match....*Near right:* The strapless bra that's one in a million—it fits so snug-off-the-peg you never have to give it a thought under bare-shoulder dresses....And black lace, *center right* (what sexy little there is of it)—for any dress that plunges, such as the two black velvets you saw earlier in this issue....The bra you want under bare-back dresses, *far right*—a stretch of black with crisscross straps.

Left: Bra, $5.; pantie, $6.50. By Olga, in Du Pont nylon and Lycra. Altman's; Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz; Joseph Magnin....*Near right:* Bra by Warner's, in nylon satin double knit and Lycra. $6. Altman's; Halle's-Cleveland....*Center right:* Lace bra by Vassarette, in embroidered nylon net. $7. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's, Carson Pirie Scott; Bullock's. *Far right:* Crisscross strap bra, $6. Black bikini of Enka Crepeset nylon, $2. Both, by Warner's. Altman's; Halle's-Cleveland. Coifs on these and the next two pages, Maury Hopson.

PENATI

WHAT

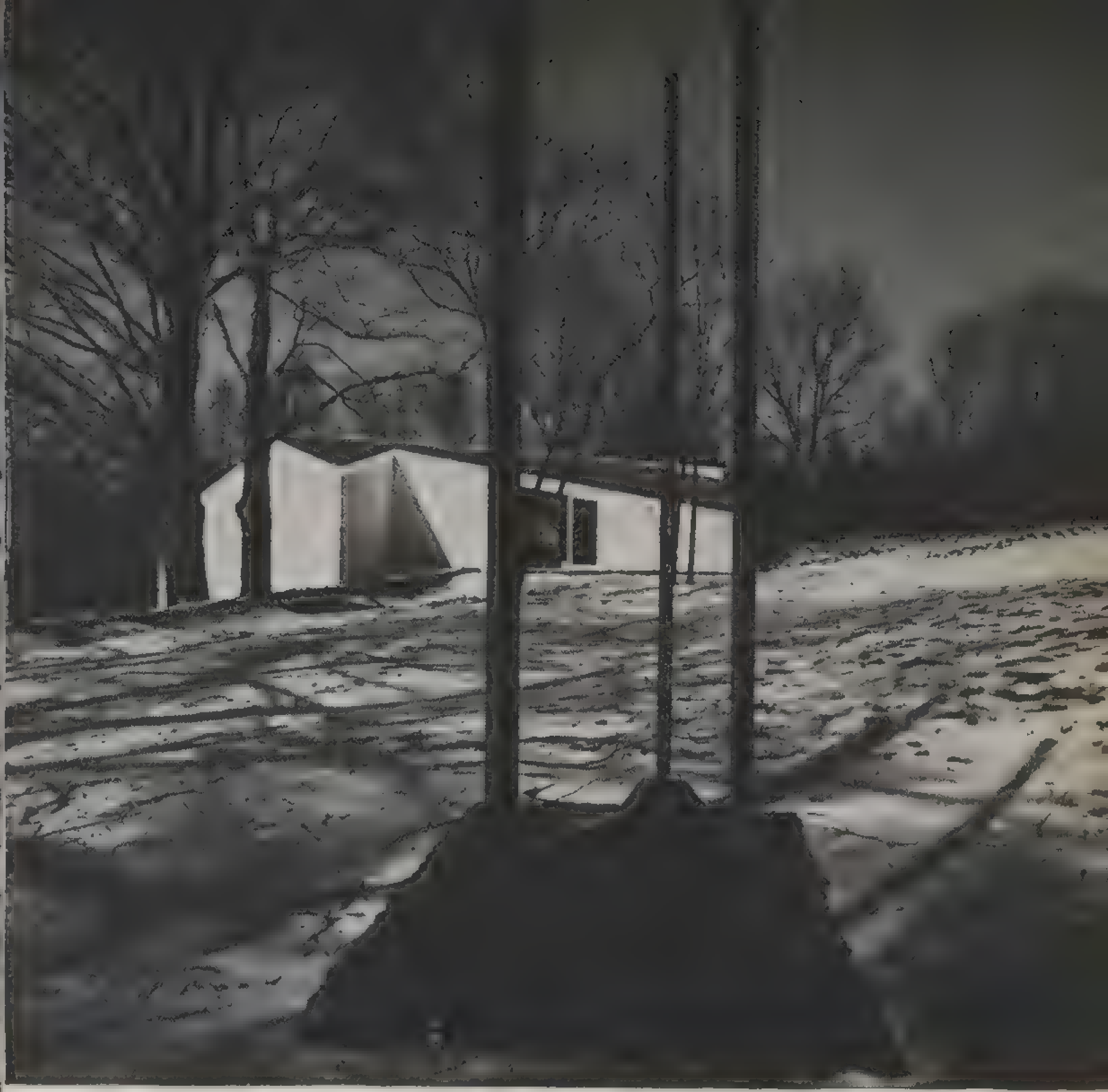
WHAT'S UNDER WHAT

Soft little somethings like these go under every thing soft

With all the soft, fluid clothes you're going to be in from now on, you want only the softest, thinnest something under them. Otherwise you'd blow the whole idea, the whole line.... A bikini's worth of pantie and bra, *far left*, just skims smoothly over your skin and makes everything else skim deliciously, too. And it's dark, dark brown—a color that looks terrific against your own and great under black.... *Near left:* Some more dark brown—just a bit more pantie and about as much bra. Another cool stretch that makes everything you put over it slide on without a hitch.... And, *right*, the lightest little layer of leopard pattern you put on under all the other layers of pattern—the thinnest and sexiest.

Far left: Bra, $4; bikini, $3. Sea Dream Collection by Maidenform, in Crepeset nylon and Lycra. Altman's; Hudson's; The Denver.... *Near left:* Bra, $4; pantie, $3.50. By Gossard Artemis, in Antron nylon and Lycra. Macy's.... *Right:* Maillot by Vanity Fair, in tricot of Du Pont nylon and Lycra; about $17. Bergdorf Goodman; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin.

PENATI



ART UNDER GLASS

Philip Johnson's new gallery: a sculpture to hold sculpture

Since 1949, when his precedent-making Glass House was completed, Philip Johnson—an architect's architect—has made his thirty-two acres near New Canaan, Connecticut, a proving ground for his ideas about architecture. What has resulted is a series of some of the most beautiful modern buildings in America: the main house, a guesthouse, a pavilion, a subterranean paintings gallery, and now a many-leveled sculpture gallery, *above*, painted white, built into a hillside, that combines Johnson's extraordinary and unique patronage of contemporary artists with his definite sense of how sculpture should be seen. (Over the years, Johnson has designed ten art galleries across America.) (Continued)

a sweep of the sculpture gallery, *left*, the sun pouring into the many-leveled room, with its works by American artists. From the left: a 1967-68 black felt sculpture by Robert Morris; hanging from the glass-and-pipe ceiling, Claes Oldenburg's "Soft Saw"; in one of the corner niches, a John Chamberlain sculpture made in the early 'sixties from junked automobiles; through the wall opening, metal plates—part of a 1969 Richard Serra; in front, Robert Morris's 1968 serial sculpture of nine fiber-glass forms; upper right in this photograph, Oldenburg's soft sculptures on two small shelves and hanging on the wall. *Above*: Outside the gallery, the soaring steel columns of a 1965 sculpture, 112 inches high, by Barnett Newman.

HORST

SCULPTURE IN A NEW LIGHT

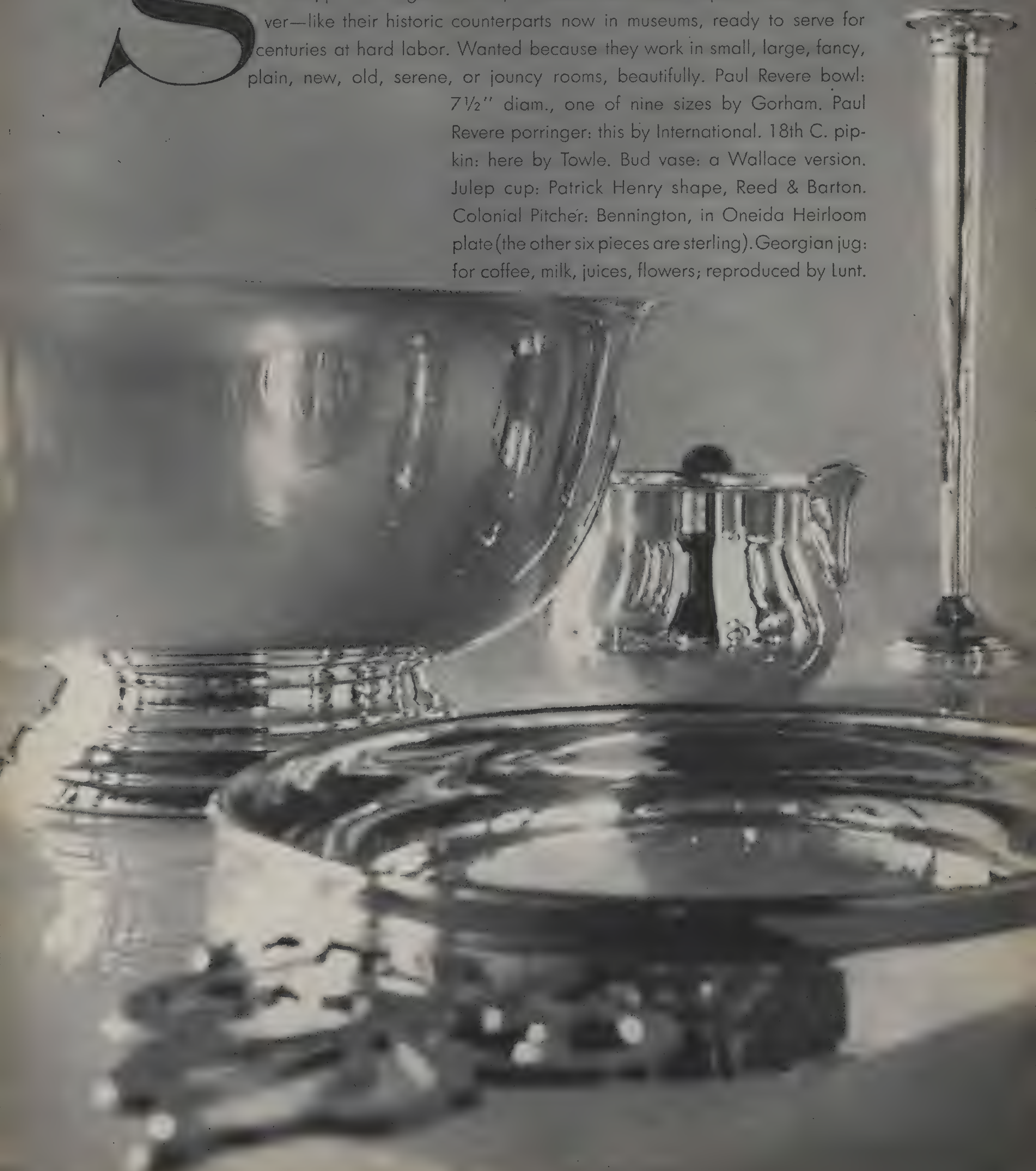
(Continued) "I wanted to build another building, and I had all this sculpture," Johnson said, apologizing for sounding like Andy Warhol, one of the many American artists whose work he collects. "Sculpture can't go in a big room because you see one piece behind another. In my building, you have a series of niches in which you see one piece at a time but all can be seen from the room's center." The building is full of angles—a prism that has been glassed over. "Sculpture needs high and low space. The space with Judd's work (left) rises from six feet to fourteen feet." Within the building, heights vary from six to twenty-five feet. There are no railings on the stairs, only ten-inch-high parapets. The ceiling, resting on steel pipe, is mirrored glass, which not only reflects the room but allows a view of the ridge beyond and causes sharp patterns of shadow-stripes as well. To counterbalance the shadow play, "when the sun is shining in, I switch on the lights," said Johnson. Philip Johnson objects to old-style museums: "You get bored going from room one to room two and from room three to room four. In my gallery, you see everything at once. Then, you can look at what you want to look at. When you're in a pleasant space, you'll enjoy the art." Johnson plans no more buildings for his Connecticut compound, but he will continue amassing art: "I've never collected for over the mantel."

The Judd space, *left,* of Philip Johnson's glassed-over sculpture gallery with, shown here, four works by Don Judd: foreground, red wood and lead pipe, 1963; in back, brass, recessed-top box, 1969; on back wall, iron and painted aluminum, 1965; on right wall, a Fibonacci progression, 1970. *Above,* an archway in the gallery's lower level—with a glimpse of the Robert Morris serial sculpture—showing off the gallery's spectacular play of light and shadow: Philip Johnson said, "How to make a building big and small at the same time."

HORST

SEVEN MOST WANTED SHAPES IN SILVER

Here, posted larger than life, are the most wanted shapes in American silver—like their historic counterparts now in museums, ready to serve for centuries at hard labor. Wanted because they work in small, large, fancy, plain, new, old, serene, or jouncy rooms, beautifully. Paul Revere bowl: 7½" diam., one of nine sizes by Gorham. Paul Revere porringer: this by International. 18th C. pipkin: here by Towle. Bud vase: a Wallace version. Julep cup: Patrick Henry shape, Reed & Barton. Colonial Pitcher: Bennington, in Oneida Heirloom plate (the other six pieces are sterling). Georgian jug: for coffee, milk, juices, flowers; reproduced by Lunt.

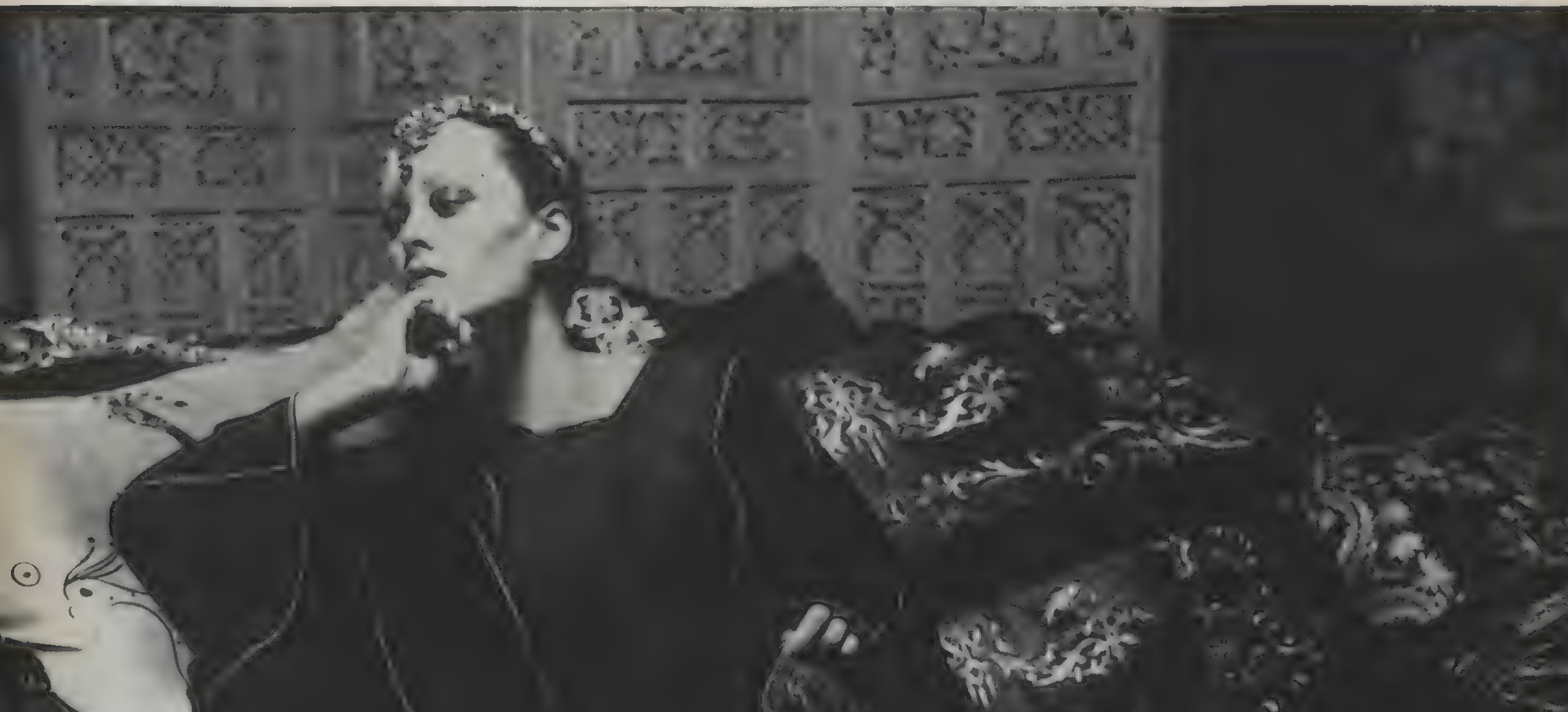


DAVID MASSEY

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

THEA'S IN AMERICA



London's Thea Porter has come to New York. . . . Now, Thea has a town house for a boutique at 203 East 60th Street . . . you go up a curving flight of stairs and into a two-story shop filled with delectable clothes and it's one of Thea's best collections ever. . . . Here, some of the clothes worn by three of her fans. . . . Above, **Jane Forth** in a black chiffon ayaba, corded with scarlet silk, big triangular patches of lush, gold-shot violet and vermilion Oriental silks about the hem. $415. On Jane's forehead, a silver ornament. Beneath her, a sheik's ransom of pillows covered in gold-embroidered Eastern silks. These, too, for sale at Thea Porter. (Thea Porter's designs on these two pages are sold at Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; Giorgio's, Beverly Hills.)

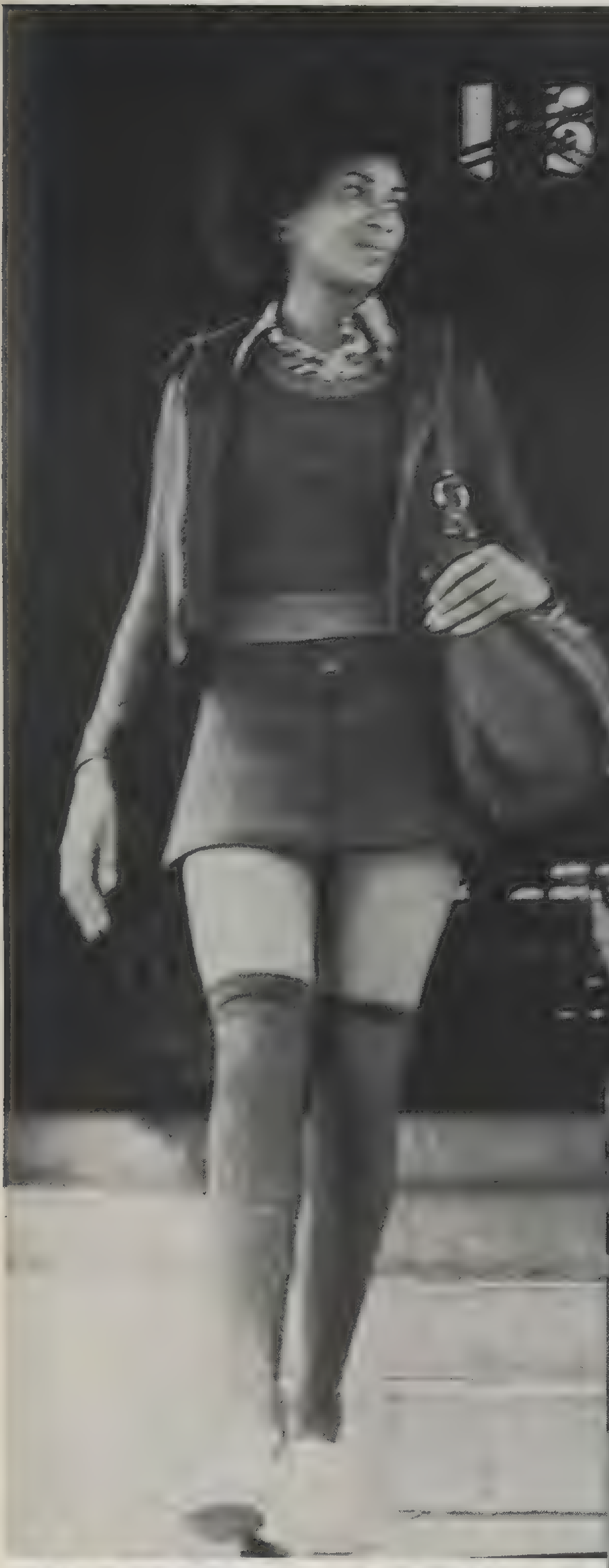
BERRY BERENSON

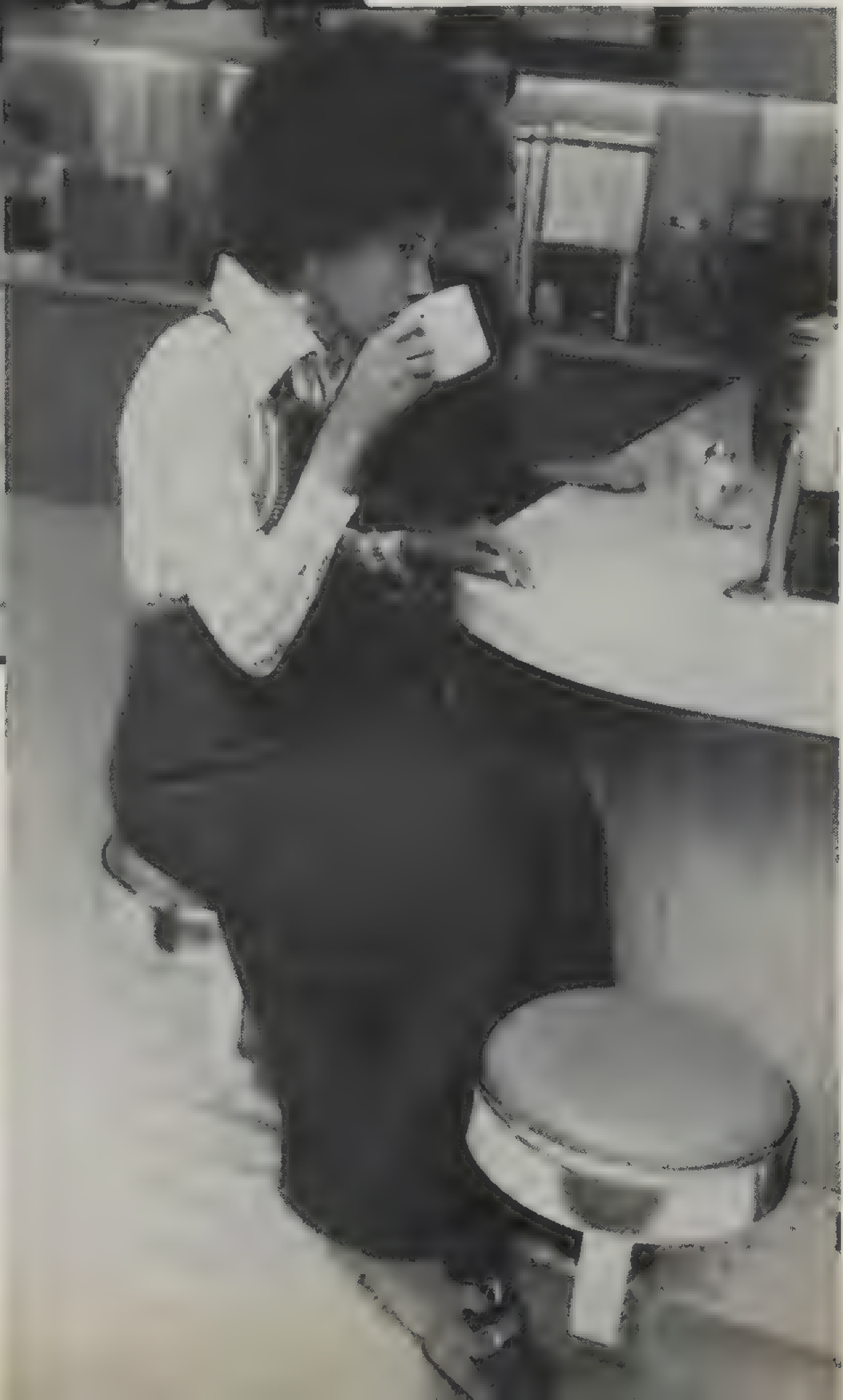
Elsa Peretti, above, in a long chiffon dress with deep V neck, inverted V of white satin under the bosom, insets of white satin in the full sleeves. $360. . . . Left, **Elsa** in a delicious bias-cut dress of navy-and-silver panne cut velvet, a black mink collar to the waist. $1,200. . . .

Jane Holzer, below, like a ravishing odalisque in Thea's blazing red satin jacket, long, wrap-tied. Floppy trousers of red chiffon. $325. The gauzy, peacock-patterned curtains are a Thea Porter design, too. . . .

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*





WORK TOGS

The look of blue denim in French knits—that's what pretty New York career girl Vivian Ross is wearing this summer. *Above:* Vivian's work suit—skirt, battle jacket, sleeveless pull, over-the-knee socks. All in blue-denim knit. $90 for the works. Mannie Walker, 498 Seventh Ave. . . . *Right:* Coffee break at Chock Full O'Nuts. Another of Vivian's finds: blue denim knit jumper, top like a workman's overalls, $40 at Mannie Walker. Claret-and-white-striped Ship 'n Shore shirt. Mauve suède double ankle-strap shoes, $21, Latinas, 769 Madison Avenue.

Summer boutique shopping gets better all the time . . . enchanting things to wear, give as hostess gifts, put in and around the house . . . all packed into charming shops in town and out. . . .

The Little Store *is a godsend in that they are bringing out fresh new summer dresses, tops, pants, everything right through the summer . . . at 242 East 77th and their new branch at 1135 Madison Avenue. . . .*

Everybody's doing needlepoint. And enterprising thirteen-year-old Candia Ogle, *above,* is making a business of it. She makes initial pillows to order—ten-inch squares of white grospoint with any initial in any bright color in the center. The finished pillows, backed with white felt, are $18.50 to order through La Barne, Main Street, Eastport, Long Island, N. Y. 11960. Also at La Barne: pretty, ginghamy country clothes. . . .

Bailey/Huebner is the new shop in Southampton—just past the traffic signal on Main Street. Everything for the house in good, modern, discerning taste . . . pillows in beautifully colored printed linen . . . good-looking heavyweight white china . . . handsome ashtrays and baskets. . . . Particularly good for a summer house: a square table that unfolds into an extra bed. Good prices, too. . . .

In Amagansett, one handsome old house on Main Street has become Amagansett Square, a compound of boutiques, one in each room of the house . . . men's shop, women's boutique, basket shop, framing shop, house things, gift things . . . especially pretty—horn napkin rings and Indian tie-dye napkins in one of the boutiques here . . .

JACK ROBINSON

SOAKING THERAPY

in Germany's great, happy elegant spa

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

"It makes me feel great," said Ronald Tree, a passionate upholder of the cure of Germany's Baden-Baden. "I love its unchanging atmosphere. It has remained nineteenth-century, as it was when I used to accompany my grandfather there as a boy. Its Casino is one of the prettiest rococo buildings I've seen. Brenner's Park, one of the most charming and best-run hotels in Europe.

"Every year, I follow the same routine: mornings are taken up with the cure. After lunch and a rest, I walk in the Black Forest. The air is extraordinary. There are masses of fascinating motoring expeditions: treasure-filled castles in Karlsruhe and Freiburg, the great cathedral of Strasbourg."

Romantic Baden-Baden, not a ghost town

Baden-Baden these days must not be confused with the Baden of King Edward VII. It is still right for Edward—but better. The crux is the cure. Romans, those inveterate soakers, discovered the therapy of the thermal springs above the Rhine in what is now Southern Germany. Around the romantic 1860's, when people began pursuing health, Baden-Baden blossomed. Crowned heads streamed there: Queen Victoria visiting her Hohenlohe cousins; Prince Menshikov riding around in his troika; Napoleon III living in the charming Villa Stephanie next to and now a part of the Brenner's Park-Hotel, which also opened then. Frenchmen built and ran the ravishing Casino, le Jockey Club de Paris, and the race track. Hector Berlioz directed *Béatrice et Bénédict*, an opera composed for the opening of the small baroque theater.

Baden-Baden is no ghost town in spite of its nostalgic past. Now, in addition to those who go for rheumatism, gout, cardiovascular disorders, many people, as I did, take the cure for city tensions, to unkink, recharge, and breathe.

Arriving from Frankfurt, an hour away in a Mercedes zipping over the Autobahn, I thought the driver mistaken when he pulled up at an unpretentious doorway on a side street. A spin through revolving glass propelled me to the Brenner's Park reception desk in a small lobby with a knock-out five-foot-tall pink flower arrangement and a paneled elevator. Only later, I realized that this understated arrival had dropped me into one of the world's grandest grand hotels.

Upstairs, I was steered down marble corridors over the ribbon-blue carpet, past handsome furniture and old prints, to my room with its own small foyer sealing off corridor rumblings. My balcony overlooked Baden's great promenade, the Lichtentaler Allee, linked to the hotel's garden park by a wooden footbridge across the thread-thin River Oos.

The hotel director sent up fruits, bottled water, red roses. A maid came to unpack. The dressing room—triple mirror, a wall of closets, hangers, cupboards, three luggage racks, a clothes tree—opened into a large grey-marble bathroom: six-foot tub, scales, magnifying mirror, table for "things," piles of towels, and heated towel rack. In the bedroom, a settee and desk, deep armchairs, good reading lamps, and one button at bedside to turn off all the lights.

Spa routine for neophytes

Hotel concierges arrange appointments with a doctor who speaks the language of the patient. Visits to the doctor's office where equipment is on hand for tests, X-rays; analyses are recommended. Confidently, I took off through the lively town to my *rendez-vous* in an old house. For tuning up, the doctor prescribed a variety of baths described in a pea-green booklet, suggested walks, rest. Comforted, I breezed out into the afternoon. Tracking delicious wafts of chocolate, I found König, a sweetshop pleasantly crowded. Waitresses with black Chanel bows in their hair served tea, high-caloric pastries.

Following doctor's orders: a lie-down before dinner listening to the River Oos's noisy stutterings; no television or radio. Eager to case the hotel, I had my aperitif in the bar, actually at the end of the large white salon. Reluctant to face the marble-columned white-and-pink dining room, I dined in the new Schwarzwald Grill, informal, small, and like a Black Forest little place, only better. Green walls, open copper grill, hanging baskets of wild flowers. Everything was served in green earthenware dishes set in wicker; memorable salads were made with watercress fine as green silk.

At Brenner's Park, windows seem engineered for sleep: transoms; padded curtains for total blackouts; outside shutters push open for air. Breakfast comes at the touch of a push button with coffee brewed from freshly ground beans and heated china cups.

Bathhouse rigors: tuning up the mind and body

My cure began with the Great Society Bath, a specialty of Baden-Baden given in the nineteenth-century Friedrichsbad, ornate and arcaded outside, renovated inside—a ten-minute walk from the hotel. I dressed in pants, put a shower cap in my pocket. Arriving, I held up my prescription to three women in white seated like judges behind a high bench. A neophyte, I hadn't made an appointment, but wangled one for right away, made others for the full series.

Pointed to a royal flight of stairs, (Continued on page 113)

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suffering summering houseguests

Everything a good guestroom should have to catch and keep good guests—but not too long

BY JEAN STAFFORD

One evening, my husband and I, musing beside our own fire on our own hearth in our own house after a brief, unfortunate season away, concluded that hell was going to be an awful weekend in the country stretching into eternity. It will pour with rain, the host and hostess will be on the brink of Reno, disputatious guests will come to Saturday night supper (overdone *coq au vin*, green-bean-and-beet salad à la Grecque, odious wine—on the lap), the whiskey will give out, if you are a whiskey drinker, or, if you fancy Martinis, the gin bottle will be forever dry. And the Sunday afternoon train never comes.

A question I have pondered for many years is why, in so many houses, the accommodations for guests seemed to have been designed (or, rather, hurled together) for hoboes without luggage who, if they are literate, can read in the dark. It is quite as difficult to be a guest as it is to be a host, and the host who does not know this has no business inviting anyone to come to stay.

"It is quite as difficult to be a guest as it is to be a host"

Ideally, there should be a suite consisting of a bedroom and bath; but if the guest must share a bath, then let some chest of drawers be for his use alone, standing nearby the towel racks reserved for his towels only. There should be two beds and, at the foot of each, a luggage stand. These beds should be dressed in simple sheets (some people do not like to sleep between sunflowers or jungle scenes), with one thermal blanket and one or perhaps two regular blankets (wool in winter, of course, and cotton in summer), a blanket cover, two pillows, and a pretty counterpane. The sheets will match each other and the pillow slips will match the sheets. If the mattresses are soft, there should be bed boards at the ready in the closet for those with troubled spines.

Between the beds there will be a generous bureau of table height, and the drawers of this will be *empty* except for clean paper firmly anchored at each corner. Atop the bureau there will be two lamps or a double student lamp with three-way bulbs, two glasses in coasters, a Thermos jug or a pitcher for water, ashtrays and matches. In the blossoming season, the small (beautiful) vase will be filled with lilies of the valley or violets or a couple of roses, and in the winter it will contain dried flowers. In those parts of the country where power failures are not uncommon, there should be a candle available and, in the top drawer of the bureau, a flashlight. Also in this drawer there will be: a box of tissues, a scratch pad and sharp pencils, a sewing kit and a small tin of safety pins, scissors, and a box of throat lozenges or of lemon drops.

"Hell: an awful weekend in the country stretching into eternity"

It is unnecessary to say that in the closet there will be no wire coat hangers and nobody else's clothes. There will be padded hangers for dresses and shirts, several stout trouser hangers, and a number of hangers with clips for skirts. There will be a shoe rack on the floor or shoe pockets on the inside of the door, and a pomander will depend from a hook at the back.

There will be, in this room, over another taller bureau perhaps, a flawless and well-lighted mirror; there will be a quiet alarm clock and a wastepaper basket. If possible, there will be an armchair with a table of proper height at the right and a reading lamp. Somewhere—perhaps on that table beside the chair—there will be a handful of brand new periodicals: the English language edition of *Le Monde*, let's say, *Scottish Field*, perhaps, *Scientific American*, and the latest catalogues from Neiman-Marcus and L. L. Bean. Over the bureau between the beds, there is to be a hanging bookcase of two or three shelves; and these are filled with browsing books—memoirs, letters, essays, collections of short stories and of poetry, detective novels (let these be paperbacks so that if he has not finished, the guest may take away his weekend thriller to finish on the train).

Everything in this room will be whole (there will be no rents in the windowshades or missing slats in the Venetian blinds) and spanking clean (if the coasters for the water glasses are silver rimmed, they have been freshly polished) and handsome. It will not be a depository for objects that have been retired from other parts of the house or for the college mementos of children who have grown up and gone away from home.

If there are no servants and if the guest is an early riser whereas the host is a slugabed, the guest should be introduced the night before to the ingredients of breakfast and to the utensils for its preparation.

These are the bare necessities.

There might, in addition, be a small portable television set—but kept, when not in use, in the closet lest the visitor abhor the very sight of such a thing—and perhaps a transistor radio. In the bureau drawer, let there be two decks of cards in case of insomnia and the need to play solitaire (or a book of crossword puzzles). And, if there is the space for it, shall we not have—this proposal comes from a famously *soignée* woman—a large bare table, bare, that is, save for a beautiful plate with two or three pieces of perfect fruit and a beautiful fruit knife?

"Some people do not like to sleep between sunflowers or jungle scenes"

If the guest knows as well how to be a guest as the host knows how to be a host, he will know when his visit has come to its logical conclusion. If, however, he is lulled by comfort and amazed by decency and shows symptoms of loitering, then the host must devise a civilized manner of eviction: It has been my experience that the truth, by and large, is the handiest and the gentlest; and so, if signs of loitering do appear, thereby putting friendship into jeopardy, the host must say forthrightly something like this, "Hasn't it been nice! Don't bother to strip the bed(s) because Mrs. M. will be here first thing in the morning. She *is* rather like a typhoon, noisy and all over the place, but she does get things so nicely back into shape. Thank you, dear, for coming—you must come again ten or twelve years from now." ▼

SOAKING THERAPY

(Continued from page 111)

and showing my green booklet, I got my assignment to a dressing room. Sign language implied strip. I did. An attendant led me, draped in a sheet, into a dry-heat room tiled in pink with a ravishing border of butterflies and swans. Getting the cues from the other women bathers, I spread out my sheet on a dark wooden chair and sat on it. Suddenly, the attendant rushed in, pulled me up to a spigot, wet a chamois square and flung it over my heart—it was ice-cold. Ten minutes later, more baking in a hotter room tiled with barnyard scenes of Rhode Island Reds under palms. Next, like a body in a dissecting room, I was stretched out on a slab while a robust attendant scrubbed me vigorously with a coarse floor brush and soap made from beef fat, rinsed me with bucketfuls of warm water. My skin turned piglet-pink.

Bug-eyed over the routine, I next had a steam bath, then soaks in thermal pools. In the first one, nobody moved; heads propped up against the edge of the pool, bodies stretched out like those flower-petal dance figures. The next warm pool had a fountain: water moved, bathers did not; but in the third cool pool, women paddled about. The last dunking was solo in an ice-cold tub.

For a finale: showers and/or Scotch hose. Some shower heads were big as wheels, some strong as a cloudburst, others gentle as spring rain. I went for the hot shower regulated by a handle like the steering stick on a plane. Limp and scoured, under a warm sheet, I returned to the cot in my dressing room, slept for an hour swaddled in pink wool. *Note*: In Baden-Baden, one never dries after the thermal baths, only blots the skin. "Skin training for circulation, tuning up the mind and body." The tingling sensation was so extraordinary, I felt as if my body were giving out cricket chirps. On my way out, I stopped at the fountain for a drink of the hot mineral water. In slow motion, I returned to the hotel. Totally unstressed, I lunched in streaming sunshine in the dining room. Ravenous appetite, great food.

New health factory

For swims in the thermal pool, oxygen baths, and underwater massage, I chose the spectacular new Augustabad, an up-to-date eight-story health factory of Thermopane glass and stainless steel. At the entrance, a glassed-in elevator, like a showcase, carries people to and from the underground garage. For swimming, I went first to the seventh-floor changing rooms. The attendant rents out gear, including swimsuits and bright-blue hooded burnouses for women, although one may wear one's own. A heated elevator with a draining board takes the dripping showered bathers up to the large shallow pool opening onto a broad terrace on a level with the steeple of the old Stiftschurch. Signs specify three ten-minute swims with a fifteen-minute rest period in between. The pool is quiet, the water rather warm. Feeling too chilly to rest in my wet suit, I slipped into the burnous and out of my suit, which I stuffed into a sort of garbage can that whirred it dry immediately. Hair driers in locker rooms helped the hair problem; the real solution: bookings at the hotel's new hair place.

For oxygen baths and underwater massage, each large, tiled treatment room opened into two paneled rest rooms; while one person bathed, the other one rested. Kneipp bathing on the second floor was a fascinating experience. Stripped, wrapped in a towel, I walked into a large grey-marble room and stepped knee-deep into a trough with a rocky bottom, divided by steps; one end was hot, the other cold. Clutching my towel and hanging onto the rails to keep my balance on the uneven rock bed, I circled the trough; each time around, the hot side felt hotter, the cold one colder. After ten minutes, I climbed into an old-fashioned wooden tub, an anachronism in the center of this chromium and glass room. Then, an attendant scrubbed me, first with a hard brush, then by hand. Pouring in balmy pine oil, she let me soak. Before the bath ended, she doused me with pailfuls of cold water; I could hardly feel them.

Afternoon walks blended well with sightseeing and tea, as did sleeping through the excellent facials at Juvena. After dinner, the air was irresistible and so was the walk in the lighted Lichtentaler Allee, past the new shopping arcade, the lovely little theater, wandering in sometimes to the Casino to look at the splendid gilded gaming rooms. Gamble? Already I was on a winning streak staying at Baden-Baden.

Note: New this winter—November 1 to March 31—a special package deal appropriately called the Brenner's Park Anti-Stress Cure Program. It covers everything: doctor's consultation, baths, treatments, and—of course—room and meals at the Brenner's Park, all at an amazingly low weekly price tag. ▼

ACCESSORY INFORMATION

FASHION GUIDELINES

Page 33. With John Anthony's chopped polo coat: earrings by Lanvin for Designers Marketing Associates; Pierre Cardin watch; Vanity Fair tights; shoes by Palizzio, made to order at Lord & Taylor.

Page 34. With the pin-striped brown flannel pants suit by John Anthony: Riviera prescription glasses; Palizzio shoes, at Lord & Taylor.

Page 37. Larry Aldrich's black velvet shirtdress, plus: Malyard hat, at Bloomingdale's; Mark Cross belt; Alexis Kirk cuffs; Phoenix tights; shoes from Shoe Biz at Bendel's.

Page 38. With Revillon's inside-out mink coat: boots by Palizzio.

Page 39. With the Jaeger pull and Sibley Coffee satin shirt: jewelry by Elsa Peretti for Halston.

Page 40. With the green-dyed mink blazer: Napier earrings; necklace and bracelets by Giaconda Crevelli; scarf by Handcraft.

Page 41. The layered and patterned shirtdress, with Adolfo hat; Hanes tights; shoes by Piero Nuti for I. Miller.

Page 44. With the black wool dinner suit of Bill Blass: Adolfo hat; earrings by Lanvin for Designers Marketing Associates; Viola Weinberger gloves.

Page 45. With the bare short black crêpe dress by Mollie Parnis Boutique: earrings by Willie Woo; Hanes sheer tights; David Evins shoes.

Page 47. With the flounced black point d'esprit evening dress: Burlington tights; shoes by Silvia of Fiorentina.

Page 50. With the purple suède boot and sequinned smoking: Aris gloves.

Page 51. Shown with the black velvet dinner dress from Chester Now: pins by Flower Modes; Ruza Creations cuff.

Page 96. With Vogue Pattern 2598, pants tailleur: Trifari earrings; sweater by Korrigan for Jax; shoulderbag by Bill Smith for Mark Cross; Yves Saint Laurent shoes, at Bloomingdale's.

Page 97. With Vogue Pattern 8122, shirtdress: Trifari earrings; Monet chain; pocket watch by Caravelle for Bulova; belt by Joanna Rubens for Gerald Wessenger; Rodo clutch; Burlington tights; shoes by Yves Saint Laurent, at Bloomingdale's.

AMERICAN BEACH BUM

(Continued from page 53)

marital status. I don't know what the Hamptons' adultery statistics were last summer, because nobody compiled any. The same policy applies this summer.

All other factors being equal, it is always best to plump for a beach bum who is young. Very young. Nineteen or twenty is approximately the right age. By the age of twenty the beach bum has reached his period of optimum glandular efficiency but is still susceptible to guidance in all sorts of modes of behavior. He is not yet set in his habits. Older bums may demand such *divertissements* as backgammon, bridge, croquet, deep-sea fishing, and small talk about the Stock Exchange and military campaigns in distant countries long ago. Young bums have better things to do and are content to talk about how well you and they do them together. This is what love is all about when its duration must be limited.

The bum of your choice will naturally expect you to tell him repeatedly that he is the handsomest, manliest bum on the beach. After you have told him often enough, you, too, will quite

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AMERICAN BEACH BUM

(Continued from page 113)

possibly believe in your most extravagant compliments and in his boyish rodomontade. If you don't actually believe in them, they will at least temporarily amuse you and may even partially console you for the adult cynicism of the past long months in the city.

The typical beach bum has chosen his way of life for its simplicity, its comfort, and its cultivation of the ego. He is eager to share these benefits with any woman whose requirements and capabilities complement his. On these terms, her age and appearance are relatively unimportant; on the other hand, of course, she must have some readily accessible capital. For both of them, with a little luck, the summer can be one long, intermittent physical and psychic massage. She may find that continuous encouragement can be therapeutically helpful to an urban brain overloaded with the conflicting emotional data of ordinary relationships. He may find that regular meals are therapeutically helpful to him. Not being materialistic, he suffers from no hang-ups about accepting hospitality. He will not hesitate to move into a generous woman's beach house, if it is commodious and convenient, with a discreet, resourceful staff and an acoustically adequate hi-fi stereo setup.

What is there to do during a maritime summer romance? Not much. You don't have to talk much. You don't even have to think much. Between episodes of solar and sexual narcosis, you can remember those that have gone before and anticipate those to come. In high summer, the most privileged, most sophisticated of women, relieved of their civic duties, revert to the most primitive life, to the mindless bliss of the first amphibians. Beach bums are perfect companions with whom to crawl in and out of the sea, in and out of bed. The exhausted body at last releases the soul.

"Do you think I need some more suntan lotion?" the bum asks, and you cannot hear him.

"My tan," he says. "What do you think?"

"Yeah," you say.

"Oh, to hell with you."

"Mmmm."

It must be the first weekend in September.

He leaves without saying goodbye. He doesn't seem to have stolen anything of great value. The shutters go up. Outside, the air is cool and clear.

At your first cocktail party, you remember that he was kind of cute. You remember that he was kind of boring. You remember his name, but you cannot remember his face. Then you forget his name and there is nothing left; it doesn't hurt a bit. That, Lord Clark, is civilization. ▼

GARDENS

(Continued from page 53)

for less than a 10 percent return, the rest eaten by mice). I learned to rejoice immoderately over each small success (my tree peonies thrive). That first summer I had the wit to sow Shirley poppies and reaped a diaphanous harvest of pink, red, and white flowers, elegant in a Venetian glass on my mantelpiece. I have had them every year since then, and the annual bed makes up for many failures. Zinnias, cosmos, annual phlox, and delphinium—these are surefire.

Every garden grows; gardeners, like cooks, must always be trying something new. My latest experiment is a round bed for Japanese iris. My neighbors refer to "your gardens" and, in fact, I counted fourteen different beds the other day. None is worthy of the attention of a garden club, but there are seasons and years when the iris is particularly magnificent, when the beauty bush, lilac, and miniature plums are all in flower together, and I look out on a May day and praise the Lord. Gardening is such a chancy business that one cannot take credit for these supreme moments, so one must look to Divinity.

Did I really create this garden alone? Of course not. In a village such as this one, people accrue. That very first autumn, Europe came to the aid of raw America when an old friend in her seventies took a freighter from Belgium and was suddenly at my side to help with the hard digging. It was she who, singlehanded, transplanted the orange day lilies from a front border and began what has now become a river of bloom in July opposite the perennials. A few years later Perley Cole, archetype of the New England farmer, appeared out of the blue to prune, scythe, cut out brush, and little by little shape the wilderness into a small estate. My neighbors, the Warners, bring their big farm horses down to mow the meadows, a thing no tractor could do because of the rocks. In spring Gracie Warner arrives with the bluebirds, to help me rake, trim, edge, and lift the garden up out of mud season. Many a friend has come as a guest to end as "help" with mulching and weeding.

And after twelve years we are well established. The spindly lilacs I planted are twelve feet high. I have iris to give away. Yet my garden will never be quite as I dreamed it—what true passion can ever be wholly fulfilled, and who would wish it to be? I sometimes think that we live most intensely by what we can fully imagine but never fully possess. Now I can understand better each year why my mother, so often transplanted, made herself at home by putting in roots, by sowing seed, if only in a corner by a city apartment house. I understand how great her need, whatever the odds, to make things grow, to create rather than to despair. ▼

SAVE THIS LAND

(Continued from page 53)

either for the service of God or for the benefit of mankind. In my more realistic moments, however, I doubt that a social and ethical approach can alone significantly improve environmental behavior. A more effective approach to the problem might be through an intensification of sensual awareness of environmental quality.

What would be the consequence, for example, of allowing the weekend junk to accumulate in parks and along parkways? One obvious danger is that people would become even more insensitive than they are now to environmental degradation. But it seems to me also possible that they might become more aware of the necessity to make the disposal of trash everybody's business. The operations of our social structure are so anonymous that individual persons have less and less opportunity to be aware of the consequences of their behavior. Why not litter during the weekend since "they" will pick up the trash on Monday?

The sensual perception of trash may be weakened when we intellectualize the experience with such an academic phrase as "visual pollution." Some two years ago, I exchanged letters with a New Jersey grade school teacher who was trying to develop awareness of pollution among her pupils. The directness of the statements made by the children made me feel that they had really received her message. "I do not like pollution," one of the children wrote, "because it stinks." This kind of sensual awareness seems to me the best approach in the search for environmental values.

Since the school of which I speak is located in a highly industrialized part of New Jersey, its pupils are well prepared to appreciate the reactions of the first American explorers when they reached the Atlantic shore. Columbus and his crew inhaled an offshore breeze on which "there came so fair and sweet a smell of flowers or trees from the land." Verrazano noticed the trees on the coast, which "for a long distance, exhale the sweetest odors." Near the Narrows, Hudson's crew smelled the grass and flowers "and very sweet smells came from them." In the Hudson highlands, the trees gave off "strong perfume." Indeed, Adriaen Van der Donck reported, "The air in the New-Netherlands is so dry, sweet, and healthy that we need not wish it were otherwise."

There are also numerous charming accounts of the visual delight experienced by the early discoverers and interpreters of the American scenery. These accounts might help children—and even adults—to develop a sensual awareness of the visual horrors surrounding them. Only when perception of the physical environment generates phrases as vigorous and as direct as "it stinks" will the abstract concepts of environmental ethic and stewardship of the earth evolve from academic platitudes into action programs. ▼

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